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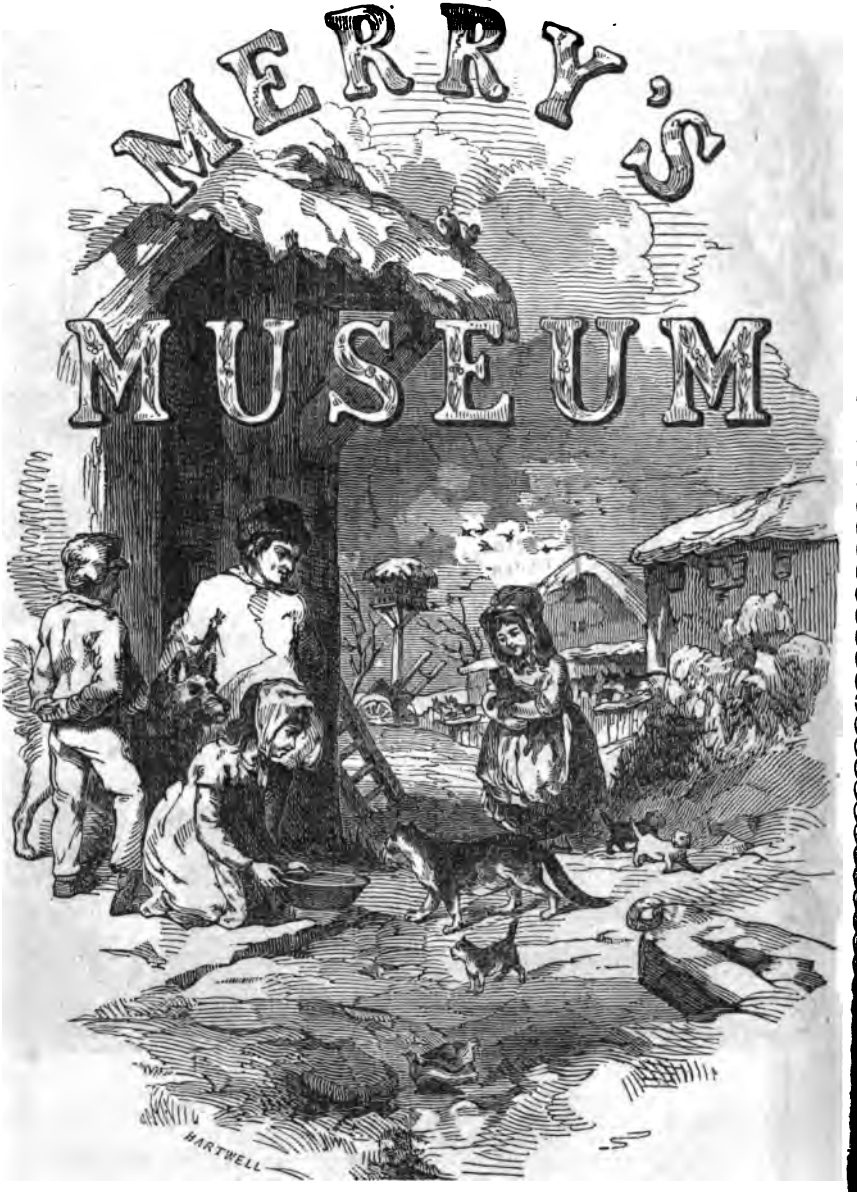

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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The Reindeer.

The reindeer is a native of the polar regions of both continents, and presents another of the many forcible examples of the inseparable connection of animals with the wants of human society, and of the goodness of God in providing for his creatures.

The reindeer has been domesticated by the Laplanders from the earliest ages, and has alone rendered the dreary region in which this portion of mankind abides at all supportable. The civilization of those extreme northern regions entirely depends upon the reindeer. The trav-

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eller from Sweden or Norway may proceed with ease and safety even beyond the polar circle; but, when he enters Finmark, he cannot stir without the reindeer. The reindeer alone connects two extremities of a kingdom, and causes knowledge and civilization to be extended over countries which, during a great part of the year, are cut off from all other communication with the rest of mankind.

As camels are the chief possession of an Arab, so the reindeer comprise all the wealth of a Laplander. The number of deer belonging to a herd is from three hundred to five hundred; with these a Laplander can do well and live in tolerable comfort. He can make in summer a sufficient quantity of cheese for the year's consumption; and, during the winter season, can afford to kill deer enough to supply him and his family pretty constantly with venison. With two hundred deer, a man, if his family be but small, can manage to get on. If he have but one hundred, his subsistence is very precarious, as he cannot rely entirely upon them for support. Should he have but fifty, he is no longer independent, or able to keep a separate establishment.

As the winter approaches, the coat of the reindeer begins to thicken in the most remarkable manner, and assumes that lighter color which is the great peculiarity of polar quadrupeds. During the summer, the animal pastures upon the green herbage, and browses upon the shrubs which he finds in his march; but in winter his sole food is the lichen or moss, which he instinctively discovers under the snow.

Harnessed to a sledge, the reindeer will draw about three hundred pounds, though the Laplanders generally limit the burden to two hundred and forty pounds. The trot of the reindeer is about ten miles an hour, and their power of endurance is such, that journeys of one hundred and fifty miles in nineteen hours are not uncommon. There is a portrait of a reindeer in one of the palaces of Sweden, which is said to have drawn, upon an occasion of emergency, an officer, with important despatches, the incredible distance of eight hundred English miles in forty-eight hours.

Pictet, a French astronomer, who visited the northern parts of Lapland, in 1769, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus, started three reindeer in light sledges for a short distance, which he actually measured in order to know their speed, and the following was the result: The first deer performed three thousand and eighty-nine feet in two minutes, being at the rate of nearly nineteen miles in an hour; the second did the same in three minutes; and the third in three minutes and twenty-six seconds. The ground chosen for the race was nearly level.

The reindeer requires considerable training to prepare him for drawing the sledge. Though ordinarily very docile, and easily broken, still instances occur in which the animal, through bad management, turns round, becomes furious, and rids himself of his burden. Yet generally he toils patiently on, hour after hour, without any refreshment: while his master takes an occasional sip of brandy, the deer is content with a mouthful of snow, which he snatches from the earth, as he passes along.

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Wonders of the Honey-Bee.

CHAPTER VII.

[Continued from p. 29.]

"I HAVE already had occasion, I think," said Mr. Ross, "to mention a substance, which the bees employ in their architecture, differing from wax. It is called *propolis*, from two Greek words, meaning *before the city*, as the substance is principally used on what may be called the walls of the hive.

"Before the building of the combs is commenced by a new swarm, this propolis is collected, and with it every chink and cranny in the place where they mean to build is carefully stopped up. It is a kind of glue, or resinous substance, which is collected from the poplar, the birch, the willow, and other trees. It is the *plaster* for the habitation.

"But besides this use, it is sometimes applied to another equally important purpose. Reaumur, a celebrated writer on bees, relates that one day a snail made its entrance into a hive. The intruder was no sooner perceived, than he was attacked on all sides, and stung to death. A difficulty now occurred. Repeated efforts were made to drag his snailship from the premises, but it was all in vain. Whether a consultation was held on the subject, as to the disposal of the noxious carcass, could not be ascertained. But, at length, they determined to environ him, by covering every part of its body with *propolis*, through which no effluvia could escape. In another case mentioned, on the first sting of a bee, the snail retired within its shell. Here he was buried alive. The bees instantly commenced pasting over the door of his habitation, which they so well closed that the poor fellow could come no more out, nor even enjoy life within."

"That was a hard fate, I should think," said James.

"People should learn to keep out of other folk's territories," said Edward.

"The bees might have known," said James, "that a poor snail would not have hurt them; and they might, at least, have asked him what his errand was."

"Why, James," said Charles, "if you were a drone, as a little while since you wished you was, you would have taken him for an ambassador from some foreign court."

"I would, at least, have given him a little honey."

"That you could afford to do," said Charles, "since other bees made it."

"Bees," said Mr. Ross, "are very much like the Chinese; no stranger may enter their imperial city. All are foes who do not belong to their fraternity.

"Matters being thus prepared, the process of comb-making commences. I shall not attempt to explain all the steps of this process, for I am not certain that I could make it quite clear to you. I would rather direct your attention to some facts about the comb, than to attempt a description of the manner in which it is constructed.

"The bees commence their comb at the top or arch of the hive, and work downwards. The edges of the combs are always found toward the front of the hive."

"Why is that, father?" inquired Catharine?

"The access to them," said Mr. Ross,

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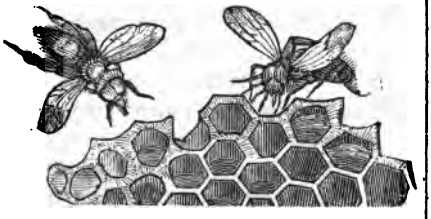
"is in consequence more direct; and to facilitate their access to different parts of the comb, passages are left which resemble the streets or alleys of a city. The streets of comb are always parallel to one another, and always one third of an inch distant from one another. Within the intervals or spaces the bees lodge, and generate sufficient heat to keep themselves warm, and their brood.

"The structure of the comb cells has ever excited the admiration of mankind. The form of the cells is six-sided. Hence no room is lost, and hence more strength is imparted, each serving to fortify that which it joins. The circumference of one makes a part of the circumference of another, while the angles made by one cell always fall in the middle or centre of the cell opposite. Here is the representation of part of a honey-comb and bees at work.



"When bees begin to build the comb, they divide themselves into bands, one of which produces materials for the structure; another, taking these, begins the work; while a third brings provision to the laborers. When a laborer becomes hungry, he bends his trunk before the one who is appointed to supply him; upon which the latter opens his honey-bag, and pours forth its rich contents to the former.

"The new comb is of a dull white color, but, in a few days after being finished, it becomes tinged with yellow, particularly on the interior surface. At first, it breaks on the slightest touch, but acquires strength and consistency the older it grows.

"An average swarm of bees construct their comb with great despatch. Four thousand cells have been known to be finished in six days, by a swarm consisting of less than six thousand bees. A swarm of thirty thousand bees would probably finish three thousand cells in twenty-four hours. These cells vary as to dimensions, according as they are to be occupied by different classes of bees. Whenever a number of cells are finished, the queen bee commences laying her eggs; and, wonderful to tell, deposits eggs within the cells corresponding to their dimensions, and of course to the kind of bees to be produced. This she does without mistake.

"When, at length, the young bees are hatched, the nurse bees cleanse the cells, and plaster them over, by which means they are fitted for the reception of honey."

"Father," said Charles, "it has ever been a wonder to me by what means bees are able to fill their cells quite full of honey, and yet prevent it from escaping."

"I am unable satisfactorily to account for it," said Mr. Ross; "nor did I ever read any explanation, which was decisive on the question. Possibly, it is in part retained by its own tenacity, and from its tendency to adhere to the sides of a tube of such small dimensions.

"Our next topic," said Mr. Ross, "relates to a movement of the bees, which is generally quite an interesting occurrence,

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and which, you well know, puts the whole family, for the time being, in some commotion; I mean *swarming*."

"O, yes," said Susan; "I always love to see the bees swarm."

"Well, I don't," said John, who happened to be up this evening later than usual; "I don't care whether I ever see another bee."

"Why, Johnny," said Susan; "you haven't forgot the bee-sting, yet."

"No, that I haven't, and I guess I shan't very soon."

"Well, Johnny," said Edward, "you'll get to be a man in a hundred years, if you live so long; and by that time, perhaps, you will be a match for one poor little bee."

"I guess Goliath would have cried, if a bee had stung him as bad as it did me," said John.

"Pray, Johnny," said Catharine, "do let Jenny put you to bed, and you will soon forget all your troubles."

"I'm afraid I shall *dream* about one's stinging me."

"Now, Johnny," said James, "I'll tell you what; you may take my long-lashed whip to bed, and should one make its appearance, whip him well, — but do not take me for a bee, when I come to bed, and lay it upon my shoulders."

"Good night, my son," said Mr. Ross. [*Exit* John.]

Mr. Ross now resumed. "For two or three nights previous to the departure of a swarm, a singular humming sound is heard in the hive. The sounds, which are sharp and clear, proceed, probably, from the queen. It is called *tolling*, or *calling*. Some have likened it to the *toot* of a child's penny trumpet. It is supposed to be the note of warning or preparation.

"On the morning on which the swarm is to leave the hive, which, by the by, must be warm and sunny, unusual silence prevails in the hive; few bees appear abroad; they are supposed to be engaged in eating a hearty meal, and laying in a cargo of honey, as a provision for bad weather, previous to their departure. At length, all things being ready, the old queen, as I told you, makes her exit, and is followed by her subjects, who rush forth in a manner most tumultuous — without order, but in one continued stream, whirling, buzzing — rising and flying in every direction.

"Here is the picture of such a scene."

"Father," said Edward, "I have often seen bees swarm, but never witnessed one thing represented in the picture."

"I presume not, my son," said Mr. Ross; "I have sketched the picture to represent old times. Indeed, I presume, in some parts of the country, it is even

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now practised; that, on the occurrence of a swarm, every man, woman, and child belonging to the house, seizes what they are able in the moment of excitement — I mean, what will sound loudly, and the louder the better; and forth they go, like an army of assailants, one with a warming-pan, another with a brass kettle, perhaps a third with a sheep-bell, and may be a fourth with a gridiron, and some with a pestle, and others with tongs, may be a broken andiron, warm from the ashes: each commences pounding upon his drum, and all this for the purpose of making the bees settle."

"That is quite new to me," said Catharine: "you never practised so, father."

"No, my child, for there is no evidence that it contributes to effect the object at all."

"I should rather think," said Charles, "that such a mingled din would tend to hasten their retreat."

"But if they are incapable of hearing, the din would have no effect at all."

"Bees probably do hear," said Mr. Ross, "although the experiments on this point are not as satisfactory as on some others. In this way I intended to be understood. A far more successful expedient to be resorted to, if a swarm be inclined to escape, is to cast dirt upon the leaders of the swarm, which will generally alter their direction, and serves so to confuse them, as to insure their speedy settlement.

"It is not quite certain whether the queen bee alights first. In some cases, probably, she does, but often it is thought she waits till a number of bees are formed and clustered, before she joins them. But no sooner does she plant her foot upon the branch, than every subject wheels, and, as if actuated by a single impulse, directs his course towards her."

"But, how," said Edward, "are they able to distinguish her?"

"And yet," said Mr. Ross, "an army of ten thousand men would be able to distinguish their *general*."

"Why, for a good reason, — they could see him."

"And in the same way bees, doubtless, are able to distinguish their queen, — they see her. Her movements are slower, more comporting with royal dignity, than the evolutions of her attending courtiers. A few minutes serve to bring the whole company together, who, clinging to one another, hang as you see represented in the following picture.

"At times, however, the swarm suddenly rises high in the air. This is an indication that they are bent on some distant home. In such cases, it is difficult to detain them, often quite impossible. Having reached an elevation, which shall secure them from obstacles, they direct their course, always pursuing a straight line, to the place of their destination. They fly about as fast as a man can well

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run. In their secluded retreat, they are often discovered by bee-hunters, and are sometimes traced by their original owners, by pursuing the line of their direction.

"When a swarm has once alighted, it is generally not difficult to hive them. At times, they will continue on the branch for several hours, especially if a change of weather suddenly ensues. And it has been stated, that, whether they continue for a longer or a shorter time, they commence making comb on the tree.

"The manner of hiving is quite simple, and yet somewhat various. In some cases, the branch on which they have alighted is sawed in twain, and carefully placed upon a table, over which the hive is stationed, and there left to be occupied by the bees. A still easier and more expeditious mode is to invert the hive, and, placing it directly under the swarm, to dislodge them by a sudden and vigorous shake of the branch. They will generally fall in a cluster to the bottom of the hive, and, before they have time to rise, the hive may be turned to its proper position, and placed upon the table.

"I once knew a gentleman, who had a swarm light on the topmost branch of a large and high apple-tree, whence it was quite impossible to take them by any of the usual methods. The expedient he adopted was quite amusing, and proved entirely successful. Taking a large milk-pail, he ascended to the swarm, with the aid of a long ladder, and shook the bees into it, immediately covering the top, in the absence of a cover, with a cloth, and in this manner he quite deliberately conveyed the swarm to the ground, and as deliberately turned them, like so much water, into the hive. The few bees, which remained on the branch, soon joined their more earthly companions, and the company, though somewhat rudely treated, concluded to occupy their habitation in peace."

"Father, don't you rub the inside of the hive with some mixture, before hiving the bees?" inquired Edward.

"Frequently, yet it is doubtful whether it subserves any useful purpose. The materials commonly employed are aromatic herbs, or a solution of salt and water; yet a sprinkling of milk and molasses would probably be more acceptable to them. All, however, which bees require, is a clean, dry hive, free from mustiness, and of a proper size.

"Although bees are less disposed to sting during their swarming, than at any other period, persons hiving them should always be provided with such a dress as will secure them from their stings. If they become enraged, the safest course is, either to stand in one position, or moderately to walk away from them.

"I recollect a very interesting story, recorded by Shorley, which I will relate to you.

"'One of my swarms,' says he, 'settled among the close-twisted branches of an apple-tree, and, not to be got into a hive without help, my maid-servant, being in the garden, offered her assistance to hold the hive, while I dislodged the bees.

"'Having never been acquainted with bees, she put a linen cloth over her head and shoulders, to guard and secure her from their swords. A few of the bees fell into the hive, some upon the ground, but the main body upon the cloth, which covered her upper garments. I took the hive out of her hands, when she cried out

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the bees were got under the covering, and crowding up towards her breast and face, which put her in a trembling posture.

"'When I saw the veil was of no further service, she gave me leave to remove it; this done, a most affecting spectacle presented itself to the view of all the company, filling me with the deepest distress and concern, as I thought myself the unhappy instrument of drawing her into so imminent hazard of her life. Had she enraged them, all resistance would have been vain, and nothing less than her life would have atoned for the offence. I spared not to use all the arguments I could think of, and, using the most affectionate entreaties, begged her, with all the earnestness in my power, to stand her ground, and keep her present posture; in order to which, I gave her encouragement to hope for a full discharge from her disagreeable companions.

"'I began my search among them for the queen, now got in a great body upon her breast, about her neck, and up to her chin. I immediately seized her, taking her from among the crowd, with some of the common ones along with her, and put them together in the hive. Here I watched her for some time, and as I did not observe that she came out, I conceived an expectation of seeing the whole body quietly abandon their settlement; but, instead of that, I soon observed them gathering closer together, without the least signal for departing. Upon this, I immediately reflected, that either there must be another sovereign, or that the same was returned.

"'I directly commenced a second search, and in a short time, with a most agreeable surprise, found a second, or the same. She strove, by entering further into the crowd, to escape me; but I reconducted her, with a great number of the populace, into the hive.

"'And now the melancholy scene began to change to one infinitely more agreeable and pleasant. The bees, missing their queen, began to dislodge and repair to the hive, crowding into it in multitudes, and in the greatest hurry imaginable; and in the space of two or three minutes the maid had not one single bee about her, neither had she so much as one sting, a small number of which would have quickly stopped her breath.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Child's Monitor.

THE wind blows down the largest tree,
And yet the wind I cannot see.
Playmates far off, that have been kind,
My thought can bring before my mind.
The past by it is present brought,
And yet I cannot see my thought.
The charming rose perfumes the air,
Yet I can see no perfumes there.
Blithe Robin's notes — how sweet, how clear!
From his small bill they reach my ear;
And whilst upon the air they float,
I hear, yet cannot see a note.
When I would do what is forbid,
By something in my heart I'm chid;
When good I think, then, quick and pat,
That something says, "My child, do that."
When I too near the stream would go,
So pleased to see the waters flow,
That something says, without a sound,
"Take care, dear child, you may be drowned."
And for the poor whene'er I grieve,
That something says, "A penny give."
Thus spirits good and ill there be,
Although invisible to me;
Whate'er I do, they see me still,
But O, good spirits, guide my will.

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The Ostrich.

THE ostrich flees; her scattered eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground:
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky:
Unmindful she that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed,
Along the wilderness she skims with speed,
And scorns the rider and pursuing steed.
Young.

Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

[Continued from p. 14.]

CHAPTER VII.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the trouble I had given them in this pursuit, my guards did not offer me the slightest insult, or make a display of any vindictive or petulant feeling. On the contrary, when they observed that I walked with difficulty, owing to the great fatigues which I had undergone, two of them took me by the arms, and assisted me in ascending the steep paths, and passing over slippery spots. On reaching the village, I was carried into a house, where they gave me sakki, boiled rice, salted herrings, radishes, and finally, a cup of tea. In spite of the disappointment at finding myself once more in captivity, just at the mo-

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ment when my escape appeared close at hand, I could not help confessing that this was the most comfortable meal I had ever swallowed.

I was strictly guarded during the night, and the next morning I proceeded along the shore, under a strong escort, back toward the place of my confinement. I was amused with observing that the Japanese had driven stakes into the ground, in every place marked by my tracks, during my wanderings over the country. It seems that they had constantly traced my footsteps, and frequently gained sight of me. They described to me afterwards, very accurately, the places where I had stopped to rest, where I had drank water, &c. It appears that they had many chances of capturing me, but refrained, at first, in the apprehension that I might make a desperate resistance, and kill some of their party. They thought it a wiser method to allow me to get well tired, by roaming up and down among the hills, hoping that fatigue, and the dread of starvation, would induce me to surrender without much reluctance.

When we passed through the villages, the inhabitants flocked in great crowds to see me. I must remark, to their honor, that not one of them treated me with any thing like derision or mockery. They all seemed to commiserate my condition, and some of the women even shed tears while they offered me food and drink. During the journey, when I complained of thirst, I was allowed to stop and drink at the first brook that was seen.

My night progress made a very brilliant show. It was extremely dark, and the whole escort carried lanterns. When there were steep hills to mount or descend, a large number of country people were mustered from the nearest village, and marched before us. Each carried a large bundle of straw, and these bundles were laid down at all the dangerous parts of the road, and, on our approach, set on fire, so that we enjoyed, during a great part of the time, a light as bright as day. I could not help admiring the ingenuity of the Japanese in providing me with this running illumination. Had any foreigner viewed from a distance our nocturnal march, he would doubtless have supposed it the triumphal procession of some grandee or magistrate of high rank.

On the third day after my recapture, as we entered a little village, we met one of the chief officers, already mentioned, and my interpreter, accompanied by a detachment of imperial soldiers. We immediately halted. The officer said not a word, and manifested neither anger nor displeasure. The interpreter, however, reproached me for attempting to escape, and began to search me. I told him he might spare himself that trouble, since he would find nothing; upon which he replied, "I know very well that I shall find nothing upon you, but the Japanese laws require that you should be searched."

In this village, the officers and soldiers who had captured me put on their state uniforms, over which they threw cloaks, because it rained. The crowd of people was very great; all of them had umbrellas over their heads, so that they presented a most singular spectacle. My escort proceeded in the following manner. First two guides, bearing wooden staves; behind them nine soldiers, strutting along with their muskets shouldered. Next followed that formidable personage, myself,

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well pinioned, and guarded on each side by soldiers. Behind me were nine other soldiers with muskets, marching in single file; and last of all came the officer who arrested me, on horseback. He wore a rich silken uniform, and looked down on the multitude, that lined both sides of the road, with all the pompous self-importance of a mighty conqueror, who had done doughty deeds in the battle-field.

At length we reached the town from which I had made my escape. Here I was carried to the hall of justice, to undergo an examination by the banjo. The reader will recollect my description of the tedious examinings and questionings which I had already experienced at the hands of this dignitary. Now I looked for a repetition of them in a worse shape than ever. However, when the magistrate appeared, no change was perceptible in his countenance; he maintained his accustomed cheerfulness, and expressed not the slightest displeasure at what had happened.

Having taken his seat, he inquired, in his usual benevolent manner, what had induced me to escape from prison. I replied, that I was tired of confinement, and saw no probability of being set at liberty, but feared that the Japanese designed to keep me in perpetual imprisonment. He next desired to be informed of every particular of my flight; at what hour, and in what manner, I left the prison; what course I had pursued, how far I proceeded each day, what articles and provisions I had carried along with me, and finally whether any of my guards had assisted in my escape, or whether I had made known my intentions to any Japanese whatever. I answered all these questions by a faithful relation of the whole affair.

"How did you expect to get home to your own country?" asked the banjo. "I hoped," replied I, "to get on board a boat, in which I could sail to the Russian Kurile Islands in the north, or to the coast of Tartary in the west."

"It was a very foolish undertaking," said the banjo. "Do you not see that the whole coast is lined with populous villages, and that all the bays, harbors, and creeks, are constantly frequented by fishing-boats and other craft, so that there was no possibility of avoiding discovery?"

"My situation," I retorted, "was an excuse for any hazardous attempt. I saw no other means of getting home, and I resolved either to escape or to perish by land or by sea."

"Suppose you had succeeded; what would you have said of the Japanese, when you returned to Russia?"

"I would have told the whole story of my adventures, just as they happened, without concealing any thing. As to the people of Japan, I should have said, that they are not the barbarians that most nations of Christendom imagine them to be; although I do not understand, perfectly, their right to imprison a stranger, accidentally cast upon their shores."

"But do you know," added the banjo, "that, in case you had made your escape from the country, several of the officers who had you in charge would have been put to death?"

"No," I replied; "such a thought never occurred to me."

"Yet such is the fact," said the banjo, with a very serious air; "the laws of Japan require that, when a prisoner es-

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capes, the officer who has him in custody shall answer for it with his life; and these laws are rigorously enforced."

This announcement gave me great concern; for I saw that I had exposed the lives of several innocent and perhaps very worthy men to great danger. I assured the banjo that I was totally ignorant of this peculiar regulation of the Japanese criminal code, and that, had I known it, nothing short of the prospect of immediate death would have induced me to break from my prison. I begged of him to make my apology to the individuals whose lives I had jeoparded.

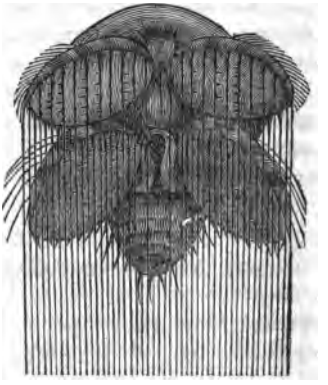
At the close of this examination, the banjo spoke as follows: "Had you been a native of Japan, and secretly escaped from your imprisonment, the consequence might have been fatal to you. But as you are a foreigner, and ignorant of the Japanese laws, and especially as you did not escape with a view to injure the people of this country, but for the sake of returning to your own home, which is a very natural desire, we feel no anger or resentment, but our good opinion of you remains unaltered."

This assurance gave me much comfort; for, when I was retaken, I was under great apprehension that it would go hard with me; never imagining that my keepers ran a greater risk of the loss of life than myself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOLITUDE is adapted to give a knowledge of character; mixing with the world, to draw out or to modify character.

A GRAIN of musk will, it is said, scent a room for twenty years, and at the end of that period will have lost little of its weight.



The Spider.

THE poet Dryden thus describes this insect:—

The treacherous spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambushed in her silent den does lie,
And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.
Then if, at last, she finds him fast beset,
She issues forth, and runs along her loom;
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drags the little wretch in triumph home!

This is doubtless an accurate description of the operations of the spider; and, if we were flies, we might call the creature that takes such pains and adopts such arts to catch us, *treacherous*. But, after all, it only follows its nature. Providence intended spiders to catch flies as much as bees to make honey. Indeed, it is wonderful to consider how nature has qualified the spider to do its work. We are told that its thread consists of several thousand strands, to make it strong. The preceding cut represents a magnified view of a spider's spinner, which may well excite our admiration.

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Birds of Passage.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
— "We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile;
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

"We have swept o'er cities in song renowned, —
Silent they lie with the deserts round!
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled
All dark with the warrior-blood of old;
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
—"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor, as of life-drops spilt, —
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

O joyous birds, it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go! —
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep, —
Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

—"A change we have found there — and many a change!
Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played —
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it, in power and mirth!
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed, —
So may we reach our bright home at last!

Mrs. Hemans.

Story of Baptiste Lulli.

[Continued from p. 18.]

CHAPTER II.

The night, quite dark, had now set in, and, by the light of blazing torches, Baptiste observed that the gay equipage was ready for immediate departure. The prince had got into his carriage, and the whole retinue of squires, pages, and grooms, only waited for the crack of the postilion's whip to begin their journey; and Baptiste saw, with the alarm of an honest and artless mind, that one moment more, and the hope of restitution would vanish. What was to be done? what was to be done? Already the postilion bestrides the leader. The whip trembles in his nervous hand. One, two, three, the horsemen take their places — the carriage rolls on! It has yet gone but a step; a moment more, and it will have disappeared. Truly, great evils require great remedies. Baptiste hesitated no longer; he jumped upon the step of the carriage, clung fast to it, and, favored by the darkness, passed unperceived by the prince's retinue. Behold him out of Florence; let us, my young readers, follow him on his way to Turin.

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This movement of Baptiste's was made with so little reflection, that he felt at first only the pleasure of being carried at full gallop by six good horses; but fear soon succeeded to pleasure. Seated upon the step, clinging by both hands to the gilt pieces of wood, which served to protect the footmen and hinder them from falling to either side, the jolting of the carriage threatened every moment to dash him to the ground. All he could do — indeed, the only thing of which the risk he ran permitted him to think of — was to hold himself firmly on the perilous post which he had chosen; and the constant watchfulness necessary, kept sleep from his eyelids.

Yet — for custom reconciles us to every thing, even constant danger — when he saw that, notwithstanding his fear, he did not fall, and that, when the first dizziness had passed away, his post was tenable enough, Baptiste's thoughts began to turn to what he had left at Florence, and his heart heaved and his tears flowed. And yet it was not a tender and indulgent mother; it was not his father — for, as has been said, this poor child was an orphan — it was not a little friend of his own age; still less was it a kind, hospitable hostess; for the orphan always slept at the first place he came to, the first lodging he met; most often under the beautiful stars. But listen to the low murmurs of the child, and you will know, my young readers, why the poor boy wept.

"My violin, my only friend!" said he, between each sob; "how could I have left thee? — abandoned thee alone in a hotel, open to every one, where the feet of the first fellow that passes by will crush thee, or perhaps, who knows, spurn thee with contempt! O, my violin! my sweet violin! — the only being that answered me with love when I spoke to it; the only being that spoke to me with the voice of my mother; how shall I find thee when I return to Florence? For my violin was not a common violin; it was not, as old Barbarina said, who housed me for a while, 'a dead thing;' my violin was a friend, a companion, a comforter. The day I had eaten nothing, I knew how to draw strains from it which melted the hearts of all who passed by. If I was gay, its sounds became as gay as myself. While listening to my violin, every one might say to himself, the little Baptiste is hungry, or sorrowful; or, it has been a good day with the little Baptiste; or, the little Baptiste does not know where to sleep to-night. Alas! I know very well that, with the gold that his French excellency has given me, I could buy another violin, or two, perhaps three; but then the money does not belong to me. Besides, it would not be my violin, my own, the violin which was left me by my father; the violin so sweet, so gentle, so obedient to my hand, that the notes seemed to come out before the bow touched the strings. O, what will become of my violin? and in what state shall I find it when I return to Florence? Wretch that I am, to leave my violin, and run after this lord, to return him money for which, perhaps, he does not care! 'Tis true that is a piece of gold — how beautiful it is! — but my violin is worth it all. I would give all the gold in the world for it, to have it here this moment under my arm. O, no! it is all useless. I can no more get back my violin than I can my poor father or my

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dear mother. And I know myself too well — I know that it is impossible — I shall never be able to play on a strange violin, no more than I could say 'father,' than I could say 'mother,' to a stranger. Ah! I have lost my violin! I have lost my all!"

In the midst of his grief and tears, Baptiste experienced a shock which threw him with violence to the ground, where he lay stunned by the fall.

"What is the matter? Are we overturned?" said the prince, in a sleepy tone.

"No, my lord; only the axletree broken," replied the postilion; "but we are near a little village, and, if your grace will permit, I will untackle one of the horses, and ride at full gallop to rouse up a smith of my acquaintance, and who, I know, will deem it an honor to mend your grace's carriage."

"Go, then, without any more parley," said the duke, impatiently.

During this colloquy, Baptiste had got up, and, having assured himself that he had no broken bones, he tried to find out where he was. This the darkness did not permit; but he consoled himself by the recollection that he would not have been wiser had it been noonday, as he had never been in this spot before. "No matter," said he — ignorant how far horses could go in six hours — "no matter, we cannot be very far from Florence, and I can get back by myself. I think this is a good opportunity, while the carriage is obliged to stop, to return the prince his louis d'or. After that, I will go back to Florence, and try to find my violin, my poor violin. O that I may find it safe!"

Delighted with this determination, Baptiste walked boldly to the carriage door; but the grumbling voices which he heard on all sides took away his courage — the prince scolding his attendants for not having examined the carriage before setting out, the servants excusing themselves, and throwing the blame on each other.

Meanwhile lights appeared at a distance, and in a short time the servant arrived, bringing with him the smith and every thing necessary to remedy the accident.

They set to work immediately; and, as the hope of being soon again on their way had quieted them all, Baptiste a second time approached the prince, who was leaning out of the window.

"Your excellency," he ventured to say, with a faltering voice, and was about to go on, when the duke of Guise, seeing, but not recognizing him, threw him a piece of money; crying to the attendants, "Send away that little beggar, and set off at once." For by this time the carriage was repaired, and the postilion had already mounted his horse.

"Beggar!" cried Baptiste. "O no, I am not a beggar, and I will prove it to you," said he, picking up the money and running after the carriage, which had just driven off.

Whilst running after the carriage, day, which was now breaking, permitted Baptiste to perceive an object which was fastened under the boot of the carriage. A hill having obliged the horses to slacken their pace, Baptiste approached near enough to distinguish a large open basket. At the same instant the carriage suddenly stopped, and Baptiste, looking into the basket, perceived a little dog

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asleep. Suddenly an idea struck him, if he were to get into the dog's place, it would not only be more comfortable than the step, but, besides, he would not again run the risk of being taken for a beggar, and repulsed as such.

He was just going to put this project into execution, when, in the very act of taking out the little dog, he was touched with a feeling of pity for the poor animal, abandoned upon a lonesome road. Could he not share the place with the dog, without dispossessing him entirely? He now felt all the cruelty and injustice of his first intention. The basket was large and deep, and he was very slight, for his age, which circumstances aiding his humanity, he squeezed himself into as small a compass as he possibly could, and slipped in by the side of the dog, which, far from disliking the intrusion, joyfully greeted his new companion by licking his face and hands, as if to say, "Welcome, welcome! I was very lonely."

The motion of the carriage, which began again to roll rapidly forward, put an end to the protestations of friendship between the two inmates of the basket. "What a droll event!" said Baptiste, as the rays of the rising sun gave to his view the country around, which now lay in all its loveliness before his eyes. "I have followed this French lord, to return him his louis d'or, and to prevent him from forming a bad opinion of me on his arrival at Paris; and, after all, he gives me charity, and treats me like a beggar. Is it not too bad? Instead of removing an unfavorable impression, I have only increased it. How can I bear his highness to say, when he arrives in France, 'Little Baptiste, you may know him easily; a fair-haired little boy, who plays the violin for his subsistence, and who does not play badly, I assure you. Well, he is a little rogue, a blackguard, a thief, a rascal. Without intending it, I gave him a gold piece, which the little wretch was not satisfied with keeping, but followed me for more.' I could not bear to think that this French lord should say such dreadful things of me. But go on, horses; trot, trot; gallop away as fast as you can; you cannot go too fast for me, if I do but clear myself. I, Baptiste Lulli, a thief and a beggar! I will go all the way to Paris, if necessary, to prove the contrary to this lord."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Chinese Ingenuity.

THE Chinese are often compelled to make their dwellings in large boats on the rivers. An officer in the navy tells me he observed one of these, who kept ducks for a living, practise an odd piece of ingenuity. In the day time the ducks were permitted to float about, but in the night time they were carefully collected. The keeper, when the night set in, gave a whistle, when the ducks always flew towards him with violent speed, so that they were invariably gathered in a minute. How do you suppose he had educated his flock so effectually? He always beat the *last* duck.

WIT is most sharpened by intercourse with the world; judgment, by meditation.

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Scenery in Peru.

The Story of Chicama.

[Continued from vol. xii. p. 158.]

CHAPTER VIII.

As it is some time since we have presented Chicama to our readers, we must remind them that he was left, at the close of the last chapter, upon the brow of a mountain, in a state of the greatest seeming peril. He had followed a mysterious being up the rocky rampart, which nature had reared nearly to the clouds, when his overwrought strength gave way, for a space, and he sank down in a swoon. We must take advantage of the pause, which this incident naturally affords, to recite a few circumstances which are necessary to elucidate our story.

Soon after the interview between our hero and the unfortunate Huascar, the latter secretly sent messengers to Pizarro, who was now in his vicinity, craving his aid, and offering immense sums of gold and silver, if he would assist him in recovering his throne, and punishing the usurper, Atahualpa. The Spanish leader sent an embassy to the captive king, and made fair promises.

All these proceedings soon reached the ears of Atahualpa, who immediately despatched orders for the execution of his brother, Huascar. These were but too faithfully fulfilled. Attended by the retinue we have described, the latter was marching forth from the castle, when an unseen arrow sped from the bow; it pierced the heart of the king, who uttered

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a scream, and fell lifeless to the earth. His death was deemed a judgment from Heaven, and most of his attendants fled in terror from the scene. A few, with pious devotion, remained. Among these was the white-haired chief, Orano, and Rema, the beautiful virgin of the sun. They carefully wiped the blood from the wound, and caused the lifeless body of the monarch to be embalmed. It was then placed on a litter, made of spicy trees, and was borne, on the shoulders of nobles, toward its resting-place.

During these mournful proceedings, the prisoner Chicama had been forgotten by all save one. But for her, he had perished in the gloom and solitude of his dungeon. No heart was more keenly pierced by the death of Huascar, than her own, for she was of the incarial line, and his near relative. Yet her soul was not so wholly absorbed, as to make her forget that the youthful Spaniard, whose life she had once saved, was in prison, and, but for some kindly assistance, must perish. When the funeral obsequies were prepared, and the procession had set forward under cover of the darkness, she proceeded to the castle and pushed away the stone that barred the door of the apartment where Chicama was confined. The rest will be easily guessed by the reader.

Our hero's illness was but momentary. But when his consciousness returned, the image which had guided his footsteps was gone. He followed the narrow pathway, however, as well as he could, and at last discovered about a hundred persons, proceeding with a measured tread, and at no great distance before him, up the mountain. He was soon able to approach them, and in a short time Orano came to meet him. The seer explained the scene, and Chicama then proceeded in silence. A low wail was heard to issue, at intervals, from the mourners; with the exception of this, every lip was dumb.

For several hours the procession moved onward, gradually ascending higher and higher up the mountain. At length they reached the brow of a cliff, which overhung a deep valley below. Here was a long range of sepulchres, partly natural and partly artificial, seeming like the street of a deserted city. On one side, the mountain rose like a mighty pyramid, its top being covered with perpetual snow. On the other, the vale we have mentioned yawned like an abyss, covered over by a veil of impenetrable mist.

By the side of one of the larger tombs the procession paused. The litter was placed on the earth, and the face of the deceased monarch was uncovered. One by one the attendants passed around the body, gazed upon the face, uttered a mournful sigh, and seated themselves on the ground. A profound silence was now observed by all. At last, the faint light of the dawn was seen kindling upon the top of the mountain. Orano arose, and pointed toward it. At this signal, every face was bowed to the earth. In this position the whole company remained, until the red sunlight was visible upon the snowy peak above. Orano uttered a shout, and all sprang to their feet. They then broke into a hymn, each joining in the chorus.

The sun at last arose, and its light fell upon the corpse. Orano lifted the head, and the rays lighted the uncovered face

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of the monarch. Every eye was averted, save that of Orano, as if a scene so holy could not be witnessed except by the priest, whose vocation made him familiar with sacred things.

After a long pause the face of the corpse was again covered, and the body, after many ceremonies, was deposited in its final resting-place. This was a deep excavation in the rock, which formed the floor of a tomb, which was of such dimensions as to bear the aspect of a temple rather than a grave. The roof was formed of prodigious masses of rock, set upon pillars in front, and a close wall behind. The general appearance of the place was sad and gloomy; associated with an idea that giants alone could have reared such massy architecture. The open part of the tomb looked out upon the east, and the first rays of the rising sun fell upon the resting-place of the inca. Such was the elevation of the site that a sea of mountains and plains, bounded only by the sky, spread out on every side, save that which was occupied by the mountain peak already described.

Although Chicama had not been trained in the school of poetry or romance, yet the scene we have described stirred his heart with the deepest emotions. He became conscious of the fact that these people, whom his countrymen were treating as heathens, were not insensible to the beauty and sublimity of nature, and that religious emotions, scarcely less elevated than those which his own faith inculcated, were working in their bosoms. Above all, he felt that human sympathies and human affections were as familiar to them as to the boastful Spaniard. "Let the priest say what he may," said Chicama, internally, "these people are men!"

After the body of the chief was lowered into the tomb and arranged in a sitting posture, his sceptre was placed in his hand, his jewels on his fingers, and his crown upon his head. His best robe was carefully adjusted to his shoulders. His face was uncovered, and he now seemed like a monarch upon his throne. A last look was taken by his followers, and the grave was closed over him by huge masses of stone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fraternal Affection.

In the year 1585, the Portuguese ships or *caracs* sailed from Lisbon to Goa, then a flourishing colony of that nation, in the East Indies. On board of one of these vessels were no less than twelve hundred souls,—mariners, passengers, priests, and friars. The beginning of the voyage was prosperous; but not many days after, through the perverseness of the pilot, the ship struck on a rock, and instant death stared the crew in the face.

The captain ordered the pinnace to be launched; into which having tossed a small quantity of biscuit, he then leaped in himself, with nineteen others, who, with their swords, prevented any more from following them, lest the boat should sink. Thus scantily equipped, they put off into the great Indian Ocean, without a compass to steer by, or any fresh water but what might happen to fall from the heavens. At the end of four or five days the captain fell sick and died; and they

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were obliged, in order to prevent confusion, to elect one of their company to command them. This person proposed to them to draw lots, and cast every fourth man overboard; their small stock of provisions being now so far spent as not to be sufficient to sustain life above three days longer.

To this they agreed; so that four were to die out of their unhappy number,—the captain, a friar, and a carpenter, being exempted by general consent. The lots being cast, three submitted to their fate, after they had confessed and received absolution. The fourth victim was a Portuguese gentleman, who had a younger brother in the boat. When he was about to be thrown overboard, the latter most tenderly embraced him, and with tears besought permission to die in his room; enforcing his arguments by stating, "that he was a married man, and had a wife and children at Goa, besides the care of three sisters, who absolutely depended upon him for support; whereas he was single, and his life of no great importance:"—he therefore conjured his brother to allow him to suffer in his place, protesting that he would rather die than live without him.

The elder brother, astonished and melted with this generosity, replied, "that, since the divine Providence had appointed him to suffer, it would be wicked and unjust to permit any other to die for him, but especially a brother to whom he was so infinitely obliged." The younger, however, would take no denial, but, throwing himself on his knees, held his brother so fast that the company could not disengage him.

Thus they disputed awhile, the elder bidding him be a father to his children, and recommending his wife and sisters to his protection; but all that he said could not make the younger desist. At last the constancy of the elder brother yielded to the piety of the other, and he suffered the gallant youth to supply his place, who was accordingly cast into the sea. It is but right to add, that this devoted brother did not lose his life. Land being soon after descried, the crew made an effort to take him again on board, which was crowned with success; and in a few hours the whole party were landed in safety on the coast of Mozambique.

The Butterfly.

The butterfly, an idle thing,
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,
Like to the bee or bird;
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,
Lay up the grain for time of want,
A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day;
Then, like the bee and ant, I'll lay
A store of learning by;
And though from flower to flower I rove,
My stock of wisdom I'll improve,
Nor be a butterfly.

Boleslaus the Fourth, king of Poland, had a picture of his father, which he carried about his neck, set in a plate of gold; and when he was going to say or do any thing of importance, he took this pleasing monitor in his hand, and kissing it, used to say, "My dear father! may I do nothing unworthy of thy name!"

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Dr. Johnson.

Let not our readers laugh at this curious figure, for it is a picture of one of the greatest men that ever lived — Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of many famous books, especially a Dictionary which bears his name. Every child who speaks English owes him something, for he did a great deal to render it more elegant, and more useful, as a means of expressing our thoughts.

This extraordinary man was born at Lichfield, in England, September 18, 1709. His father, Michael Johnson, was a bookseller, in humble circumstances, of strong and active mind, but deeply afflicted with constitutional melancholy. He was a man of some education and strict piety. His wife, Sarah Ford, was a woman of good natural sense, but extremely illiterate.

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Johnson's wonderful memory appears to have displayed itself in early life. When he was a child in petticoats, and had but just learned to read, his mother, one morning, put the common prayer-book into his hand, pointed to the collect for the day, and said, "Sam, you must get this by heart." She went up stairs, leaving him to study it; but, by the time she had reached the second floor, she heard him following her. "What's the matter?" said she. "I can say it," he replied, and repeated it distinctly, though he could not have read it more than twice.

There is an anecdote of his precocity, which is quite amusing. It is said that when a child of three years old, he chanced to tread upon a duckling, the eleventh of a brood, and killed it; upon which he composed the following epitaph:

"Here lies good Master Duck,
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had lived, it had been good luck,
For then we'd had an odd one."

There is, however, good reason to believe that this story is not well founded.

Young Johnson was much afflicted with the scrofula, or king's evil, which disfigured his face, and rendered his eyesight so imperfect that he could see with difficulty. In infancy he was almost blind, and as the notion then prevailed that the royal touch could remove this disease, his mother took him to London, in 1712, where he was actually touched by Queen Anne. It is needless to add that it was of no avail.

Although Johnson was then but thirty months old, he was able, at an advanced age, to recollect the particulars of the journey to London, and his being in the presence of the queen. He remembered her as "a lady in diamonds, with a long black hood." He said that his mother bought him a small silver cup and spoon, marked Sam. J. She bought him also a speckled linen frock, which he knew afterwards by the name of his London frock. The cup was one of the last pieces of plate his wife sold, in the distressing poverty to which they were at one time reduced. The spoon was kept by Johnson till his death. His mother bought, at the same time, two teaspoons, and, until Johnson's manhood, she had no other. These particulars Johnson related from memory, when near seventy years of age.

He was first taught to read by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a school for young children, at Lichfield. When he was, some years afterwards, going to the University of Oxford, the good woman brought him a present of gingerbread, and told him he was the best scholar she ever had. His next instructor was Thomas Brown, who published a spelling-book, and dedicated it to the Universe!

He began his studies in Latin at the Lichfield school, where he made great progress. He seemed to learn by intuition, and though naturally indolent, when he made an exertion it was with great effect. He soon acquired an authority over his companions which was singularly manifested. Though he was very fat and heavy, three of his friends used frequently to come to his house and carry him to school, one taking him on his back, and the others giving a lift at each leg. His memory at this period was so retentive that, on one occasion, his master having recited eighteen verses, Johnson immediately repeated them, without missing

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a word, and only changing an epithet, by which he improved the line.

He never joined with the other boys in their ordinary diversions. One of his few amusements was to be drawn along upon the ice by a boy who was barefoot. His defective eyesight, indeed, prevented him from enjoying the common sports of youth. He was accustomed to saunter away many of his hours in the fields during vacation, frequently talking to himself. He was also addicted to the reading of romances, which he afterwards regretted, believing it to have given him an unsettled turn of mind.

At the age of fifteen, Johnson was removed to a school at Sturbridge, where he continued a little more than a year, and then returned home. Here he remained two years without any definite plan of life, but rambling over a vast extent of miscellaneous literature. It seems probable that he also paid some attention to his father's trade, for he was heard to remark, in after life, that he was able to bind a book.

We cannot go through with all the interesting details of Johnson's life, but refer our readers to Parley's Cabinet Library, where they will find a full account of him. We can only say that he went to college, kept a school, wrote poetry, married rather an old woman for a wife, came near starving for want of bread, &c. &c. He gradually rose to fame, and finally had a comfortable income. He was greatly famed, not only for his books, but for his curious and strange manners, his odd appearance, and his witty and instructive conversation. He died of paralysis, at London, December 13, 1784.

Newfoundland Dog.

One of the magistrates in Harbor Grace, in Newfoundland, had an old dog, of the regular web-footed species peculiar to this island, who was in the habit of carrying a lantern before his master, at night, as steadily as the most attentive servant could do; stopping short when his master made a stop, and proceeding when he saw him disposed to follow.

If his master was absent from home, on the lantern being fixed to his mouth, and the command given, "Go fetch your master," he would immediately set off and proceed directly to town, which lay at the distance of more than a mile from his master's residence; he would then stop at the door of every house which he knew his master was in the habit of frequenting, and, setting down his lantern, growl and strike the door, making all the noise in his power, until it was opened. If his master was not there, he would proceed farther, in the same manner, until he had found him. If he had accompanied him only once into a house, this was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his round.

The Pheasant.

See! from the brake, the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.
Short in his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-crested eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold!

Pope.

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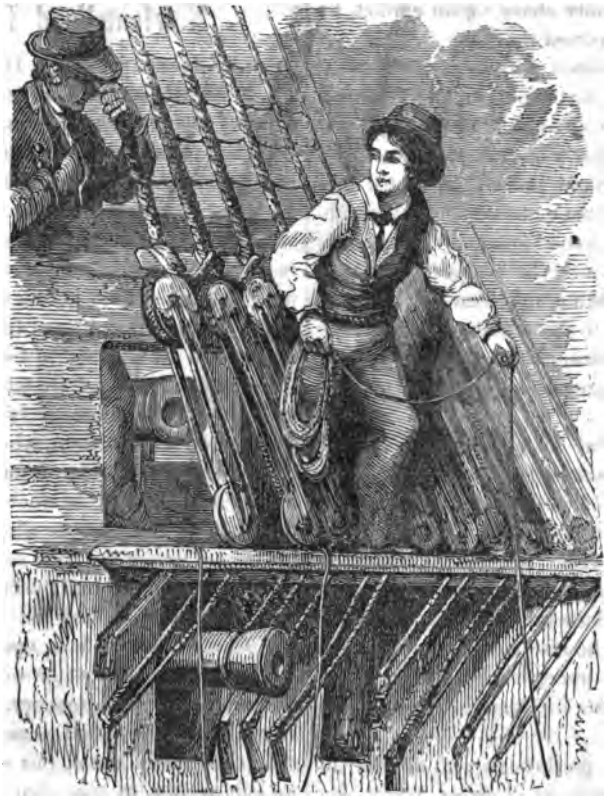

"Take Care of Number One!"

[Continued from vol. xii. p. 155.]

CHAPTER XIII.

We must now return to the history of Jacob Karl. We left him still pursuing the vocation of a sailor. He continued in the vessel in which he first entered until he had so far improved in strength and skill, as to be what is called an *able-bodied sailor*.

We should be glad to say that his character had improved in the same degree; but it must be confessed that the sorry maxim, which had so long governed his actions, still lingered about him. There is no vice that clings so long and so obstinately to the soul as a narrow selfishness, particularly when it has become habitual through long indulgence. Our hero, unhappily, was the subject of such a vice; and though he had taken some steps towards bursting the chains which bound him, yet he was far from being delivered from his bondage.

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His intercourse with Larry was beneficial, because it cherished a kindly sentiment of friendship in his mind, and kept alive his consciousness of at least one good and generous action; but the operation of this was limited, and did not, by any means, redeem his character. The state of his mind may be disclosed by a single circumstance.

The reader already knows that Jacob's greatest benefactor, Luther Munn, had generously given the youth twenty dollars — the whole amount of money which he possessed on earth. His youthful companion, Mabel Lane, had also mustered two dollars, and bestowed it upon him in an hour of the greatest extremity. Jacob did not wholly forget these circumstances. He had now acquired some money, and his sense of justice told him that he ought to repay these sums. It would have given him no inconvenience to do this, and nothing but his avarice prevented it. The obligation under which he lay haunted him; but he continued to resist the promptings of rectitude, until, at last, they faded from his mind, and his debt, if not forgotten, was disregarded.

It was about this time, that Jacob left the vessel in which he had hitherto sailed, and entered another at New York. In this he made several voyages to the north of Europe. After this, he went to China, and then made an expedition to the coast of Africa. He now returned to New York, and, being one night at a sailors' boarding-house, he met a young man whom he thought he had seen before. This person looked at him also, and with a keen and scrutinizing gaze. There was a scar upon his forehead, and the expression of his countenance was fierce and brutal. It was evident that, as he looked upon Jacob, his mind was excited by some deep and bitter feeling.

Our hero passed on, carrying with him a strong impress of the stranger's countenance. Yet he was unable, at the moment, to tell why his appearance affected him so much. In some way he seemed to be associated with his early days. His residence at farmer Lane's came to mind; the form of Mabel Lane flitted before him; some of the incidents of his boyhood rose to remembrance; the burning of Granther Baldwin's barn flashed upon his mind; and the image of Dick Grater immediately presented itself. The clew was now found. This strange and sinister-looking person was no other than his former companion — his enemy, his accuser — who had caused his disgrace, his imprisonment, and his flight. It was certainly he; but how changed! The youth had become a man, and such a one as might have been anticipated. The evil-minded boy had grown up and become stamped with the fierce and wicked passions which belong to a thoroughly depraved character.

Jacob was on the point of turning back to look again at this personage, when he was rudely accosted by Grater himself, who had followed him into the street.

"So, Jacob Karl, it is you, is it?" said he; "you thought it better to turn sailor than to swing from a gallows, it seems."

"And it is you, Dick Grater, it seems. But, ill as the world may think of me at R., I would rather be what I am than what you are. I wish no words with you, and you will please me best by going your way, while I go mine." Saying this,

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Jacob passed on, leaving Grater to digest this reply as he might.

A short time after this Jacob entered a large vessel, which was bound on a trading expedition to the north-west coast of America. In two days she sailed; and, greatly to Jacob's surprise, he soon discovered that Grater was among the sailors. He, however, did not speak to him, nor did Grater seem to recognize him. They treated each other as strangers, and not a word of recognition passed between them. Jacob could sometimes see a dark, lowering look bent upon him from beneath the glazed hat of the sailor, and he felt assured that he entertained for him a deadly hatred. He was, therefore, upon his guard, and sought as much as possible to avoid being in his vicinity.

With the crew, generally, Grater passed as a reckless, jovial fellow, and was rather a favorite with them. He sung a good song, told a good story, and boasted of his adventures on ship and shore. He had prodigious strength, and was usually the first in reefing a topsail, or handling a spar. His courage seemed the desperation of one who was indifferent to life, or who sought rather to expose it to needless peril. Jacob thought he could see in all this the restlessness of a man conscious of some fearful crime, or deadly purpose; and connecting this with the evident malignity he entertained toward himself, a kind of awe crept over him, as if he had been haunted by some being of supernatural powers.

Thus several weeks passed on, and the ship, at last, approached the region of Cape Horn. As she was doubling this promontory, she was beset by gales, and driven near the rocky shore. One dark and tempestuous night, Jacob, with three other sailors, was ordered up to reef the maintopsail. The sea was running high, and the vessel was pitching in the most violent manner. The snow was falling, and the ropes and spars were slippery with the ice that clung to them.

The sailors, however, entered upon their duty with alacrity, and although the sheet flapped fiercely in the wind, they had already nearly performed their task. Jacob had his feet upon a line, with his body bent over a spar, and was busy at his work. Next to him was Grater, also occupied in securing the sail. But, suddenly bending toward Karl, he struck the feet of the latter from the line, and he fell. He caught the line with one hand, and with the energy of presence of mind belonging to his profession, strove to recover his position. But the violent motion of the vessel swung him hither and thither, and, after holding on for a few seconds, his grasp yielded, and he was precipitated into the waves below. Amid the roar of the wind and the darkness of the night, his fall was no more noticed than if a pebble had been cast into the sea.

When the reef was completed, Grater descended to the deck, saying nothing of Jacob's fate; and it was not till the next day that his absence was discovered. As no one pretended to know what had become of him, it was then concluded that he had fallen overboard; and no one doubted that he had perished forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

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Belisarius.

This great man was born in the country bordering on ancient Thrace, about five hundred years after the birth of Christ. When a young man, he became a soldier in the personal guard of Justinian, emperor of the Greek empire.

This empire then embraced nearly the same territory that the Turkish or Ottoman empire does now, Constantinople being the capital. It was at this period in a declining state, the people being effeminate and corrupt, and the army small in numbers, ill-disciplined, and destitute of patriotic union or spirit. Though the emperor held a throne which was considered as that of the Cæsars, it was still tottering, and in danger of falling into utter ruin.

Belisarius rose, by degrees, to high command in the army, and at length was deemed the ablest general of his time. He defeated the king of Persia in several campaigns, and then delivered his country from the assaults of its most formidable enemy. He next arrested a formidable insurrection in Constantinople, which cost the lives of thirty thousand persons. After this, he turned his arms against Gelimer, king of the Vandals, who had taken possession of Carthage and the adjacent country, in Africa.

The Roman and Vandal armies met, and the contest was long and bloody. But the former prevailed, and the Vandal king sought safety in flight. He collected another army, but this also was

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defeated. He again fled, and, attended by a small body of faithful Moors, intrenched himself in a village, on the top of a rocky cliff.

Here he was besieged by an officer sent by Belisarius for the purpose; and though he could not be reached by the Roman soldiers, he was soon reduced to the utmost distress, for want of food and water. But he bore his sorrows with fortitude, and would not have yielded, had not his heart been touched by the sufferings of those around him. One day he saw two children fighting for a piece of unbaked dough, and such was their starving condition that each strove for it, as if it were a case of life and death. The king was softened by this scene; he gave up his pride, and surrendered. He became a captive, but he was kindly treated by the conqueror.

After this Belisarius made war on Italy, and at last entered Rome in triumph. The emperor Justinian, who had a little soul, now became jealous of him, and recalled him to Constantinople. He was, however, restored to his command, and performed great achievements, in Asia, against the Persian armies. But he was traduced at court, and brought back to the capital in disgrace. Again he was restored, and again he was permitted to languish in neglect. In his old age, he saved Constantinople from pillage by a host of northern barbarians, which came against it like an avalanche; but, if history tells the truth, he was permitted to drag out his last days in poverty; and, being reduced to blindness, went about the streets begging his daily bread. Such is the story of a man whose achievements were the chief glory of the reign of the emperor Justinian.

Great Results from small Causes.

It is a curious and interesting fact, that many celebrated men have, in early life, had their minds so roused, by what seemed trivial circumstances, as to give a direction to their whole career.

James Ferguson had his mind turned to mechanical contrivances in consequence of the roof of his father's cottage falling in, while he was a boy.

The eminent engineer John Rennie used to trace his first notions in regard to the powers of machinery to his having been obliged, when a boy, in consequence of the breaking down of a bridge, to go one winter every morning to school by a circuitous road, which carried him past a place where a threshing-machine was generally at work.

The great Linnæus was probably made a botanist by the circumstance of his father having a few rather uncommon plants in his garden.

Harrison is said to have been originally inspired with the idea of devoting himself to the constructing of marine timepieces, by his residence in view of the sea.

James Tassie, the celebrated modeller and maker of paste gems, commenced life as a stone-mason, in Glasgow; and was first prompted to aspire to something beyond his humble occupation by having gone on a holiday to see the paintings in an academy for instruction in the fine arts.

George Edwards, the naturalist, and author of the splendid book entitled the

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"History of Birds," was, in the first instance, apprenticed to a London merchant; but the accident of a bed-room being assigned to him, which contained a collection of books on natural history, left by a former lodger of his master, formed in him so strong an attachment to this study, that he resolved to give up commerce, and devote his life to science.

The celebrated Bernard Palissy, to whom France was indebted, in the sixteenth century, for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, had his attention first attracted to the art by having one day seen by chance a beautiful enamelled cup which had been brought from Italy. He labored sixteen years at the attempt to discover the secret of making these cups, and arrived at the discovery after undergoing incredible toil, and submitting to incredible privations. But Palissy was, in all respects, an extraordinary man.

In his moral character he displayed a high-mindedness not inferior to the vigor of his understanding. Although a Protestant, he had escaped, through the royal favor, from the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but having been, soon after, shut up in the Bastile, he was visited in his prison by the king, who told him, that if he did not comply with the established religion, he should be forced, however unwillingly, to leave him in the hands of his enemies. "Forced!" replied Palissy; "this is not to speak like a king. But they who force you cannot force me, — I can die!" He never regained his liberty, but ended his life in the Bastile in the ninetieth year of his age.

The Owl.

WHILE moonlight, silvering all the walls,
Through every mouldering crevice falls,
And tips with white his powdery plume
As shade or shifts the changing gloom,
The *Owl*, that, watching in the barn,
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still and shuts his round blue eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch.

BUTLER.

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Cicero.

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born at the city of Apulia, in the territory of what is now the kingdom of Naples, on the 3d of January, 107 B. C. His father was a man of wealth, and he gave his son the best education in his power.

The latter early displayed proofs of genius, and profited by all the advantages he enjoyed. At the age of sixteen, according to the custom of Rome, where his parents resided, he was solemnly introduced into the *Forum*, or great square of the city, where the people assembled, and where they were addressed by the magistrates. He was attended by his friends on this great occasion, and divine services were performed, in his behalf, in the capitol.

He was now placed under the care of a famous lawyer, and here he pursued the study of the law with great industry. He became desirous of being an orator, and deeming that, as such, every species of knowledge would be useful to him, he extended his study and observation to every branch of science and art. According to the custom of his time, he served in the army, taking care to investigate and understand every thing he saw. He kept

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himself, as much as possible, near the general, to gain information of what was going on, as well as to study the art of war, from the conduct of one skilled in all its branches.

Cicero spent a great deal of time in practising the art of speaking. He not only took lessons of the best masters, but, when by himself, he repeated over and over again their instructions. He wrote compositions, and polished them with the utmost care. He read the best and most elegant authors, and spent much time in the society of refined persons. He especially cultivated conversation with highly-educated females, and those who were renowned for the purity and elegance of their speech.

Thus carefully trained, it is not wonderful that Cicero rose to a great pitch of fame. He was not only the greatest orator of his time, but his works, after a lapse of nearly two thousand years, are still the admiration of mankind. He held various important offices, and performed many patriotic acts. He had some weaknesses, it is true. He was vain of his accomplishments, and, once being excited, showed a pitiable degree of uneasiness and despondence. Yet, on the whole, he possessed a splendid intellect and a noble heart.

The time in which he lived was one of trouble and agitation. The struggle between Cæsar and Pompey shook the civilized world, and hurled the liberties of Rome into ruins. When Augustus Cæsar obtained the mastery, Cicero was among the proscribed. He attempted to escape, but was overtaken and slain in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Sir Philip Sydney.

At the battle near Zutphen, this great man displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him; and, whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half on horseback to the camp; and being faint with the loss of blood, and parched with thirst from the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried along at that instant, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sydney took the flagon from his lips, just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

Strange Place for a Wren's Nest.

In the month of June, a mower, in England, hung up his coat under a shed near a barn; two or three days elapsed before he had occasion to put it on again; when, thrusting his arm into the sleeve, he found it, as he said, completely filled with rubbish. On extracting the whole mass, it proved to be the nest of a wren, completely finished and lined with a large quantity of feathers. In his retreat, he was followed by the little forlorn proprietors, who scolded him with vehemence for thus ruining the whole economy of their household affairs.

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To Correspondents.

As I am now travelling about in Europe, it is not convenient for me to receive and answer the epistles of my kind friends, who have hitherto sent me their letters. I am sorry for this, because it gave me pleasure to keep up an intercourse with my young readers, which seemed almost like talking with them. But it can't be helped; and so I suppose I must make the best of it.

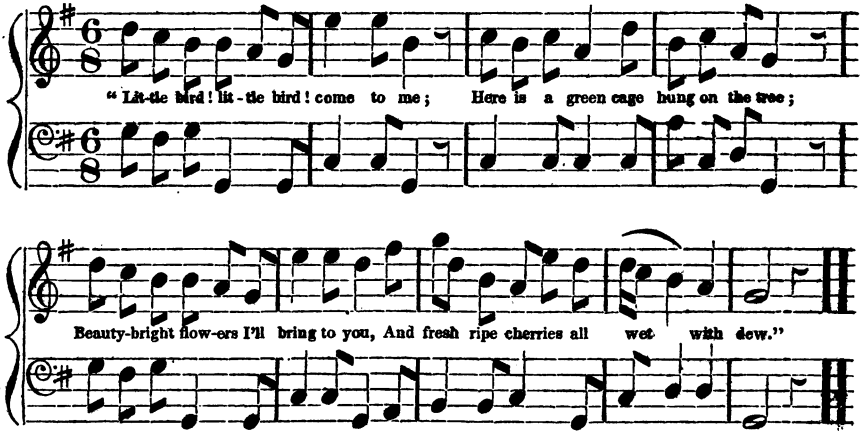
I am now at Paris, which is a great city, as large as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, and Buffalo, all put together. There are many pleasant things to see here, and I should try to give an account of them, if my magazine were big enough. But to describe Paris would require many volumes; and even to describe what I see here in a single day, would fill half a dozen pages of the Museum.

It is my purpose, however, to give my readers some sketches of what I see in Paris, and other places, during my travels; and in the next number my readers may expect to see something of this kind.

R. M.

Little Bird! Little Bird!

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM. THE WORDS BY MRS. CHILD.


"Lit-tle bird! lit-tle bird! come to me; Here is a green cage hung on the tree;
Beauty-bright flow-ers I'll bring to you, And fresh ripe cherries all wet with dew."

"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care;
But I dearly love the free, broad air;
And my snug little nest in the old oak-tree
Is better than golden cage for me."

"Little bird! little bird! where wilt thou go,
When the fields are all buried in snow?
The ice will cover your old oak-tree;
You had better come and stay with me."

"Nay, little maiden, away I'll fly,
To greener fields and a warmer sky.
When spring returns with pattering rain,
You will hear my merry song again."

"Little bird! little bird! who'll guide thee
Over the hills and over the sea?
Foolish one, come in the house to stay,
For I'm very sure you'll lose your way."

"Ah, no, little maiden! God guides me
Over the hills and over the sea.
I will be free as the rushing air,
Chasing the sunlight every where."

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. XIII. MARCH, 1847. No. 3.

"I like to beat."

"I LIKE to beat," said Harry to himself, as he walked away from the spot where he had been playing at marbles with two of his companions, and where he had triumphed in the game. He had won no money, and no apples, and no walnuts; for Harry and his friends were not gamblers, and were too well instructed to play for any thing of value. It was a mere strife for mastery, and therefore Harry's pleasure was all expressed in the words, *I like to beat.*

Now, is there any body young or old, who cannot call to mind a hundred similar instances, in which they have said, or thought, or felt, *I like to beat?* Certainly not; for we know that an admiration of excelling is one of the first and strongest principles of human nature; and we are especially pleased when the power of excelling is discovered to be in ourselves. The infant on the knee, the boy and girl at school, the youth at college, the lass in her teens, the full-grown

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man, the merchant, the lawyer, the sailor, the soldier, — are all seen running races with their competitors; and, in moments of success, chuckling to themselves, and saying, in thought, if not in words, *I like to beat.* This sentiment is, in truth, the axle on which most lives turn; and here is to be found the source of the greater part of the good and the evil which belong to almost every person's career.

If this be true, if this desire to excel be at once the cause of virtue and vice, of success and failure, in human life, it is worthy of careful study. Believing it to be so, we invite the reader's attention to the subject.

As we have said, the desire to excel is a fundamental part and parcel of human nature. The desire of food, of air, of water, of light, is not more a part of physical man, than a love of superiority is of intellectual man. This is too obvious to need proof. Nor is this sentiment, in its origin, founded upon art or education, but springs bubbling and buoyant from the very fountains of thought. It is just as manifest in the toddling infant who tries to outrun you, or who rejoices when he snatches the toy from his companion, as it is in Napoleon at Austerlitz, or Wellington at Waterloo. The sentiment, in all its littleness, or all its greatness, is comprised in this, *I love to beat;* and adheres as well to the beginning as the end of life.

How, then, it may be asked, is a principle, thus implanted in our nature, the fertile parent of such opposite fruits as good and evil, virtue and vice? The answer is important; especially to parents, who have added to their individual responsibility, the responsibility of setting the feet of their children forward in the straight and narrow paths of peace and wisdom.

And if the answer to the question above proposed be important, it is also easy. The love of excellence, the love of superiority, that love which tends to emulation in the varied walks of life, and which is, in fact, the main spring of all excellence, is a legitimate, nay, laudable source of action. God implanted it in the bosom; and what God ordained, man cannot if he would, and should not if he could, eradicate or destroy.

But we all know that every good thing is only good when used in its proper place and degree. The food we eat, the air we breathe, the water we drink, taken at improper times and in improper quantities, may destroy the life they are designed to support; and so the love of excellence, carried so far as to make us envious of others, or desirous of attaining our ends by injuring others, or wishing in our hearts that some evil might befall others, — even if they be our rivals, — then this great principle is abused, and has become vicious and wicked in its influence upon us.

Thus in this case, as in a thousand others, we are to use the good thing, but "as not abusing it." We may strive to excel others, but never permit that strife to abate our love, or charity, or kindness, for them with whom we strive. The moment we feel a shadow of envy, or a feeling of bitterness, toward a competitor, let us say to the evil thought, "Get thee behind me;" and let us also set a watch, a careful sentinel, over that point in our lives, who may take good care to shoot down the vile intruder, if it come again.

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"Take Care of Number One!"

[Continued from p. 58.]

CHAPTER XIV.

A LIFE of danger usually qualifies us to act with vigor when danger besets us. Jacob Karl, though still young, was now an experienced sailor, and was therefore familiar with the circumstances which ever attend them "who go down to the sea in ships," and which every moment seem to threaten them with a watery grave. When he felt his feet driven from under him by his treacherous companion, he did not lose his presence of mind. He caught one of the ropes, and clung to it with all his force; but, being unable long to sustain himself, he fell, and, for an instant, was buried in the waves. He immediately rose; and though he was tossed like a feather upon the raging billows, he exerted himself to regain the ship. The night was dark, but the sea was illumined by a phosphoric glow, and the outline of the vessel was easily distinguished. But, after a few vain efforts, Jacob saw that she was already out of his reach. For a few moments he struggled amidst the waves, without any plan; but, seeing no other hope, resolved to strive to reach the shore, which was faintly visible at the distance of two or three miles.

We have already said that our adventurer was an expert swimmer, and we may add that he possessed great bodily

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vigor. With a frame not above the middle size, he had prodigious strength and power of endurance. He was always cautious, if not shy, in assuming any position which demanded a bold exercise of his gifts; but he had great patience, and steadiness of nerve, when forced to its exercise. No sooner, therefore, had he determined to make an effort for the land, than turning toward it, and rising and falling with the undulation of the sea, he made what progress he could in that direction.

It was a stern struggle, but it was for life or death. A less steady mind than his might have been overborne by the dangers that beset him. The darkness of the night, the raging of the billows, the desolation of the surrounding scene, himself a lone swimmer upon the bosom of the deep; no voice to cheer him, no helping hand extended for his relief, —all around seemed combined for his destruction, and calculated to quench in his bosom even the last ray of hope. Yet he did hope; and though he was usually destitute of every religious sentiment, he caught a momentary glimpse of comfort from recollecting the couplet in the sailor's song —

"There's a sweet little cherub who sits up aloft,
And takes care of the life of poor Jack."

His contest with the waves was long and weary. For four full hours he sustained the struggle; and, though his strength was abated, he saw himself at last near the shore. The morning had dawned, but, instead of giving him encouragement, it nearly extinguished his hopes; for he now saw, by the gray light, that the coast consisted of a mass of rocks, rising in perpendicular cliffs from the sea. Against the feet of them the surges were beating, now rushing against them in black mountain masses, and now retreating in currents of foam, at the same time growling like wild beasts under the lash of a master.

At last our poor sailor reached the surf, and, making a desperate effort, placed himself within the sweep of one of the currents that was plunging toward the shore. He was borne forward as if mounted upon a wild horse; at the same time, he lost all command of his limbs, and became the sport of the waves. Yet these were commissioned not to destroy, but to save. They rushed forward with their charge, and, bending and winding along a channel cut in the rocks, left him senseless, but unharmed, upon a pebbly beach that formed the floor of a cave.

Jacob was soon aware of his condition, and drew himself beyond the reach of the returning surges. The storm was now abating, and the waters rapidly retired; so that, in the space of half an hour, the level of the sea was many feet below him. He was therefore perched in a nook of the rocky shore, into which he had been tossed; and so strange was the event, so wonderful his escape, that his mind, habitually insensible of an overruling Providence, was forced to look up, and offer his thanks to Heaven for his deliverance.

Such was the first emotion of his mind, when he had taken a survey of his condition. But as the sun was now risen, he determined to mount the cliff and look around him. At a distance he beheld the ship, and, climbing with great difficulty to the top of the rock, made such signals as

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he could to attract her attention. But all his attempts were vain. Once or twice he fancied that he saw her about to tack; but she steadily pursued her way, and, in the course of a few hours, her form was hidden by the blue mist of the distant horizon.

"I am then alone," said Jacob, audibly; alone; and the latter word touched his heart with a sense of solitude and desolation he had never felt before. At the same time a new feeling sprung up in his bosom — a strong desire of society, of friends. His mind turned to his early benefactor, Luther Munn; and he was amazed to think that he could have neglected him so long; so long have withheld payment of the money — the thanks, the gratitude — which he loaned him. He also thought of Mabel Lane, and felt a keen reproach that he should have never returned any token of remembrance for her kindness, in his days of tribulation.

These thoughts were not very methodical, but they showed that Jacob's mind was softened by trouble, and that it was making its way, through dark windings and misty avenues, toward a region of light; and that he needed only the kindly guidance of some skilful hand, to bring him forth into the sunshine of truth and virtue. Now, upon this lonely shore, deprived of society, he saw its necessity; and as his old maxim, "Take care of number one!" glanced across his mind, he felt a sort of disgust at the very thought, and internally resolved, if he was ever restored to communion with his fellowmen, not to treat them as enemies, against whom he was to conspire, but as beings who could confer happiness, and to whom he should seek to give happiness in return.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Spider and the Bee.

With viscous thread, and finger fine,
The spider spun his filmy line;
The extremes with stronger cordage tied,
And wrought the web from side to side.

Beneath the casement's pendent roof
He hung aloft the shadowy woof;
There in the midst compressed he lies,
And patient waits the expected prize.

When, lo! on sounding pinion strong,
A bee, incautious, rushed along;
Nor of the gauzy net aware,
Till all entangled in the snare.

Enraged, he plies his buzzing wings;
His far-resounding war-song sings;
Tears all that would his course control,
And threatens ruin to the whole.

With dread, with gladness, with surprise,
The spider saw the dangerous prize;
Then rushed relentless on his foe,
Intent to give the deadly blow.

But as the spider came in view,
The bee his poisoned dagger drew;—
Back at the sight the spider ran,—
And now his crafty work began.

With lengthened arms the snares he plied;
He turned the bee from side to side;
His legs he tied, his wings he bound,
And whirled his victim round and round.

And now, with cautious steps and slow,
He came to give the fatal blow;
When, frightened at the trenchant blade,
The bee one desperate effort made.

The fabric breaks — the cords give way;
His wings resume their wonted play;
Far off on gladsome plume he flies,
And drags the spider through the skies.

Shun vice's snares;—but, if you're caught,
Boldly resist, and parley not:
Then, though your foe you cannot kill,
You'll lead him captive where you will.

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Wonders of the Honey-Bee.

[Concluded from p. 40.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE following evening, Mr. Ross intimated that, with that evening, he should conclude the conversations with his family about the bee.

"I might, indeed, extend these conversations much longer, and dwell upon a variety of topics both interesting and profitable to those who cultivate bees. But the practical details are not so well suited to your age, nor are they so important for you to know at the present time. What I have related to you will serve to form a taste for the cultivation of these useful and wonderful insects in riper years.

"A few topics remain, to which I propose to devote the present evening, when we will turn our attention to some other, perhaps no less interesting, objects in the field of nature.

"I have spoken to you of the harmony and order which generally prevail among bees of the same kind. It is said, however, that instances sometimes occur in which the good understanding is interrupted between individual brothers, and a duel is the consequence."

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"Duels, father, among bees," said Susan; "who ever heard of such a thing?"

"We may as well call it a *duel*, perhaps, as a *combat*, or any other term expressive of a personal contest. The term *duel* is said to be derived from two words, one of which signifies *two*, and the other *war*. It really denotes, therefore, a combat between two persons, without respect to the instruments with which they fight. I well recollect that an old historian says that the first duel ever fought in New England was between two negroes, and that the weapons used on the occasion were the handles of two old frying-pans."

"Quite appropriate weapons, I think," said Charles. "Do you know, father, how that duel ended?"

"After beating each other to nearly a jelly, the magistrates interfered, and ordered them either to be tied hand and foot or bound together, where they lay a full hour.

"Modern duellists are quite above using frying-pan handles. They generally fight with pistols; bees, with stings. It is a rare occurrence, however, I believe, that two bees of the same hive proceed to mortal combat; but such an occurrence is quite common between bees of different hives, which are neighboring to each other. Reaumur gives the following account of one of these duels: 'They wrestle, turn, and throttle each other; and after rolling about in the dust, the victor, watching the time when the enemy uncovers his body by elongating it in the attempt to sting, thrusts its weapon between the scales, and the next instant its antagonist stretches out its quivering wings, and expires; for the stroke of the sting, when it once penetrates the muscles, is mortal. In these engagements the conqueror is not always able to extricate his sting, and then both perish. The duration of such duels is uncertain; sometimes it lasts an hour, and at others is very soon determined; and occasionally it happens that both parties, tired with their fruitless struggles, give up the contest and fly off.'

"Bees sometimes attack animals with great spirit, and in sufficient numbers to destroy them. During the summer of 1820, a gentleman sent a fine horse to grass to a neighboring farmer's. The farmer kept about twenty stocks of bees. By some means the animal got upon the lawn, where the hives were placed, and by accident overturned one of them, the bees of which attacked him with great virulence. The horse, rearing and kicking from agony, overthrew another hive, and, having thus doubled the number of his assailants, his sufferings brought him to the ground; and, in less than five minutes from the commencement of the attack, the poor animal was literally stung to death.

"A similar fact is recorded by Mungo Park. His people, while searching for honey, disturbed a large colony of bees, who sallied forth in myriads, and, attacking men and beasts indiscriminately, put them all to the rout. One horse and six asses were either killed or missing, in consequence of their attack; and for half an hour the bees seemed to have completely put an end to their journey. On another occasion, one ass was lost, and a man almost killed by the bees.

"A curious anecdote is related of a man, who once employed his bees in self-defence. A large mob, who for some reason had become enraged against him,

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assembled before his house with an intention not only of pillaging it, but of doing him personal harm. Not having arms at hand, he knew not what expedient to adopt to prevent the effects of their rage. For a time, he employed all the eloquence he was master of to dissuade them from their design, but it was all in vain. At length, perceiving that they would proceed to the execution of their threats, he whispered to his servants his plan. This was to fetch him his beehives, which he ordered them to throw into the midst of the daring mob. The effect was instantaneous. They left his premises sooner than if a cannon had been drawn up in battle array against them.

"In some countries, where large numbers of hives are kept, it is not uncommon to change their situation, as the flowers around them decrease. Sometimes this transfer from one place to another is made by the proprietors of the hives themselves. This is common in Scotland, where persons in the vicinity of Edinburgh send their whole stock to the Highlands, where they find a greater abundance of flowers. Bee-caravans are reported to be not uncommon in some districts of Germany; and in parts of Italy and France, the transportation of bees was practised from very early times.

"But a more singular practice in such transportations was, to set the beehives afloat on a canal or river; and we are informed, that in France one bee-barge was built of capacity enough for from sixty to one hundred beehives, and, by floating gently down the river, the bees had an opportunity of gathering honey from the flowers along the banks.

"In Lower Egypt, where the blowing of flowers is considerably later than in the upper districts, the practice of transporting beehives is much followed. The hives are collected from different villages along the banks, each being marked and numbered by individual proprietors to prevent mistakes. They are then arranged in pyramidal piles upon the boats prepared to receive them, which floating gradually down the river, and stopping at certain stages of their passage, remain there a longer or shorter time, according to the produce afforded by the surrounding country.

"In this manner, the bee-boats sail for three months; the bees, having culled honey from the orange flowers on the Said, and of the Arabian jasmine and other flowers in the more northern parts, are brought back to the places from which they had been carried. This procures for the Egyptians delicious honey, and abundance of beeswax. The proprietors in return pay the boatmen a recompense proportioned to the number of hives, which have been thus carried about from one extremity of Egypt to the other. The celebrated traveller Niebuhr saw upon the Nile, between Cairo and Damietta, a convoy of four thousand hives in their transit from Upper Egypt to the coast of the Delta.

"I will next tell you some particulars about *bee-hunting*. In some parts of the world this is practised at times as an amusement, but oftener as a source of profit. Swarms frequently abound in the woods and forests; and, in case the hollow of the tree which they have selected as their habitation be sufficiently capacious, the bee-hunter, who is so fortunate as to discover the retreat, finds a rich reward for all his toil."

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"Father," said Edward, "what quantity of honey is sometimes found in the trees?"

"It varies, my child, greatly; but sometimes amounts to one or two hundred pounds."

"But is it not difficult, oftentimes, to obtain the honey?"

"Frequently; the usual method is to fell the tree and destroy the bees."

"That is a cruel method," said Catharine; "you do not destroy yours, father?"

"Never," said Mr. Ross; "because at home we have the means of taking honey from the hive, as you know, without the least injury to the bees; but it is often impracticable to obtain the honey from trees in the woods without sacrificing the swarm.

"In some parts of the United States laws exist by which bee-hunting is, in a measure, regulated; that is, if a person discovers a swarm in a tree standing on another man's land, it becomes his own by marking his name, or the initials of it, on the tree.

"In Africa, near the Cape of Good Hope, bee-hunters are aided by a singular provision. Nature has provided an assistant in a bird called the *honey-guide*. The honey-guide, so far from being alarmed at the presence of man, appears anxious to court his acquaintance, and flits from tree to tree with an impressive note of invitation, the meaning of which is well known both to the colonists and the Hottentots. A person invited by the honey-guide seldom refuses to follow it onward till it stops, as it is certain to do, at some hollow tree containing a beehive, usually well stored with honey and wax. It is probable that the bird finds itself inadequate to the attack of a legion of bees, or to penetrate into the interior of the hive, and is thence led to invite an agent more powerful than itself. The person invited, indeed, always leaves the bird a share of the spoil, as it would be considered sacrilege to rob it of its due, or in any way to hurt so useful a creature.

"In America there is no African honey-guide, but several ingenious methods have been devised, by which to track bees to their hives.

"Sometimes, where no great accuracy is studied, the bee-hunter sallies forth with the conveniences of striking a fire, and some few pieces of honey-comb, and a small quantity of honey. He plants himself in such a position, in reference to an adjoining wood, as that the wind or current of air shall be moving in the direction of the latter. Here he strikes a fire, and heats a flat stone. Upon this, he next sprinkles some pieces of honey-comb; the moving current wafts the rising odor in the direction of the wood. It is surprising how far the fragrance will diffuse itself. If the current of air be rapid, the bee-hunter expects a speedy decision of the yet doubtful point, whether swarms exist in the wood or not. Often, within a few minutes, several bees make their appearance, having been guided by the smell from the burning comb. The bees would alight upon the heated stone, but instead of this the bee-hunter presents another stone, with a small quantity of honey upon it. The bees now regale themselves, and when fully satisfied, they take their departure. The line of their direction is marked with great care. If the bees go in different directions, it is inferred that they belong to different hives,

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and that course is pursued which is thought the most wise by the bee-hunter; but if several bees pursue the same direction, it is inferred that they belong to the same swarm. The bee-hunter, therefore, follows with great rapidity the line of direction for twenty or more rods, at which point he again takes his station and repeats the process. This he does until the bees move in an opposite direction on their departure, by which he knows he has passed their place of abode. The practical skill which is acquired in a short time by bee-hunters enables them to trace bees in the above manner with the same unerring certainty to their home, as the Indian traces his game, or a foe, whom he is pursuing amid the depths of the forest.

"Other modes are practised. A common mode is to place a piece of bee-bread on a flat surface, a tile, for instance, surrounding it with a circle of wet white paint. The bee, whose habit is always to alight on the edge of any plane, has to travel through the paint to reach the bee-bread. When, therefore, she flies off, the observer can track her by the white on her body. The same operation is repeated at another place, at some distance from the first, and at right angles to the bee-line just ascertained. The position of the hive is easily determined, for it lies in the angle made by the intersection of the bee-lines.

"Another method may be thus described: The bee-hunter decoys, by a bait of honey, some of the bees into his trap, and when he has secured as many as he judges will suit his purpose, he encloses one in a tube, and, letting it fly, marks its course by a pocket compass. Departing to some distance, he liberates another, observes its course, and in this manner determines the position of the hive, upon the principle already detailed. These methods of bee-hunting depend upon the insect's habit of always flying in a right line to its home."

Here Mr. Ross paused, and for a few moments appeared absorbed in thought.

"I have been thinking," said he, as he resumed his discourse, "in what manner to conclude these conversations. That they have been interesting to you, I can scarcely doubt; for however poorly my part has been sustained, the *facts* themselves, drawn from the field of nature, are sufficient to excite our wonder and admiration. But I ever wish to combine instruction with amusement, and, in the present instance, especially, would lead you to some just deductions and reflections, by means of these familiar lessons, which I am permitted to impart to you.

"And who, my children, can explore the field of nature, or only that small part of it which we have been contemplating, and, with any propriety, deny the existence of a supreme Architect? How came bees to be endued with such surprising powers? Whence derived they their sagacity, their skill, their marvellous contrivances? Could it have been the result of accident? It is fairly an outrage on common sense to entertain for a moment such a supposition. Were the human heart equally honest with the human understanding, not a doubt would ever overshadow the mind of man, on this all-important point. But it is because men wish there were no God, — so corrupt and hardened do they become, — that they, at length, doubt not only his providence, but even his existence. But

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in respect to you, my children, let me indulge the hope, that you will admit the evidence, which exists around you, that there is a God; that it is his wisdom which has planned the universe,—the world, with all its animated agents; and that what his wisdom thus planned, his power and goodness have brought to pass. Let the study of nature lead you to adoring thoughts of this great and incomprehensible Being, who attends as well to the insect that sports in the breeze, as to the leviathan of the deep; and who controls Arcturus, with his sons, with as much ease as the mote in the sunbeam.

"I have intimated that the day will probably come, when the volume of nature will be better understood, will be more extensively studied, than has yet been done.

"Why has God bestowed so much attention upon the world around us? Why so adorned the landscape? Why has he imparted such beauty to the insect? Why given such exquisite tints to the flower? To the world at large, most of these beauties lie concealed. With the aid of the microscope, the learned, or, if you please, the privileged few, are enabled to disclose some of these finer and surpassing ornaments, in which the flower and the insect are robed. But the majority have no means of access to them; and though, in future years, thousands may be thus indulged where one is now, yet millions of the human family, in every age, and in every nation, must die without the sight. Indeed, with respect to them, it will ever be true, what the poet has so sweetly sung:—

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

"But has the all-wise God made any thing in vain? or has he scattered abroad the evidences of his wisdom only for a few? Should the answer to these questions be 'no,' it may again be asked, who are the *real students* of the field of nature? Are all these wonders lost in silence, and forgotten?

"Perhaps not. O, no; I trust they are not. And here, I will tell you what thoughts have sometimes darted through my imagination, when dwelling upon this subject. Who can say that the dwellers in the temple above—the ransomed, gathered from our own lost world, the spirits collected from other parts of the universe, into the city which hath foundations—who can say that these, with the other angelic hosts of God, are not the busy, but to us the silent, investigators of these wonders, and of this skill divine?

"I see nothing in the Scriptures," said Mr. Ross, "to forbid the idea. True, we there read of the heavenly inhabitants, that they rest not day and night, crying, in the temple of God, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty;' but then they add, as a part of their song, 'The whole earth is full of his glory.' What mean they by this? How know they that the earth *is* thus filled with his glory, unless they perceive it; unless they study into the wonders of earth?—those wonders, which spring from redemption, and those, also, which are found in the field of nature.

"In a word," said Mr. Ross, "why may we not suppose that the heavenly inhabitants are sent forth by their glorious instructor into the various parts of the universe, to gather lessons of wisdom from the various worlds which he has created, and from the various wonders

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which he has therein displayed? On their delightful errand they may go forth, one company here, and another company there; and, when they have scanned the divine mysteries in one department, and are filled with the knowledge of God, as displayed *there*, they may return in succession to the temple of glory, and in that temple help to swell those anthems of praise, that are perpetually sung in that high and holy abode.

"This opinion is somewhat strengthened by the consideration, that heavenly felicity cannot consist in mere acts of praise. The blessedness of Jehovah himself is derived in part from his love of benevolent action. And it is thus with the rational creatures which he has made. In heaven itself, perhaps, we shall gather knowledge by *successive acts of application.*

"I would not, my children, affirm this to be so; but it may be so. And if so, what an importance does it give to the now many 'neglected spots' of the present world! What a dignity does it impart to the study of the field of nature! How much must it increase our desire to be virtuous and holy, that we may engage in this delightful study with the elder sons of God, when we shall have laid down these tabernacles of clay! Nay, how greatly does it tend to weaken our attachment to the present world, and increase our willingness to be absent from the body, that we may engage in the same high and delightful pursuit of knowledge and of holiness!

"How much pleasure would it impart to me, as a father, to indulge the hope, that I may have you for my companions, in some future celestial excursions, where we shall all be emphatically taught of *God!* But whether these anticipations be ever realized or not, let me at least indulge the hope of seeing you eating with me of the tree of life, and drinking of the waters of life, proceeding from the throne of God; and let me tell you, my children, that this will fill the measure of a parent's joy."

The Horse.

THE fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight:
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
Eager he stands,—then starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow;
He bears his rider headlong on the foe!

Dryden's Virgil.

Shakspeare.

SHAKSPEARE was one of the greatest men that ever lived, and there is no reason why our young readers should not know something about him. He was born April 23, 1564, at a town in England called Stratford, which being situated on the River Avon, it is called *Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Young Shakspeare's father was a man of business, and was so far respected as to be made bailiff or chief magistrate of Stratford. He gave his son William a good English education at the town schools, but he was not sent to college.

William appears not to have been brought up to any particular trade or profession; and how he spent his time, from childhood to manhood, history does not tell

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Shakspeare reading his Plays to Queen Elizabeth.

us. At the age of eighteen he was married, and soon after went to London, where he had a friend by the name of Greene, who was a famous player in those days. Will was soon engaged in some low station in the theatre, and afterwards became an actor; but he did not excel in this line. He, however, wrote some plays, which were so very clever as to attract great attention. Before that time only the rabble used to frequent the theatre; but now persons of the first rank and education went thither to see the performance of Shakspeare's plays. It is said that Queen Elizabeth, who was then queen of England, took delight in them, and even required Shakspeare to read them to her.

For several years he lived in London; but, as he became wealthy, he bought a good house in Stratford, where he lived, spending his time in gardening, writing plays, and social intercourse with his friends. He was very pleasant and witty in conversation, which made it a delight

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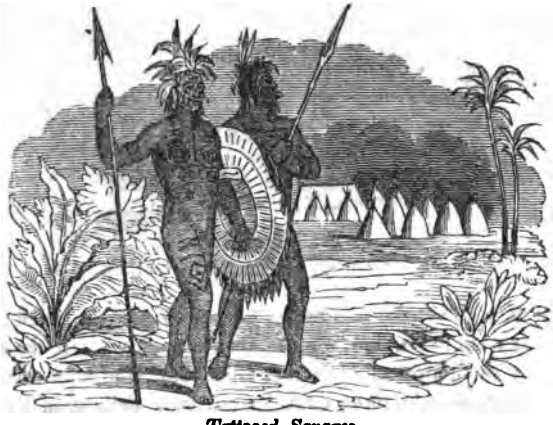
to be in his company. Thus many persons of talent and genius were drawn around him. In this manner he lived till April, 1616, when he died.

Shakspeare was not ambitious, and he seems to have had no conception of the fame that was to follow his name. He took no pains to publish his works; and, for nearly a century after his death, they were neglected. But at last their merit became known to the world, and they are now generally regarded as among the most useful and instructive of human productions.

Shakspeare wrote many poems, but his plays are most esteemed. These fill a dozen volumes. I do not recommend them to very young persons, for they are not very easily understood; and, beside, there are some bad things in them. When my young readers are advanced in education, and can sift out and reject what is bad, then they may read Shakspeare's works with great pleasure and profit. They will then see how the beautiful works of nature appear more beautiful as reflected in a great mind; they will then see deeper into human nature, and will better understand themselves and mankind; they will then see virtue arrayed in new charms, and vice in more hideous colors; they will learn to look on human life with more profound feelings of responsibility, and on religion, as revealed in the word of God, with a more awful and reverent sense of its wisdom, depth, and importance to man.



Tattooed Savages

Dress and Costumes.

A good, minute history of dress, with pictures showing its varieties in different ages and countries, would be very amusing, and perhaps instructive. It would show the diversity of tastes which has prevailed, and the restless desire of individuals to seek distinction, not by their deeds or their merits, but by their looks. Here are representations of two Indian chiefs, who

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have dressed and painted themselves with great care; and no doubt, in this attire, fancy themselves the very models of beauty.

In most savage nations, the skins or hides of beasts are first used for covering the body, which is frequently marked by painting, and a process called *tattooing*. The latter process makes permanent figures, which are varied according to the customs of the people and the tastes of individuals.

Here is an engraving which represents some of the early inhabitants of Britain;

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and these were, no doubt, regarded in their day as very genteel fellows.

These figures are pictures of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, as they appeared about a thousand years ago. We see, by the arms they bear, that they were of a war-like turn and their descendants are too much like them. Even the English people of our day, civilized and Christianized as they are, justify their descent; and we of the United States are, like our grandfather old John Bull, very apt to fight first, and think of the justice of the cause afterwards.

A Mexican King of about the thirteenth Century.

This picture is taken from an ancient Mexican sculpture, and no doubt shows how a Mexican king loved to appear, some six or seven hundred years past.

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This cut is copied from an Egyptian sculpture, and shows how an Egyptian king dressed himself about two thousand five hundred years ago.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

[Continued from p. 44.]

CHAPTER VIII.

I WILL not trouble the reader with any further detail of the events of my imprisonment, or the examinations and interrogatories to which I was subjected by the Japanese authorities. After being kept in close confinement several months, I was informed at length that my affairs had been taken into consideration at court, and orders had been given that I should be set at liberty and allowed to return home. This was welcome news indeed; for no one, without actual experience, can have any adequate conception of that melancholy sinking of the heart under which a man labors who is at once an exile and a prisoner.

Immediately on the receipt of this intelligence, I was released from the seclusion of my gloomy cell and conducted to a pleasant abode in the town. And now, for the first time in Japan, I found myself in what might be called *genteel lodgings*. Let me describe the house, which may serve as a specimen of the general style of Japanese domestic architecture. It was built of wood and plaster, and whitewashed on the outside so as to present an exact imitation of stone. The framework consisted of slender beams, between which slips of bamboo were interwoven. The whole was plastered with a sort of rough-cast, composed of clay, sand, and lime.

The whole house contained but one room, for there were no permanent partitions, but only a sort of screens, or folding doors, made of lackered framework, and covered with painted paper. These screens slid in grooves above and below, and might be put up, taken away, or folded behind each other, at pleasure. By this convenience, the tenant of any part of the house might have as large or as small a room as he pleased. The roof was covered with very thick earthen tiles, of a singular shape, although the country houses of a meaner construction are generally roofed with bark, and sometimes mere chips, kept from blowing away by large stones — an expedient not uncommon in the cabins of the Irish.

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My house was two stories high, but the upper story was used chiefly as a lumber room. The windows of the house had no glass, but panes of white paper, which admitted the light tolerably well, but of course could not be seen through. These paper windows would be very apt to suffer from hard rains, were it not that the eaves project a great way from the walls.

The floor was carpeted with matting of a fine species of grass, interwoven with rice straw. This was the most comfortable flooring that I ever trod upon, for the matting was three or four inches thick, and beautifully soft. The ceiling and wainscot were covered with a handsome thick paper, ornamented with green, yellow, and golden flowers. The furniture of the house was simple enough. I had neither cupboard, bureau, sofa, bed, table, chair, or looking-glass; but in this respect I was no worse off than the richest man in the Japanese dominions. The soft floor served both for chair and bed, and I ate my dinner from a little thing like a checker-board, which was set before me for a table. The want of chairs would appear to Europeans a very grave inconvenience, and most of my readers will probably wonder how the Japanese get along without them. They sit with their legs bent under them, and make a chair of their heels.

But what appeared to me the strangest of all things in the Japanese domestic economy, was to find neither fireplace, stove, nor chimney in the house. Although the cold of winter is intense, so as to require the houses to be warmed from October to March, yet there is no one of the articles above mentioned in any house in Japan. Copper vessels, with charcoal, are set in the middle of the room, and this is the only way by which they are heated. The charcoal sometimes smokes, in consequence of which sore eyes are common, and the walls of the rooms become so blackened, as to make a new papering necessary every year or two.

The kitchen had nothing to remind me of Russia. A square hole in the middle of the floor, lined with a few stones, served as a place for cooking, and the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof. The house had a small yard, in which was a miniature garden, with a little mound of earth, a few trees, shrubs, and flower-pots.

I asked for a pillow, as I was about to lie down for the night: one was brought me, but it was of *wood*. My readers may think wooden pillows rather uncomfortable; but such is the fashion in Japan, and after a person is used to them, he sleeps as soundly as on feathers.

The day after I was transferred to this house, the banjo sent an officer to acquaint me that he was directed to send me to Jedo, the capital, from which place I was to proceed to Nangasaki, where the Dutch have a commercial establishment, in order that I might take my passage home in one of the merchant ships of that nation. For this journey he furnished me with a *norimon*, which is a kind of sedan-chair, borne upon men's shoulders. In this conveyance I set out, on the following morning.

The country through which I passed, on this journey, exceeded all which I had before seen in populousness and cultivation. The prospect was enchanting. On every side fertile fields extended as far as the eye could reach. Villages were spread along the road, almost without an interval, one beginning as soon as another ended. It was the beginning of spring,

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and the farmers were just commencing the work of turning up their rice-grounds. These were, just now, pretty well flooded with water. Other fields, which were sown with East India kale, exhibited immense patches of bright yellow flowers, glittering like gold at a great distance. This plant produces a seed from which an oil is expressed, that is used all over the country for lamps.

One peculiarity in the husbandry strongly attracted my attention. As the laborers went along the fields, hoeing and turning up the soil, they were followed by numbers of large and beautiful white herons, who scratched and grubbed among the clods of earth, clearing them of the worms and insects. These birds are exceedingly tame, and walk about among the country people like familiar friends. In fact, they are held in high estimation, on account of the service they render to the husbandman; and for this reason they are never driven away from the fields, or molested by any of the inhabitants.

The proverb, that "ill weeds grow apace," I think is never quoted in Japan; for a traveller would suppose that weeds do not grow there. Not a weed could I see, in any of the fields, for miles and miles of my journey. So industrious and thrifty are the farmers of this country, that every weed is plucked up the moment it appears above ground. Fences are equally uncommon; for, as beasts are never suffered to go at large, there is no fear of their breaking into enclosures. On crossing a small river, I saw great numbers of pelicans swimming in the water. They had built their nests in the pine-trees which grew on the banks of the stream. Flocks of ducks were quacking and paddling about; and the soil was ploughed and sowed down to the very water's edge.

But I have not yet described my *norimon* in which I travelled. It was made of bamboo, and was of an oblong square form, with windows in front, and on each side. Over the roof ran a long pole, by which it was carried on men's shoulders. It was large enough to sit in with ease, and even to allow me to lie down, though not at full length. It contained no seat but a sort of mattress, covered with velvet, and the back and sides were furnished with cushions. In short, I found it a very snug, commodious vehicle, though the rate of travelling was slow. The fellows who carried me sung in chorus, as they trudged along, like Dryden's clown, who whistled as he went for want of thought.

This is the common mode of travelling in Japan; though poor people, as in all other countries, travel on foot; and there is an inferior sort of norimon, called a *cangos*. Some journey on horseback; these, as well as the pedestrians, protect themselves from the rain by great wide coats, made of oiled paper, which are almost as light as a feather, and shed the water perfectly. On their heads they wear tall, conical hats, tied under the chin. A Japanese on horseback cuts a very droll figure. As I was leaving one of the villages on my route, I met a countryman mounted on a nag, with his whole family. The man was seated on the saddle, with his legs stuck forward over the horse's neck. His wife was slung in a basket, made fast to one side of the saddle; two little girls showed their heads, peeping out of a basket, on the

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other side; and a stout boy walked ahead, leading the horse by the bridle. The horse wore straw shoes; and I subsequently found that these are the only kind worn by horses in Japan. They are a sort of moccasons, made of twisted rice straw, and are tied about the horse's feet. Upon hard roads they are soon worn out, and must be often changed for new ones; they may be purchased at any village, and are even offered for sale by children begging along the road.

At every mile of my journey, I found some pleasant change of scenery, or some new and interesting object to engage my attention. In fact, I have no hesitation in declaring, that Japan is the most delightful of all countries to a traveller. Every province has a highway so broad and convenient, that the largest companies, in travelling, can pass each other with perfect facility. Every small district has its road leading to the great highway; and every road, large or small, is marked by mile-stones, showing the distance from Jedo, the capital.

The roads are the finest in the world. Between the towns and villages, they are provided with rows of trees on each side, which serve both for ornament and shade. The roads are kept in the most perfect order, being swept and cleaned every day; not so much as a dry stick, or leaf of a tree, is suffered to lie in any body's way. Poor people and children gather up these things for fuel. Old shoes, which are thrown away along the roads, are collected and burnt for the ashes, which are used to manure the fields.

In many parts of the country, the roads pass over hills and mountains so steep as to be very laborious, and even unsafe for a traveller on horseback. In these parts of the journey a norimon, or cangos, is necessary. But even here, the travelling is by no means unpleasant; for the scenery is every where diversified and delightful. Knots of green bushes, thickets, and shrubbery, give a fresh and verdant aspect to the landscape; beautiful flowers, of the richest scent, enchant the eye, and spread a grateful perfume through the air; while, in every quarter, the ear is greeted with the babbling murmurs of a mountain stream, or the dash of a cascade, as it comes tumbling down the rocks by the road side.

I kept no account of the number of towns and villages which I passed through during this day's journey; but every thing which I saw tended to confirm the accounts I had always heard of the immense population of this country. The villages were so numerous, and lay so close together, that it seemed as if all Japan were one great street, from end to end. I took notice of vast numbers of almond and peach-trees in the villages. Cherry, plum, apple, and pear-trees were also abundant.

We were in no danger of lacking any sort of accommodation upon the road; for the number of taverns, cook-shops, sacki or beer-houses, fruit-stalls, confectioner's shops, &c., seemed to be beyond all credibility. I was at first puzzled to imagine how they could all get custom enough to live; but I was not then aware to what an extent travelling is practised by the Japanese. These places of refreshment are to be found on all the roads in Japan, even in the midst of woods and forests, and on the mountain tops. Here travellers of all sorts may find accommo-

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dation. The weary pedestrian, who has only a small coin or two in his pocket, will have no difficulty in finding comfortable cheer at one of these cheap cook-shops, where, for the smallest pittance of money, he can obtain a mouthful or two of hot meat, and a drink of warm tea or sacki.

Most of these cook-shops and sacki-houses are kept by poor people, who have much ado to get a living. Yet, even in the meanest of these places, there is always something to entice and amuse customers. Sometimes a wide entry, opening from the road, affords a glimpse of a pleasant garden and orchard in the rear of the house, adorned with beautiful flowers, and often with a stream of clear water tumbling down, in a cascade, from an artificial hill. In the windows, along the road, stand flower-pots, filled with blooming shrubs, arranged in the most ingenious and grotesque forms. Sometimes two or three handsome, well-dressed young housemaids stand at the door, and, with smiling faces, and great civility of language, invite the wayfarers to step in and buy something. The eatables, such as cakes, bits of meat, &c., are kept before the fire, and stuck on skewers of bamboo; so that travellers, as they go along, may take them, and pursue their journey without stopping.

The interior of one of these shops affords a most lively and diverting scene. The landladies, cooks, and maids, as soon as they see a customer approaching, bustle about and make themselves, as a sailor would say, as busy as old Nick in a gale of wind. Some blow up the fire, to make it appear as if the victuals had just been got ready; others trot up and down with hot water to make tea; others coddle a pan of soup; others draw mugs of sacki; all the while talking and chattering, commending their fare, and saying complimentary things to their customers; for the Japanese, as I have already observed, are the most polite people in the world.

The eatables sold at these shops consist of little round cakes, filled with bean-flour and sugar; jelly cakes, made of a root growing among the mountains; Chinese *laxa*, or thin strings of wheat flour, something like macaroni; roasted, boiled, and pickled snails, oysters, and other shell fish; a great variety of greens, roots, &c., and an immense number of dishes, peculiar to this country, made of seeds, powdered roots, vegetable substances, boiled, baked, and dressed in many different ways. These seem to be a still-existing proof of the frugal and indigent life of the ancient natives of Japan, before the country was improved by agriculture.

As a further convenience in journeying, the traveller can furnish himself with a road-book, or Traveller's Guide, which some persons suppose to be a thing known only in modern Europe; but the Japanese invented it ages ago. These books contain accounts of all the roads in the empire, with descriptions of the principal inns and stopping places, the houses where the best dinners and lodgings can be had, and the prices of every thing upon the road.

At the commencement of my journey, this morning, I travelled upon one of the cross roads; but, after some hours, this led me into the great highway. Here the throng of travellers became prodi-

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gious; and, indeed, the road seemed more like the street of a great city than the open country. One would suppose that the Japanese never staid at home, but spent their time in rambling to and fro throughout the empire. This, in fact, is true to a great extent. The Japanese are a travelling nation; and this locomotive propensity is encouraged by certain political regulations. All the princes and lords of the empire, with their numerous retinues, all the governors of the provinces and cities, are required to go to court once a year, to pay their respects to the emperor.

These dignitaries are attended on the journey by the whole train of their officers and dependants, amounting sometimes to 60,000 men. I met one of these processions on the road, and it was four days in passing. It was one of the most remarkable sights I ever saw. Every thing displayed the utmost pomp and ceremony. Nearly all the persons of this immense crowd were clothed in black silk. They marched in admirable order, keeping a profound silence; so that not a sound was heard, except the trampling of feet and the rustling of silk gowns and trousers. When the great man of the procession passes, the spectators take off their hats, and bow down to the ground; sometimes they turn their backs while he is passing, as if they were quite unworthy to fix their profane eyes on so exalted a personage. The roads are prepared in a special manner beforehand for the travel of this grand retinue. They are swept clean with brooms, strewed with fine sand, and, in hot, dusty weather, well sprinkled with water.

Almost all the towns which I passed through were regularly built, with rectangular streets. Many of these were surrounded with walls and ditches, and adorned with towers; although it is a long time since Japan has been troubled with war or insurrection. I was astonished at the immense number of shops to be seen in all the towns and villages; whole streets, consisting of nothing but rows of shops, on both sides, filled with commodities of every sort. The country every where appeared to be very fruitful, with immense fields of corn and rice; the hills were cultivated to their very tops.

On the fifth day of my journey, I came in sight of the ocean, and was told that we were now approaching the great capital of the empire. At a little village called Sinagara, the norimon halted to refresh the bearers at an inn. As I alighted, my conductor exclaimed, "There is Jedo;" and I caught sight of this wonderful city, with its immense extent of building and spacious harbor, filled with thousands of ships, boats, and small craft, of every description. The view was grand and imposing beyond all description; but I must reserve a particular account of it for the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE threads of the minutest spiders are so fine, that 4,000,000 of them would be required to make up a single hair of the human head. The compound or common thread of the spider is made up of about 40,000 smaller threads.

PERSEVERANCE will effect wonders.

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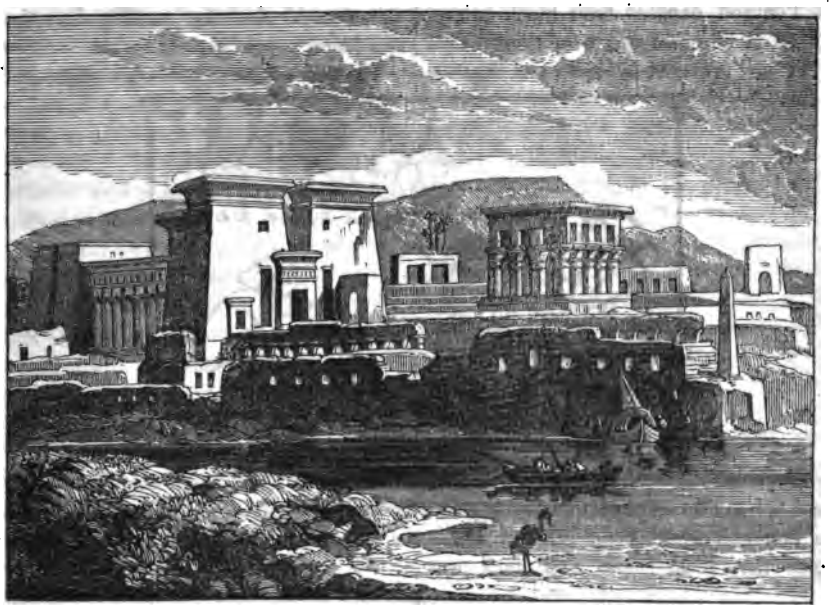
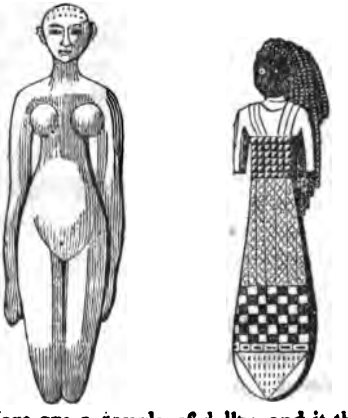


Three Thousand Years Ago.

We have frequently spoken, in our previous numbers, of the wonders of ancient Egypt; but the subject is of such interest as to justify us in saying something more about it.

We have stated that, in various parts of that country, there are mighty structures, some nearly perfect, and others in ruins, which were erected twenty-five hundred or three thousand years ago—as far back as the time of Moses, and Joshua, of King David, and his son Solomon; and we have noticed the paintings found on the walls of the vast tombs, cut out of the solid rocks.

These paintings were covered with dust; but, when this was removed, they were found to retain their colors and their outlines with great distinctness. They have been carefully examined, and copies of them have been made in books. They are very interesting, for they exhibit the manners and customs of the people three thousand years ago.



Here are a couple of dolls; and it thus appears that the little girls in the time of

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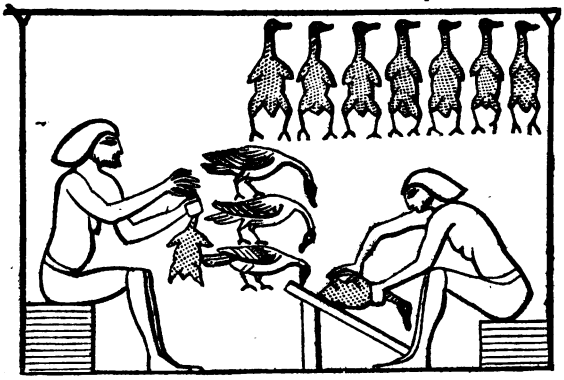
old Pharaoh, dandled their mock babies, as well as those of our own time. One of them, it appears, is black, and thus we are assured that the ancient Egyptians had black people among them.

Here is a picture of a stall where poultry was sold. A row of picked ducks or geese is hung up on pegs, and two persons are engaged in dressing others. So it seems that roast goose and duck was known and appreciated a long time ago. Whether apple-sauce was eaten with it, is more than I can tell.



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The Story of Chicama.

[Continued from p. 51.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE burial of the inca was now completed. All that remained of the descendant of Manco Capac — of one who deemed himself and was deemed by others a favored child of the sun — was the cold unconscious clay, destined speedily to decay and mingle with the dust. The only advantage he possessed was, that his corpse was to turn to earth

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in a loftier tomb than falls to the lot of common men. A few of those who were wont to attend upon him, to swell his train, and bow in his presence, still lingered around the spot where his remains were deposited; yet even these were one by one disappearing, and after a few hours two forms only were seen at the spot.

Orano sat at a little distance from the grave, his head bowed, his white hair falling wildly over his shoulders; his face now of an ashy hue, being marked with a deep, yet controlled grief. At a little distance sat another form, robed in the finest furs of the chinchilla; but the face was covered. The air and attitude betokened sorrow, mingled, however, with self-command. The size of the figure, measured by that of the majestic priest, was diminutive, and Chicama, who continued at a respectful distance, fancied it to be that of a woman. Nor was this the full extent of his conjectures. He had heard from Orano that Rema was of incarial blood, and therefore a relation of the king, whose funeral rites had just been celebrated. It was natural to suppose that she would seek to be at this ceremony, and Chicama could not but conclude that the light form before him was no other than she who bore the title of the Evening Star.

From what has passed, it may well be inferred that the eyes of the young Spaniard were rivetted upon the fur-clad figure, and that he awaited with anxiety the moment when her morning devotions should cease, and he be at liberty to approach her. But the whole day passed, and it was not till the new moon was visible over the mountains, that either Orano or his companion moved from their places. When the faint rays of the crescent orb were visible, the priest stood up, walked a few paces toward it, and bowed three times to the earth. At the same moment, the figure by his side also arose, and advancing in a similar manner toward a bright star, gleaming in the east, bowed thrice before it.

This action brought the stranger near to Chicama. The depth of her emotions rendering her apparently unconscious of his presence, she permitted a part of her exterior robe to fall from her face and shoulders, and the youth beheld a woman attired in white, with a star of gold and glittering gems upon her forehead. He could not mistake; it was the beautiful vision which had met his eyes on the night of his separation from the Spanish corps: it was she who had saved his life —it was Rema, the priestess of the sun.

His first idea was to lay himself prostrate at her feet; but, by a strong effort, he continued silent, and gazed with mingled admiration and awe upon the now pallid, but composed countenance of the maiden. Her devotions being over, she returned to Orano. The two now had a brief conference, and then set out to depart. When they came to the place where the young Spaniard was standing, they appeared disconcerted; the priest lifted his hand, as if exorcising an evil spirit, and the maiden drew her fur hood more closely around her face. Chicama was the first to speak.

"Forgive me, Orano, child of the moon, and you, fair Evening Star, forgive."

"Name her not!" said the priest, sternly; "name her not. Though Heaven frowns upon her lineage; though her kindred, the Sun and Earth, sleep in death, she shall not be degraded. She

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is still a priestess, and still an inca's daughter!"

"Nay, then, Orano," said the youth, "let me speak to thee. Whither goest thou? and may not I accompany thee?"

"Nay," said the priest; "whither we go I cannot tell; Heaven must decide. We are wanderers on earth, outcasts from the face of men. For myself, I have no fear; life has now no charms for me; I only live to protect this maiden. Her father is dead; her kindred sleep in the tomb, save only him who now wields the sceptre of Peru."

"And will not he protect her?" said Chicama.

"Nay, nay," was the reply. "Know you not that she is the sister of Huascar? Know you not that incarial blood is in her veins? Know you not that these are unpardonable crimes with Atahualpa?"

"I cannot believe he would injure one so innocent, so lovely," said the Spaniard.

"You know him not," said the priest.

"I pray you, hear me," said Chicama. This lady has saved my life, once at least, and I suspect more than once. I owe her a debt of gratitude, which I am willing to pay at the hazard of my life. Let me attend you; let me share with you the privilege of standing between her and all that may threaten her peace and safety. You are aged, and have not the strength or swiftness of earlier days. Let me bear the burden of the cares and dangers which may attend her flight to a place of security. I will toil, or fight, or die in her behalf."

"You speak ardently, and promise much," said Orano, as if deliberating.

"And if you will trust me," was the answer, "much shall be done, if it be required."

The chief now spoke in his own tongue to Rema. After a few words with her, he consented that Chicama should accompany them for a few days, on their journey toward Cusco, the capital of Peru. He stated that Atahualpa was then absent from that city, and he hoped to be able to place Rema in some safe asylum among her friends there. Here she would wait for the turn of events. If it became necessary, she would fly to a place in the adjacent mountains, where Orano was to assemble the scattered remnants of the incarial line, and wait for the issue.

This agreement being ratified, the party partook of a frugal meal, which had been left by their attendants, and set out on their journey. Their path led for a considerable distance along the ridge of the mountain, and then sloped on the eastern side, by many a turn, down to a deep vale beneath. For three days they threaded the valley, avoiding the huts and villages that lay in their route, and seeking by every means to avoid being noticed. At night they slept beneath the thick branches of evergreen.

On the fourth day of their journey it began to rain, and, as it continued to fall in torrents, the river which ran through the valley soon burst over its banks. This forced the travellers to betake themselves to the side of the mountain. But here the streams came dashing down the slopes in foaming currents, and rendered it impossible for the wanderers to proceed. In these circumstances, they looked about for shelter, and at last Chicama discovered a cave, to which there was a small opening, capable of being

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penetrated by creeping upon the knees. Here the party halted, and, having made good their entrance, were happy to find themselves in a place of seeming comfort and security.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Story of Baptiste Lulli.

[Continued from p. 48.]

CHAPTER III.

SLEEP surprised Baptiste in the middle of his soliloquy. It was broad day when he awoke; and, perceiving that he and his companion in the basket had ceased to move, he thought it was time to find out why. Putting his head out of his receptacle, he saw that the horses had been taken from the carriage, which was standing in an inn-yard. All the attendants had disappeared. "Well, this time I am determined not to be frightened by the haughty looks of this great lord."

With this resolve, Baptiste jumped out of the basket with the most determined air possible, and advanced towards a large house, where, amongst the persons who were thronging the passages and corridors, chatting with the people of the hotel, Baptiste recognized the duke's valet, whom he had addressed on the previous evening. Baptiste now spoke to him again, and the man, surprised at his appearance, demanded how he came to Turin. Our little hero, however, baffled his inquiries; and with such good humor, that the man was pleased to answer his questions as to where the duke was to be found.

"If you want to see his grace," said he, "go straight forward into the parlor on the right; and, if he asks for breakfast, tell him that it will soon be ready."

In his great anxiety to make restitution, and return to Florence, Baptiste, without thanking the valet, hurried on, ascended the stairs to the first landing-place, where an open door showed him the duke of Guise, seated at a table writing, with his back to him.

He advanced slowly and softly, with all the money the duke had given him in his hand, both gold and silver; but on his way, having knocked against a chair, the duke turned round. "Who is there?" cried he; when his eyes fell on the boy, and became fixed, as if his sweet countenance called back some bygone memory.

"I am little Baptiste Lulli, your highness," said the boy, saluting him as he approached. "Yesterday evening you certainly made a mistake in giving me this gold piece, and last night you were still more mistaken when you took me for a beggar, and threw me this piece of silver. I have brought you both."

While uttering these words, Baptiste advanced, and quietly laid upon the table the two pieces that glittered in his little hand.

"Yesterday evening!" said the astonished duke, looking attentively at the little Florentine; "was it yesterday evening? — but I was at Florence, and I do not recollect."

"O, the great forget very soon; my father often told me so; but I have not forgotten you, your excellency; here is your money. Now, say, how much did you really intend to give me?"

"I cannot understand a single word of what you are saying, nor do I even know who you are," said the prince, crossing

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his legs, and continuing to examine the boy's countenance, at once so serious and so artless.

"What! your excellency does not recollect yesterday evening at Florence, before the hotel of Santo Spirito, a little violin-player? My poor violin," added Baptiste with a heavy sigh, which brought the tears into his fine blue eyes.

"I now perfectly remember you; but what do you want with me? How did you follow me hither?"

"Which of your questions am I to answer first, your excellency?"

The duke smiled at his logical remark, and answered, "The first."

"I do not want any thing, your highness. I tell you again that I only wish to return you the gold piece you gave me yesterday evening at Florence; for I knew very well you had made a mistake; that you did not intend to give me so much money for a little air on the violin, though it was not so very bad either; and also the piece of silver you threw me last night while they were repairing your carriage, when you took me for a beggar. I play the violin to earn my bread honestly; but I am no beggar. Do you understand, your excellency?"

"By my honor, this is charming, delightful, exquisite!" said the duke, taking the little amateur by the hand; "now, my dear honest little fellow, tell me how you followed me hither."

"That was difficult enough, your highness," said Baptiste, imboldened by the kind looks of the duke. "You must know, that when I picked up the money, and discovered the mistake that you had made, I followed you into the parlor to return it to you; but you were not at all the same man that you were in the porch; you paid no more attention to the poor Baptiste than to the very lowest of your servants. My heart failed me, and I dared not speak to you. Before my courage returned, came the hour for your departure, and you got into your carriage. The horses were just setting off, and as I could not keep the money which I knew you did not mean to give me, I was obliged to follow you. I clung to the step, and held myself on as well as I could until the moment the carriage was broken; then I thought to take advantage of the accident to give you back your gold, and to return to Florence, where I left something behind me; I am so very sorry for it; but there is no use in talking of that now. I approached the carriage to speak to you; but, instead of letting me explain, you threw me a piece of money, calling me 'beggar!' Look, your excellency; I would have followed you every where, even to the end of the world, sooner than keep the last money with the title of beggar; but, as the step of the carriage was not very comfortable, I finished my journey in the dog's basket. This is the whole story, your excellency; and if you wish to give me any thing for my little tune, be quick; for I am in a hurry to return to Florence, where, as I told you before, I left something behind me that is a great grief to me."

"And what is that, my boy?"

"My violin, your excellency. You must not laugh; for my violin was my fortune, my livelihood, my life; and if I find it broken when I get back to Florence — the mere thought makes me shudder — I had much rather my arm was broken, I assure you."

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"Well, here is something to buy another," said the duke of Guise, putting his hand into his pocket, and taking out several pieces of gold, which he laid upon the table, with the one which Baptiste had already left there.

"That would not do at all, your excellency."

"Well, how much more was it worth?"

"O, much more, your excellency, much more."

"Why, child, what do you mean?"

"You do not understand me, your excellency; for you have all kinds of nice things; a carriage, fine clothes, horses, servants; you have fine gentlemen for friends, and so much money, and I do not know how many more things; so, if you lose one or two out of all, you do not miss them; but I, your excellency," added the little boy, the tears in his eyes — "but I, poor I, have nothing in the world but that very violin. That violin was my friend. Any other violin would be to me only a violin. You see it would be very different."

"Well, take this money, and try to find your violin. Here, take it."

"All?" cried Baptiste, with a stare of astonishment.

"All," replied the duke, laughing.

"O my lord, my lord!" said Baptiste, trembling with emotion.

"May it please your grace, breakfast is ready," said a servant.

The duke rose to leave the room; but when he came to the door he turned, and saw Baptiste, who had not yet taken the money, gazing after him wistfully.

"Well, what are you waiting for now?" asked the duke. "Do you want any thing more from me? Speak."

"Yes," said Baptiste, with his whole heart in his eyes; "I should like to stay with you always."

"And your violin?"

"That is a great trouble to me; but in your presence I will try to forget it."

"Well, settle the point with my people, and follow me to Paris, if you like it."

"Thanks, thanks, your excellency," said Baptiste, kissing the hand which the duke held out to him.

Baptiste was now admitted into the duke of Guise's suite. No longer contented with the step of the carriage, or with a dog's post, he would gladly have had a horse like the rest; but, as the men did not give him much credit for horsemanship, it was arranged that the valet, to whom he had had the first introduction, should take him behind him; indeed, seeing him in favor with his master, he offered to do it of his own accord.

The scene of our story now shifts to Paris.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SCHOLAR, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed each to watch four hours in the night for the sake of security. The barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head while he was asleep, then awaked him when his turn came. The scholar scratched his head, and, feeling it bald, he exclaimed, "You wretch of a barber, you have waked the bald man instead of me."

"LIFE is a flower-garden, in which new blossoms are ever opening as fast as others fade."

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Talks and Walks; or, Ike, Izzy, and I.

CHAPTER I.

HOW WE THREE WENT TO SEA.

THE long hoped-for day came, and, our trunks being packed, we took the cars at Boston and set out for New York. We were in fine spirits, and chatted like magpies. We reached Stonington in good season, took the steamboat, and, the next morning, were at Judson's hotel in Broadway.

Here we remained during the day, making preparation for our voyage. We bought life-preservers, hard gingerbread, apples, oranges, and various other things, recommended by our friends, as a provision for sea-sickness.

My young companions deemed them quite unnecessary precautions. "Poh," said Isaac, "I sha'n't be sea-sick; I've been across Jamaica Plain Pond, in a sail-boat, when the waves run mountains high, and the boat rocked like 'hush-a-by-baby upon the tree-top.' I wasn't sick then, and I don't mean to be sick on the Atlantic."

"Nor I either," said Isabel; "I never was sea-sick, and I never mean to be. However, I'm glad to see father lay in the gingerbread, and apples, and oranges; for I think they'll taste good, even if we are well."

Every thing was in readiness, and, the next morning at 11 o'clock, we went on board the Iowa. The deck presented a strange scene of confusion. The sailors were getting on board barrels of flour, bags of cotton, tierces of corn, meal, &c. Some persons were bringing turkeys, chickens, beef, pork, and mutton; others were lifting a large black cow aboard; and others still were tumbling six or eight spotted pigs into a sty, fitted up for them.

Every thing at first seemed going top-

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sy-turvy; but there was a stout, rosy-cheeked gentleman in the midst, who gave short, quick orders to those around him, and it was soon evident that all was proceeding according to plan and purpose. This person soon attracted the attention of Isaac, who greatly admired the energy and promptitude of his conduct, as well as the ready obedience which followed his orders. "Who is that?" said he to me.

"That is the captain," said I; "Captain Lewis, who commands the ship." At that moment he came near us, and I introduced Ike and Izzy to him. "O, ho!" said he, taking the hand of each, and smiling, "these are our young friends; well, I am happy to see you. Master Isaac, I will teach you to be a sailor; and, Isabel, you and I will have many a romp over the deck. Avast there! Hoist away now, hoist! Miller, see that all is clear! There! a-port now, a-port!" Thus shouting at the top of his voice, the captain left us; for the ship was swinging from the shore; and the steamer, that was to take us down the bay, was puffing, snorting, and smoking at our side, as if impatient to perform its work.

"I like Captain Lewis very much," said Isabel; "don't you think he's handsome, Isaac?" "I don't know whether he's handsome or not," said Ike, "but I should like to be a captain." Here the attention of the children was absorbed in the scramble of people to get ashore, in the shouts, adieus, good-bys, that rung in the air, and in the grand spectacle which the ship presented, as she slowly left the wharf, and began to glide away upon the waters. The thoughts, too, that we were bidding good-by to the land — to our home, to our country — flashed upon their minds, and Izzy's blue eyes for a moment seemed filling with tears. But all this was soon past. The ship appeared so stable, so safe, so comfortable, that the two children took to their heels, and scampered hither and thither in great glee. "See this!" and "see that!" were their constant exclamations. They were in a happy frame of mind, and every thing gave them delight; just as every object reflects the sunshine when it is day, and no clouds are in the sky.

We glided finely down the beautiful bay, and, passing through the Narrows, lost sight of New York in the distant haze. We now looked out upon the sea, which had a somewhat dark and purblind look. We passed the Highlands which lay to the south, bade farewell to Sandy Hook, and, being cast off by the steamer, hoisted our sails, and put the ship before the wind. As the sun went down, we lost sight of the low, distinct line which marked the shore.

I took a seat in the cabin, and the two children placed themselves close to me. They were serious and silent. The ship began to feel the waves, and she rolled from side to side. The lamp that hung in the cabin, suspended by chains, the barometer near it, the curtains to the state-rooms, had all an uneasy, swinging motion. The timbers began to creak, the men thumped and thundered obstreperously on the deck. The loud voice of the captain above, the screaming of the mate in repeating his orders, the long-drawn "Yo, heave oh," of the sailors, and, over and amid all, the hoarse moaning of the waves and the wind; these, taken together, seemed to our young and inexperienced voyagers to portend something fearful.

"We've got a gale of wind, I sup-

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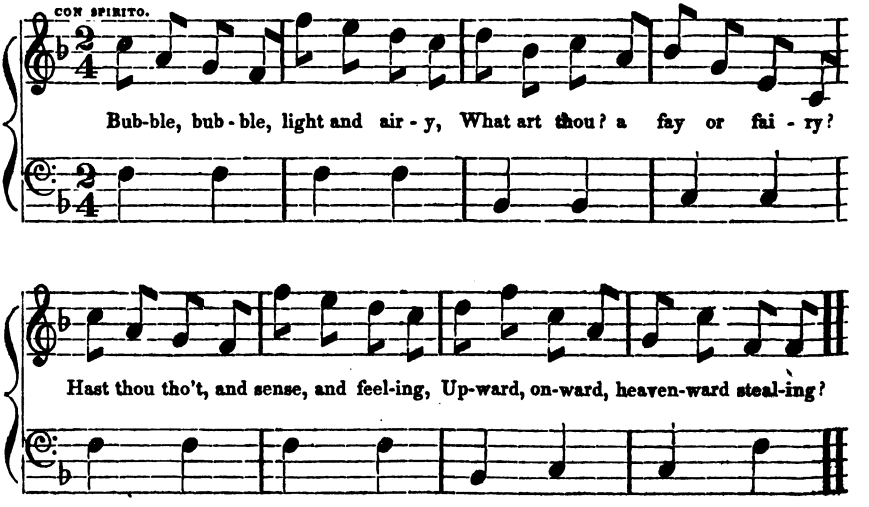
pose," said Ike, after a long pause, and speaking as if he hardly dared to trust his voice. "O, no," said I; "the night is fine, and we have only a gentle breeze."

"What makes the ship shake and tumble about so, then?" was the reply. I explained; and, after a little conversation, we concluded to go upon deck. It was now evening, and quite dark. The stars shone, however, with brilliancy, and the waters flashed in phosphoric sleets around the ship. The attention of the children was long absorbed by these and other objects, and it was not till near nine o'clock, that Izzy complained of headache, and Ike said he felt very queer in the region of his stomach. We then descended to the cabin, and the young voyagers were glad to retire to their berths.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Bubble.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.


CON SPIRITO.
Bub-ble, bub-ble, light and air-y, What art thou? a fay or fai-ry?
Hast thou tho't, and sense, and feel-ing, Up-ward, on-ward, heaven-ward steal-ing?

Or art thou but a fairy boat;
A thing of air on air to float;
With sapphire radiance for thy sail,
And breathing odors for thy gale?

Or art thou but a lovely dream;
A thing that is not — yet doth seem —
A gem, that rises, fancy-fraught,
From out the hidden sea of thought?

Bubble, bubble, tell thy story;
Whence thy being? whence thy glory?
Who endowed thy breast with light?
Who hath given thee wing and flight?

Bubble, bubble, thou art o'er;
Thy rounded bosom glows no more;
Gone is all thy glory now;
Bubble, bubble, where art thou?

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. XIII. MAY, 1847. No. 5.

Transporting Diamonds in Brazil.

Of all substances, the diamond is the most costly. It is usually colorless but it is sometimes green, yellow, red, blue, brown, and even black. It is chiefly valued as an ornament for the rich. Kings and princes in all ages have been proud to wear diamonds, and there has always been a strife among them to see which should possess the largest and finest.

Diamonds are found in India, in the Ural Mountains, and in Brazil. The greatest quantity are obtained in the latter country. The principal diamond tract is around Tejuco. The country here is rough and many negro slaves are employed to search the sand and earth, among which the gems are discovered. The whole business is carried on by the government.

In this region there is a considerable river, which bears the long title of *Jiquit-*

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onhonha. The waters have washed many diamonds into the bed of this stream, and here they lie among the sand. The river is therefore, in many places, turned aside, and the earth is taken out, and, being divided into heaps, is washed by the negroes seeking for the gems. When a negro finds a fine one, he is rewarded; if it is a very large one, he receives his freedom. It seems that these people, as well as the slaves themselves, seem to think freedom is worth even more than diamonds! Yet we are told that, if a slave steals a diamond, he is severely punished, while the Brazilians do not hesitate to rob these slaves of their liberty, which they admit is dearer still. However, the rule in Brazil seems to be, that a white man may do that with impunity which would cost a poor negro his life.

Well, these negroes collect a great many diamonds — some large and some small. These are put into sacks which are placed on the backs of mules, and carried across the country to Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. Formerly, the quantity taken was much greater than it is now; but still, every year, a considerable number are found. The annual expense of working the mines, even with slave labor, is about 170,000 dollars.

Classification of Birds.

If you walk into the fields you may observe a number of birds seeking for food. Could you get near to them, you would find a great difference in the shape of their bills, or beaks; and if you watched their habits very closely, you would find that those differences were exactly suited to the kind of food after which they were seeking.

Those birds whose food is chiefly small seeds, or crumbs, or insects, have tender, sharp-pointed bills; as the linnet, the wren, and the robbin. Those who feed on seeds which require the husks to be cracked, have stronger bills; as the sparrow, the goldfinch, the bulfinch, and others.

Birds which frequent soft, marshy

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places, or which are much in the water, mostly feed upon worms, or small fish.

These have long, thin, pliant bills, which they thrust into the mud or sand, or which they dart at once at the fish they wish to devour. Some of these, as soon as they find their food, draw their breath so as to suck it up into their mouths. Of this kind are ducks, sandpipers, snipes, rails, herons, and cranes.

There is another class of birds, such as the parrot, and the macaw, which are fond of nuts. These have very strong bills, of a hooked shape, with which they first crack the nut, and then dig out the kernel. How strong these bills are, many children find out, when they tease or mock them, or place their fingers or their cheeks too near the cages.

Then there is the class called *birds of prey;* as the eagle, the vulture, the kite,

and the hawk. These are fierce and cruel, feeding chiefly upon the raw flesh of animals. They have, therefore, bills of great strength, sharp and pointed, some of them with notches, which act as teeth, and assist them in holding fast their prey, and in tearing the flesh from the bones. Most of these birds soar to a great height; and, as soon as they discover their prey, they dart at once upon it, seize it with their bills, and fly away to some spot where they may devour it without fear of being disturbed. These all "seek their meat in due season," according to the desire which the Creator has implanted within them.

The claws of birds, as well as their bills, are suited to their different habits

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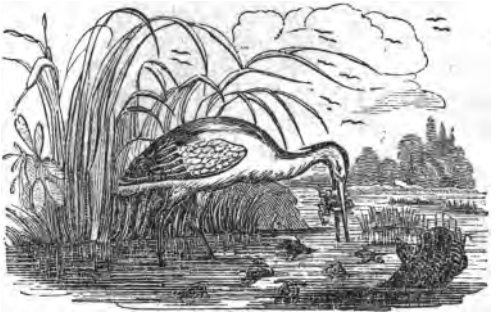
and pursuits. Birds of prey, who seize, and rend, and tear their food, have very

strong feet, armed with sharp, hooked claws. Such is the case with the eagle, the vulture, and the hawk. Those which hop from twig to twig have light, delicate legs, toes, and claws, for the purpose of grasping tightly round that upon which

they perch. Birds that walk or stand much have a flatter kind of foot, with short, stout claws, for the purpose of scratching for food. Some of the males have a strong, sharp claw, or spur, on the side of their legs, with which they can inflict deep wounds. Birds which live chiefly on the water, as swans, geese, and



ducks, have short, blunt claws, and are what is called *web-footed;* the bones of their toes being connected by a thick skin, which enables them to use their feet as paddles or oars when they are swimming. Those birds which wade in the water, or stand in the mud, have long, slender legs, and half-webbed toes, and are able, many of them, to run very swiftly.

CINNAMON. — This tree is a species of bay, and is a native of Ceylon. Its leaves resemble those of the olive, and the fruit resembles the olive or acorn; but it is the bark alone which is used as spice.

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Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

[Continued from p. 116.]

CHAPTER X.

During my stay at Jedo, I formed an acquaintance with an old Japanese, named Stumpito. He was a silk-merchant, and a man of considerable wealth. In his youth, he had lived some time at Nangasaki, the only port in Japan where foreigners are allowed to have any intercourse with the empire. The practice of associating with different sorts of people tends much to liberalize the views and enlarge the understanding of an individual. From this cause, I found my friend Stumpi to a man of much shrewdness, and of a liberal way of thinking. He was entirely free from the narrow prejudices which are common in men who lead a life of seclusion, and are acquainted with only a single mode of life, and a uniform tenor of thought.

Stumpito had acquired his wealth by trade; and therefore the nobles of Jedo affected to turn up their noses at him, although he had cash enough to buy a dozen of them; for it has happened in Japan, as in many other countries, that people outwardly profess to hold the distinction of rank higher than that of wealth. Merchants have not the right to bear arms; the general opinion being, that a man who makes money by trade must have done it by dishonorable means, and by oppressing his fellow-citizens. But this notion, so illiberal and unjust in its general application, is, to a great degree, contradicted in the daily practice of the people. Wealth is so powerful in all civilized communities, that it must have its influence in spite of national prejudices and popular maxims.

Accordingly, it appears that even in Japan, riches do not fail to make their power felt in the state. Money, indeed, among the Japanese, as among the Europeans, supplies the place of talents, and dignity, and noble blood. The proud noblemen of Jedo, while they affect to despise the character of a merchant, feel a great respect for his money. I have frequently been in companies where I saw the officers of state and men of rank behave with great haughtiness and disdain toward merchants of the first respectability, treating them in that sort of style which we call "tipping the cold shoulder." Yet I was told that, in private, these pompous old stiff-necks were very familiar with the rich dons, and glad enough to finger their cash in the way of bribes and presents. The nobles, in fact, are under great obligations to the moneyed men of commerce; and the latter can often, by means of gold, procure offices and titles for their sons. The laws of Japan prohibit a merchant from rising into the rank of gentility; yet even here, where the laws are so rigorously enforced, the ingenuity of man can succeed in evading them through the all-potent influence of gold.

A Japanese "Manual of Politeness" is a very curious book; for it is hardly to be believed, by those who have not seen these people, how ceremonious they are, and what an infinity of compliments and forms of salutation pass between them on all occasions. Good-breeding is univer-

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sal throughout Japan; for the lordly and supercilious behavior of the nobility toward their inferiors is a part of their code of etiquette. People of the very lowest ranks of society treat each other with a consideration that would be admired in those of the highest class in Europe. The sentinels of a guard-house never relieve each other without standing for some minutes making compliments and offering salutes.

This civility is exhibited toward young people as well as to old. The common compliment is a bending of the knee. When they wish to show a little more respect, they place one hand on the knee, and bow down to the ground; but this is only done in a room; in the street they merely make a motion as if they were going to do it. When they salute a person of rank, they bend the knee so as to touch the ground with their fingers, and draw in their breath, pronouncing the name of the person addressed, thus: "*Ai! Sampé, Stumpito*" — "Well, Mr. Stumpito." The common greeting of "How do'ye do?" is expressed by the Japanese in the words "*Gogro degusar;*" that is, "Have a heart." When they separate, they repeat their bows, and mention some time when they hope to meet again, as, "*Ai! Kogonotz*" — Ah, nine o'clock;" or, "*Ai! mionidshi* — "Ah! to-morrow;" which is equivalent to our "Good by!"

One most extraordinary mark of respect from the lower classes, toward the princes and grandees, is to bow with their foreheads to the ground, and then to turn their backs upon them, signifying that they consider them in so high a light as to be too good for common people to look upon, contradicting the old English proverb, that "a cat may look upon a king." The lowness of the bows, to be made by the different members of the imperial family, is regulated by the insignia of their rank, namely, a sort of scarf hanging from the shoulders over the breast. The length of this scarf increases in proportion to the rank of the individual, and no one bows lower than to touch the ground with the end.

Stumpito frequently invited me to his house, which stood in a pleasant, airy spot, in the suburbs of the capital. Here I passed many agreeable hours, sitting under the shade of an arbor in his garden, and listening to his long stories; for old gentlemen are garrulous all the world over. Stumpito's garden was to me one of the most curious and interesting parts of all his domestic arrangements. It was impossible not to admire the beauty, magnificence, and good taste exhibited in this delightful spot. Some parts of it were paved with round stones and pebbles of different colors, which had been collected for this purpose from the beds of rivers and the beach of the sea. In other parts, the walks were laid down in gravel, cleaned every day; for, although the whole was arrayed in a sort of artificial disorder and irregularity, there was perfect neatness every where.

In the centre ran a wide alley the whole length of the garden. Flowering shrubs were disposed in parterres, on both sides, in the most picturesque variety. In some places were little heaps of rocks, or earthen mounds, in imitation of hills, ornamented with birds, or with brass figures of insects and butterflies. In one corner was a little rocky mount,

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down which a rill of water dashed in gentle murmurs. Little thickets, and clumps of flowering shrubs, were clustered around this miniature cascade, to form a cool and shadowy recess; and close by was a pond, with gold and silver fish sporting in the clear water, and surrounded with a border of grassy turf and flowers.

Here we used to sit in the afternoons of summer and sip our tea, talking of my adventures in Japan, and what measures were likely to be taken at court respecting my stay in the country. One day, Stumpito received me with a look of uncommon meaning; and, after we had sat down to tea, he began hemming and ha-ing in a most unusual fashion. It was plain that he had something more than ordinary to communicate; but I could not, for the life of me, conjecture what. At length, having rolled up the whites of his eyes about a dozen times, and screwed the corners of his mouth into a queer variety of contortions, he let the cat out of the bag; and what does the reader think it was?

Nothing more nor less than this: My friend Stumpito had an only daughter, named Kisnicy, and he proposed that I should take her for a wife! My first impression at this proposal was, that the old gentleman was a little cracked in the brain-pan; but, on second thought, the matter did not appear to be quite so absurd on his part, for I had been long enough in Japan to learn that marriages are contracted by the parents without granting much liberty of choice to the children. Nevertheless, the overture was so entirely unexpected to me, that I hardly knew what to say in reply. To tell the truth, old Stumpito's offer was something not to be despised, considering his wealth, and the fact that a wife is commonly bought in Japan, instead of being had for nothing.

I replied to the old gentleman with abundance of thanks, assuring him that I felt overpowered and struck three quarters dumb by the immensity of the honor which he did me in the proposal. I protested to him, that I looked upon him as the noblest man in Jedo, and fit to hold up his head with Quambuku Farawatta, the grandee who puts his finger into the emperor's porridge-pot. As to my accepting his offer, I told him nothing would give me greater satisfaction, provided the lady was willing, and we could agree as to all material points of housekeeping. For my part, I could not find in my heart to marry any lady against her will; and I put it to the old gentleman, whether it would not be best to defer taking any definite steps in the matter till Miss Kisnicy had been apprized of what was going forward.

To this old Stumpito agreed, much to my relief; for I was not so familiar with all the niceties and punctilios of Japanese etiquette as to feel quite easy lest I might have given mortal offence by making any demur in the business. As a preliminary, it was agreed that I should have an interview with the damsel the next day. Accordingly I did not fail to call at the prescribed hour, and was introduced to my Japanese belle, Miss Kisnicy Stumpito. I will give a short description of this fair creature, the "rose of Jedo."

She was about five feet high, and painted like a doll. Her original skin

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was a clear white, and not yellow, like that of the men; for the females seldom expose their complexions to the open air. Her eyes were not round, like ours, but oblong, small, and sunk deep into the head, with a singular peeping expression. Her nose was rather thick and short, having a little of the puggish character. Her head was large in proportion to her body, with a thick, short neck; and her eyebrows were very lofty. I thought, at the first sight, that she had red eyes; but, upon further observation, I perceived they were chestnut, and that the red hue was occasioned by their deep position in the head. Her hair was black and well smoothed with oil and paste; it was dressed in two gigantic curls on each side of the head, like the wings on the helmet of a flying Mercury. Other parts of her head were diversified with flowers and ornaments of tortoise-shell.

She wore a silk dress, with a train several yards long and very wide short sleeves. For a pocket handkerchief she carried a sheet of paper; indeed, this is the only kind of handkerchief used in Japan. She also carried a fan, that indispensable appendage of both man and woman throughout the empire. Her teeth were white; but I was informed that, as soon as she was married, it would be necessary to stain them as black as soot, according to the universal custom of married women. Her lips were painted with rose pink; and this is all I can recollect of her charms. She was certainly handsome, but decidedly in the Japanese style of beauty.

We made a vast number of compliments to one another; and the lively little creature was certainly much entertained with my visit; but this I had not the vanity to ascribe to my own accomplishments; as I knew that novelty had a great deal to do in the matter. I asked her if she could sing, to which she replied, "yes;" and immediately sent a servant for a musical instrument, something like a guitar. On this she played, striking the chords with an ivory stick, and accompanying it with her voice. I cannot say that I much admired the music, though the style was quite dramatic. The motions of the singer appeared to be designed to correspond to the words, and her attitudes were most grotesque. She made the most violent grimaces, winked and rolled her eyes about, frowned and grinned, laughed with one side of her face, and cried with the other.

I had the greatest difficulty in the world to keep from laughing outright at this strange exhibition; yet I would not have been guilty of such a piece of incivility, as I valued my reputation; for I was assured that this was the most fashionable and approved style of music known in the refined capital of Japan. I professed myself delighted with the lady's singing, and assured her that I never witnessed any thing equal to it, which was perfectly true.

Courtship, as the reader perhaps already knows, is rather an awkward business at the first trial. In my circumstances, it was embarrassing in a tenfold degree; for how could a Russian guess at the manner in which a Japanese young spark pays his addresses? Perhaps I might say the very things which I ought not to say, and affront the lady, with the best intentions in the world. In this perplexity I was relieved by the curiosity of

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my little belle, who began asking me hundreds of questions about the people of my country — how they dressed and kept house, and got married, and brought up their children, and paid visits, and talked scandal; how the girls caught their sparks, and wives managed their husbands. When I had satisfied her upon these queries, I took the liberty to make some inquiries of the same sort respecting herself.

Miss Kisnicy informed me that she was sent to school at a very early age, where she was taught reading, writing, geography, and history, patience, modesty, and politeness. She was never whipped, and rarely scolded. When her father selected a husband for her, she was bound to marry him; but the Japanese husbands are not much given to jealousy; and it is even customary for husband and wife to separate voluntarily when they find themselves unfit for each other. The princes, the nobility, and the ambitious rich, who imitate them, keep their wives secluded, shutting them up in rooms to which no male persons, except their nearest relatives, are admitted. But this conduct is pursued not so much from jealousy as from pride. As for the women of other classes, they may visit their relations and friends, and appear in the streets and public places with their faces unveiled; but they are not expected to converse with any men, except in the presence of their husbands.

I was astonished to discover so many accomplishments in this young Japanese lady; for, to do her justice, I never met with a more polite, well-bred, good-humored, intelligent female in my life. In fact, among these people, no means are neglected in cultivating the minds of youth, no difference, in this respect, being made between the sexes. In consequence of this, the women are exceedingly well informed; and, as they are excused from all interference in business, they have full leisure to complete their education. The Japanese system of instruction is very rational, being founded upon gentleness, and an early initiation into the principles of honor and honesty, by means of a constant exercise of the reasoning faculties. These young ladies are taught to read correctly, to write a neat hand, to speak with elegance and precision, and to reason justly. They also receive lessons in eloquence, morals, poetry, and painting.

In consequence of this system of education, the Japanese are remarkable for self-possession, modesty, and the restraint of their passions. To be loud in dispute they regard as extremely rude and vulgar. They bring forward their opinions politely and with many apologies, seeming to doubt the correctness of their own judgment. They never make objections in a direct manner, but always with circumlocutions, and in a manner suggestively. I never saw a Japanese exhibit any impatience or fretfulness.

But to go on with the story of my courtship. I will confess that my good opinion of the young lady increased every moment; and it was not long before I totally forgot all the singularity of her looks, and found her charms irresistible. In short, I fell desperately in love with her, and determined to accept the offer of the old gentleman, in case the daughter had nothing to say against the match. With this view, I gradually led the way to a conversation upon this delicate topic,

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and, by various hints, gave her to understand what a scheme was in contemplation between her father and me.

Kisnicy behaved, I suppose, just as all well-bred modest young ladies in Japan do on such occasions. She hid her face, behind her fan, and called to her maid for sugar-plums. I was ignorant whether or not it was fashionable to faint in such a conjuncture; but, having broken the ice, I was determined to stand by, and see it out. By the way, I must remind the reader that we were both sitting flat on the floor, as every body sits in this country; so that fainting, whether real or imitated, is not so dangerous as in some other parts of the world. However, matters did not come quite to a swoon, though the lady appeared to be in a very pretty flutter.

I have not space here to describe all the little coquetries which were played off on this occasion. It is enough to say that this accomplished young miss acquitted herself with great skill, and went through the most becoming scene of confusion that could possibly be exhibited. In short, I obtained her consent; that is, she did not give me a flat refusal, which I looked upon as equivalent to saying yes. I took my leave of her, with great ceremony, considering myself now as her betrothed husband.

Old Stumpito was highly pleased when he found we were likely to make a match of it. He declared that the wedding should take place immediately, and be celebrated in grand style. I begged him to inform me what steps it was necessary for me to take in the preliminaries. He directed me to go into the garden, pluck a green branch, and fasten it to the door of my intended spouse; after which I might regard her as safe in my possession. I proceeded to do this, and then went home to my lodgings, musing upon the strange vicissitudes of my life. But a few months ago, I was a friendless prisoner, without a coat to my back that I could call my own. Now, with a hop, skip, and a jump, I had plunged over head and ears in good luck, and was on the point of becoming son-in-law to one of the richest men in Japan!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Historical Anecdote.

WHILE Octavius was at Samos, after the famous battle of Actium, which made him master of the world, he held a council, in order to try the prisoners who had been engaged in Antony's party. Among the rest was brought before him Metellus, an old man oppressed with infirmities and ill-fortune, whose son sat as one of the judges. At first, the son did not recognize the father. At length, however, having recollected his features, the generous youth, instead of being ashamed to own him, ran to embrace the old man, and cried bitterly. Then, returning towards the tribunal, "Cæsar," said he, "my father has been your enemy, and I your officer; he deserves to be punished, and I to be rewarded. The favor I desire of you is, either to save him on my account, or to order me to be put to death with him." As was to be expected, all the judges were touched with pity at this affecting scene! and Octavius himself, relenting, granted to old Metellus his life and liberty.

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Dress and Costumes.

[Continued from p. 107.]

It would be curious to trace the progress of dress in a single country from the beginning to the present time. Such an investigation would carry us beyond the limits of our little journal; but we may give a hint of what would be seen in reference to England, the home of our ancestors.

The engraving above represents the Britons at the time Cæsar invaded Great Britain — about fifty years before Christ. They were then very much like our savages — a fierce, warlike race, tattooing their bodies, or covering them with the skins of beasts.

About three hundred years ago, this was the costume of the country.

At a subsequent period, it was deemed indispensable that genteel people should

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rig themselves up in attire such as is exhibited in our next engraving. The ladies of the present day are hardly less extravagant in their costumes. It is prob-

able that some merry artist will hereafter make sport of them, as we do now of the ridiculous specimens above.

If we pry into the history of France, we shall discover the same restless taste in dress, seeking out, from time to time, an infinite variety of costumes, as if the decoration of the person was one of the chief occupations of life. In the old church of St. Denis, five miles from Paris, are the tombs of the ancient sovereigns of France, and among those of early times we find costumes like the following.

These refer to a period of at least 1300 years ago; and it is curious to reflect how much mankind were then, in their desires, as they are now. The dress of

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kings and queens was certainly different; but the same attempt at distinction by personal decoration exists in our time as existed among those Carlovingian princes.

The preceding cut presents the costume of the French court 1000 years since, and the following figures may be referred to the sixteenth century.

ANTIPODES.—If we suppose a hole to be bored from any given place through the centre of the earth to another, that part would be the antipodes to the former place. The antipodes to England is in the Southern Ocean, in lat. 51½° S. and lon. 180° W. At this place it is night during our day, and summer during our winter.

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The Story of Chicama.

[Continued from p. 121.]

CHAPTER XI.

While the conversation detailed in the last chapter proceeded, the three travellers entered one of those fertile plains common among the mountain regions of South America. It was surrounded by a range of mountains, which gave it a secluded and sheltered aspect. It was dotted with patches of trees, standing in the midst of a space which bore the marks of the highest culture.

When this lovely spot broke upon the view, Chicama could not forbear an exclamation of surprise and delight. Turning his eyes upon the countenance of Rema, he perceived that she experienced similar emotions; but Orano was evidently occupied by very different feelings. He bent his keen gaze forward, and seemed to behold some spectacle of horror. "Alas!" said he, after a brief space, "the hand of desolation has reached even this peaceful valley. I am acquainted with these scenes, for here was my birthplace, and here I spent my early days. Though I have been absent for years, every tree, rock, and mountain top, is still familiar to me. I am a priest, and it is not meet that my heart should dwell upon childish memories. I have learned to cut asunder the ties of kindred, and bury love and friendship in the deep tomb of my bosom. But I could almost weep, — for behold yonder hamlet, once so lovely, now a heap of ruins!"

The companions of the priest looked in the direction to which he pointed, and could there distinguish a confused mass of objects, from which a thin tissue of smoke was winding upward to the sky. As they advanced towards it, they saw that indeed the spoiler had been there, and the tracks of the horses' feet in the torn sod disclosed the authors of this scene of ruins. The Spaniards had indeed been here. This once happy village lay in the track of Pizarro, as he advanced into the country; and, as the people had considerable stores of gold and silver, his men fell upon them, and began to plunder their houses. The innocent people were at first stupefied with amazement, for they had never even heard of these fearful robbers. But when they saw their dwellings ravaged, and their women given up to insult, their spirit rose, and they resisted their plunderers. Self-defence, in a heathen, has always been a deadly sin, in the eyes of Christian soldiers, and the poor Indians were now devoted to destruction. The priest who accompanied the Spaniards pronounced a curse upon the savages: "They are enemies of God," said he; "strike, Spaniards — strike — for the cross and the crown!"

The soldiery, finding the impulses of religion and loyalty added to avarice, rushed furiously upon the people, and doomed men, women, and children to destruction. Having completed their work, they withdrew to a short distance; the priest performed solemn rites as a thanksgiving to God, for the signal triumph he had vouchsafed to his holy religion, and his chosen people, over the heathen — the enemies of God and man; and the soldiers indulged in a revel, cheered by the

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rich bounty they had acquired. The night was spent in mirth, and the tales that were told of feats performed in the massacre contributed not a little to the gayety of the scene.

It was but two days after these events that our travellers reached the now ruined village. They hesitated for a time to enter the place. All around was as silent as the grave. Not a living being was to be seen. As they entered the little street which passed between the wrecks of a hundred houses, they saw mangled forms of people, of all ages and sizes, scattered around upon the earth. Some of them lay amid the dying embers of the houses which had been consigned to the flames, and more than one was partially consumed by the devouring element. Mothers were lying by the side of their infants, showing that they had perished in the defence of their offspring; a whole family — father, mother, and children — was occasionally seen lying around the door of their dwelling, in a bloody group.

The heart of Chicama was soon sickened by these spectacles of horror. Rema covered her face, and was led onward by the priest. The latter seemed seeking for some object of deep interest, till he came to a house which was left standing. He entered and gazed around. It was dark, and at first he could distinguish nothing. As he proceeded to a remote corner of the room, he was able to discover a human form stretched upon a bed of reeds. He laid his hand reverently upon the brow; it was as cold as marble. The form of the priest shook with emotion, for the lifeless body was that of his father. He, too, — his head silvered with a hundred years, — had died by the Christian's blade.

Orano was soon restored to his self-possession. He led Rema forth, and left her with Chicama. He then returned, and with pious care dug a cave in the floor of the hut. There he deposited the remains of his parent, and then sat down by the side of the grave. Apparently wrapped in a trance, he continued immovable as a statue during the whole night. As the sun came up, and shone into the dwelling, the priest arose, and, after performing some mystic ceremonies, departed and sought for his companions; but it was long ere he could find them. During the night, they had taken shelter in a dwelling apart from the village. On entering this, they made a discovery which excited their utmost sympathy. On a bed in the corner of the room lay a youthful woman in the sleep of death. A Spanish sabre had entered her bosom, and she appeared not to have moved after the blow was struck. By her side was an infant, no doubt overlooked by the soldier who had slain the parent. The child was still living, and, though faint from want of food, was striving to draw nutriment from the breast which had hitherto been the fountain of life. Alas! how cold must be the bosom of a mother, when it refuses to give sustenance to her famishing offspring!

Our two youthful travellers were deeply touched by this scene. Rema seemed to forget her stately reserve, and, taking the child, sought to give it warmth by holding it to her breast. Chicama brought some water, and a small quantity was put into the mouth of the infant. A little potato meal was also taken from the sack

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of the travellers, and, being moistened, was given to the child. But it was all in vain. The spring of life was exhausted. After uttering a few wailing sounds, a shudder ran through the little creature's frame, and it was numbered with the dead. Rema held it still in her arms, and wept over it. Then she washed away the blood with which it was covered, and finally robed it in a piece of coarse cloth which she found in the room. When Orano came, the mother and child were deposited in a vault which they dug beneath the floor.

The party were all anxious to depart from this scene of horror. They proceeded on their way in silence. After the space of an hour, the priest spoke. "What think you, Spaniard," said he, addressing Chicama, — "what think you of these scenes?"

"It is fearful," said Chicama. "My reason is staggered by what I behold."

"That may well be," said Orano; "for you are young, and know not the whole story of life. You are a Spaniard; and, like your countrymen, your heart is high and haughty. You came to teach the Peruvian that he was a savage — that you only were refined. You came to tell him that his worship of the sun is pure idolatry — a damnable heresy. You propose to offer him Christianity — the only true faith. Such is the preaching of your lips; but what is the preaching of your deeds? Let the desolated village and the ghastly forms we have just left furnish the reply. Chicama, there is a world of reckoning hereafter; the Spaniard and the Peruvian will be there. Pizarro, his soldiers, and his priest, will stand before the dread tribunal, and they will be confronted by the spirits of these butchered fathers, these violated mothers, these murdered innocents. What then will avail your emblem of the cross — your haughty pretensions to the keys of heaven — your strings of beads — your costly masses — your long records of prayers, muttered in an unknown tongue? Will these stand you in stead before the God of truth and mercy? Will you dare to plead these, in the court of heaven, as an excuse for crimes which might make a tiger blush? O, sacred spirit! thou that dwellest in the sun! let thy light and warmth shine on my heart. Teach me the path of truth and mercy. Above all, save me from being bewildered by priestly craft. Save me from forms and ceremonies; for I see that they endanger the soul. I see these Spaniards highly religious in the performance of the rites which the priest teaches, while their lives are given up to every species of wickedness. How fearful it is to attempt to cheat God with hypocritical rites, so that we may indulge ourselves in the service of the devil! Yet this is the only meaning and use of Christianity, as it is presented to us by the Spaniards."

"I am unable to deny that there is much truth in what you say," said Chicama. "But it seems to me that you ought not to place to the account of my countrymen all the horrors which we have witnessed. These men are soldiers; war is their profession; — are they to be held responsible for all the blood that is shed in their contests? Is it right to call it murder, when one man slays another in battle?"

"Let me ask," said Orano, "what is war? Nothing more nor less than man

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butchering man. We have just seen a specimen of his works. It is ever the same; it brutalizes those who carry it on; it makes beasts of men; it teaches human beings to do the work of fiends, and call it glory; it carries tears, anguish, and desolation in its path. The history of every battle is a history of horrors.

"And he who voluntarily makes war, and he who willingly pursues it, is a participator in this crime against heaven and earth. Let me tell you, Spaniard, no judge can shake from kings, priests, and soldiers the dread responsibility they incur by taking part in war. A man may defend his country, and for this purpose may become a soldier; but for no other. He may pretend that he goes to extend his religion, that he seeks to spread the light of civilization, or that he aims at the redress of wrongs. These are indeed the common pretences of conquerors. But they are shallow tricks, and disgrace those who use them. No man is deceived by these disguises; even those who fancy that by such means they hide the real selfishness of their conduct, will be struck dumb in the great day of account, by seeing their bald hypocrisy exposed."

"These are strange opinions," said Chicama, "and would be deemed absurd in the quarter of the world in which I live, where mankind enjoy the light of truth, art, and knowledge, and, above all, the light of true faith."

"No doubt," said Orano; "and what is the value of that light which shines only to bewilder mankind? I judge the tree by its fruits. I judge your religion by what it produces. It sends your countrymen to rob, murder, and destroy an innocent people. You may tell me it comes from heaven: I denounce it as coming from hell.

"You think my opinions strange; yet what is my creed? I hold peace to be the duty of all men; to be the true policy of the king on his throne and the peasant in his cot. I hold war to be the great curse of man, and pronounce those who promote it as enemies of God and man. These are the revelations made by Manco Capac to my country ages ago. These are the fundamental points of faith in the creed of Rem, and these are the bases of action to every true worshipper of the sun. It was by the observance of this policy that the incas civilized a savage race, and extended their empire from Quito to Aranco. It was through this policy general as the orb that enthrones Deity, that happiness was spread over the land, that abundance crowned the labors of the miner, the artisan, and the tiller of the soil; and that virtue dwelt in every heart.

"And now I compare my religion with thine. I compare the worship of the sun, which teaches peace, with the worship of the cross, which teaches war. Can I hesitate which to prefer? Is it difficult to determine which is true and which is false? which is calculated to bless and which to curse mankind? which is of heaven and which of hell?"

"I must say again," said Chicama, "that I am no theologian, and therefore shall not dispute with you on these points. But in determining the responsibility of those who engage in war, it seems to me that you do not consider that it has always been deemed not only lawful, but the very path to glory; it is embellished by every thing that can captivate the im-

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agination and stir the higher emotions of the heart. Heroes are the leaders of armies; their gallant achievements are the undying themes of minstrelsy. Music inspires the march, and glittering banners float over the long array. Nor is even this all. Kings and princes reward the successful soldier; the holy church goes into the battle, assuring future salvation to those that fall, and pronouncing blessings on those who survive. There is a more stirring motive presented to the youthful soldier than this. Fair dames bestow their choicest favors on him who has shed the most blood in battle. To you, Orano, an aged priest, whose heart is dead to the warm impulses of early manhood, it may seem strange. Yet let me tell you that the smiles of women have more to do in promoting war than even kings and priests, the crown and the cross."

As Chicama uttered this sentence, his eye chanced to fall on Rema, and he could not fail to remark a shudder which passed over her frame. Orano, however, replied without seeming to notice it. "You speak of things which I do not well comprehend — of a state of society so monstrous as to shock and confound my understanding. You claim for Europe a high state of civilization; yet, in fact, you represent society as sunk in the deepest barbarism, cherishing, as the path to glory, on earth below and heaven above, the cutting of each other's throats! Those who excel in the trade of shedding human blood are heroes, immortalized by the song of the minstrel, and rewarded by the seductive smiles of woman. To you this may seem a pleasing and harmonious picture; to me it is a fearful and revolting mystery.

"Yet, if it presents things I cannot comprehend, this is at least clear — that war, the great brutalizer of the human race, is cherished by your kings and priests, by your systems of policy, and by your religion. What must that policy and that religion be which sustains such a system? which bestows the highest rewards on murder, and trains even the gentler sex to look with especial favor upon him whose hand is most deeply dyed in blood!

"And one thing more — as to the responsibility of those who make war. Mankind are very apt to try to shake off individual responsibility, when they act in masses. Yet this is the mean trick of the debauched and debased. Look at an army — a countless throng; they seem one simple machine; yet every individual has a soul, and the record of every heart rises every moment up to heaven. Let us consider this truth, and we can easily see that every soldier of the mighty mass is condemned of his own heart and of Heaven. I speak now of those who engage in unnecessary war — in war of invasion, in any other war than for the defence of home and country. The chief responsibility lies, no doubt, upon those who stir up the strife — upon such rulers as begin and promote the contest. These are monsters, though they wear the human shape; and if there be such a thing as future account, heavy indeed is their reckoning. But even those who are seduced into their toils, — the needy, the ignorant, the misguided, — these are voluntary sinners. The light of the human heart cannot be so quenched as to permit any man to engage in unnecessary war without a consciousness of wrong. Every

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soldier, the lowest and meanest, in such a war, knows better. That man may not shed his brother's blood, is written on every human heart; and every man is a brother till he crosses our threshold and threatens life or liberty.

"There is another mode by which mankind seek to blind their minds, analogous to that we have noticed; and that is, by looking at wars in the gross, and not in the detail; by looking at its incidents, and not its results; by dwelling on its pomp and circumstance, its proud arrays, its gaudy decorations, its stirring music, and its gallant achievements, without contemplating its more serious and essential consequences. War is an evil, not only to the conquered, but to the conqueror. Every step is downward. The soldier exchanges a state of freedom for the most absolute slavery. Martial law is the sternest of despotisms, a military officer the harshest tyrant. In camp the soldier may enjoy his revel, but he learns debauchery and degradation as a recompense. He is taken away from home, from the kindly influence of society, of friends, and the institutions of religion. If he waste not his strength in dissipation, his heart at least is corrupted by vice. Such are the evils which steal upon the soldier, even in his intervals of repose.

"And what is his situation in the more active periods of service? He is taught to ravage and destroy without remorse, nay, with a feeling of savage triumph. In battle, he takes the chance of life or death. He may sleep forever, and his scattered bones be bleached by the sun and wind of a foreign land. He may be wounded, and, after dragging out days and nights of agony, amid dreams of home and kindred, he may expire. And what can solace his mind in this dread hour? Alas! the vulture, that sits waiting and watching by his side, is more merciful than he; for, while he destroyed the living for the lust of empire or of gold, the unclean bird will not glut its appetite till the last spark of life has departed from its prey!

"And then let us think of the conquered town or city. Let us consider the frantic screams of women, as they fly from the brutal soldiery, ready to slay, or worse than slay, those whom every manly heart should desire to protect. Let us think of the desolated hearths, the broken hearts and fortunes, in that devoted place. Go to this scene when the battle is done. Listen to the cries, the curses, the wild ravings of the wretches around, maimed, bleeding, despairing! O, the thought is too horrible! Still men think they may promote such scenes, and escape accountability!"

"And yet," said Chicama, "we see all nations at war, especially savages. Strife seems indeed to be the natural tendency of man."

"If it be so," said the priest, "a religion which proposes to correct the natural propensities of man ought to teach wiser lessons, and produce a happier state of society. A religion which not only permits, but teaches war, has no claim to the title of divine. A system of policy, which is compelled to cite the example of savages, is not worth defending."

Orano paused, and the party proceeded for some time in silence. They soon entered a broken country; and, as night approached, finding no dwelling near, they took shelter beneath the thick branches of some fir-trees. It was near morning

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when they were disturbed by a confused noise, like that of the marching of a large body of men. On looking around, they saw a numerous band of Peruvians advancing through the valley in which they had halted. They had scarcely time to arise, when they were discovered, and in a few seconds were surrounded and taken into custody by the strangers.

The party proved to be a company of soldiers belonging to the emperor, Atahualpa, and now going to join him at Caxamalca. They offered no violence to the three travellers; yet they seemed to regard their discovery and capture as a matter of interest and importance. Orano yielded to circumstances, apparently unconcerned as to the issue of events; but in truth his heart was troubled. Rema was not less disturbed. For a moment she looked at Chicama, and he could discover in her look something like an appeal to him for defence; but she immediately drew her mantle closer round her face, and clung to the side of Orano. The whole company now moved forward, and the young Spaniard was permitted to walk with his friends. It was no time for words, and they proceeded in silence, giving each other an occasional look of intelligence or inquiry. At last they entered the city of Caxamalca, and our adventurers were placed under a guard, and conducted to prison.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Ant.

The ant is a very small insect, often carelessly trodden under foot. Yet it affords striking proof of the wisdom of God, and teaches many useful lessons to man.

Knowing that winter will come, it provides itself with food, and builds a house in which it may dwell in safety and comfort. Some of their houses, or nests, are very large. Some kinds of ants, found in hot climates, build nests from ten to twenty feet high, large enough to contain

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twelve men. If we were to build our houses as high in proportion, they would be twelve times higher than the monument of Bunker Hill.

Solomon tells the idle and thoughtless to learn wisdom from this wonderful creature — "*Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise;* and he says, further, to those who will not think and work like the ant, "Thy *poverty* shall come as one that traveleth, and thy *want* as an armed man."

As the ant is esteemed an emblem of industry and frugality, so the butterfly is deemed an example of idleness and folly.

"Take Care of Number One!"

[Continued from p. 109.]

CHAPTER XVI.

It would make a long story if we were to relate all the incidents that occurred to our young adventurer upon the desolate rock, where he had been thrown. These were not, indeed, very remarkable, but they were connected with lively feelings and deep emotions; and if we had space, we should present them to the reader. It must suffice to say that, for four tedious months, he continued in his lonely retreat, without seeing a human being. The winter season had set in, and nothing could be more dreary than the scene. The rain, snow, and sleet fell without the intermission of a single day. Neither sun nor moon was visible except at intervals, and then only through a canopy of drifting clouds and a hazy sky. The winds blew from the ocean without cessation, and often with incredible fury. The surges, lashed by the gale, rolled in giant masses against the rocks, making them tremble to their foundation. The hollow roar of the "ever-toiling tide" continued day and night.

In the midst of these scenes, it may well be believed that our hero's heart sank within him. He was obliged, on account of the weather, to keep himself almost exclusively confined to his cell; and here the lazy hours dragged heavily along. O, how did he yearn for a companion, for the society of one to whom he might speak — to whom he might pour out his feelings! "I once thought," said he again and again to himself, "that I was made for myself alone; that I was independent of all mankind. It was my maxim to take care of No. 1. I was accustomed to feel that I had no ties to my fellow-men; that I had nothing to ask of them; that they could claim nothing of me. Alas! how sadly have I been mistaken! Providence is teaching me my error. The lesson is indeed severe; but nothing less, perhaps, could make me duly feel the selfishness and folly of my former life. The maxim of 'Take care of No. 1!' — to think only of one's self, without regard to others, — is fit for brutes, but not for human beings. These wild and savage birds act out my foolish and short-sighted system to the life. Each one lives only for himself; the strongest rules. To fill their stomachs is their heaven, their highest idea of bliss. To realize this, each one exerts his strength, careless of his neighbor. The weak are sacrificed; the sick and wounded are tumbled into the sea. Might is right. And this is the perfection of selfishness — the realizing of my creed. How degrading is it for a human being to

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take his rule of action from the brute creation! O, if I live to return to society, how different shall my conduct be!"

This, or something like this, was the burden of poor Jacob's reflections at the period of which we are speaking. Nor did his mind fail occasionally to return to his early friends. Then he reproached himself for neglecting to make any return to them, and especially to one who had sacrificed his money, his comfort, and perhaps his very means of subsistence, on his account.

Thus passed the dreary winter. When the spring began to return, Jacob was wasted to a shadow, partly by anxiety, and partly by a want of comfortable lodgings and suitable food. As the days grew longer, the icy crust melted away from the rocks. He began to ramble about more freely. In one of his excursions, he remarked that the reef of rocks which connected the island upon which he was cast with the main land was now high above the tide. The idea of passing over this to the opposite shore immediately entered into his mind. He walked down to the isthmus, and attempted to put his plan into execution. But he soon found that the rocks were more rugged than they had seemed, and that rough surges still whirled and foamed between them. He, however, observed that the waves were becoming more tranquil, and he had little doubt that, as the spring advanced, the passage might be made. Filled with hope, he returned to his cave, and enjoyed a long and sweet repose.

In the morning, he returned to the reef, and day by day repeated his visits, until, at the end of a month, he resolved, at all hazards, to attempt the passage. Taking advantage of a pleasant morning, he began his enterprise, and in the space of four hours, by swimming and leaping, he reached the extremity of the reef. This consisted of a perpendicular rock, some thirty feet in height, between which and the shore was a strait of at least a hundred yards in width. Plunging into the waves, he swam toward the land; but what seemed a tranquil piece of water was in fact a rapid stream, caused by the tide. The swimmer was therefore carried away, like a fragment of drifting wood, upon its surface. He immediately saw the necessity of putting forth his utmost efforts. Yet he advanced but little toward the desired point. For full an hour he struggled with the tide, and now was within a hundred feet of the shore. But his strength was nearly gone. Already a sense of faintness had come over him, and more than once a dark cloud fell across his sight. While his heart was thus sinking, and his brain beginning to reel, a strange, uncouth image suddenly presented itself to his vision.

Along the coast of this portion of South America there is a race of savages called *Fuegians*. They live chiefly by fishing, and are the most hideous-looking people on the face of the globe. They have no dress but skins; their hair is black, long, and matted. They are short of stature, thin, and wasted; their eyes are black and piercing, and their countenance has an expression scarcely human.

At the moment that our hero was about to sink, hopeless and helpless, into the ocean, it was one of these strange people, seated in a rough canoe, that suddenly came upon him. The meeting was as surprising to the savage as to the sailor.

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They both gazed at each other for a moment in utter amazement. The next instant, the Indian seized a fishing spear that lay by his side, and was about to plunge it into the back of the swimmer. Already was his arm uplifted, and the contraction of a single muscle had finished the career of our hero. Human life, with all its hopes and fears, its remembrances of joy and sorrow, of success and failure, often turns upon the pivot of a single thought, a single action. Had that savage been governed wholly by Jacob Karl's maxim, — "*Take care of No. 1!*" — think only of yourself, — his spear had been instantly plunged into the body of the sailor. This was the course suggested by the first thought of selfishness and safety; but even a savage is a man, and in the present case, seeing that the object of his surprise and fear was in fact helpless, something like sympathy took possession of his bosom. After pausing a few moments, he pushed his shallop near to the youth, and, with some effort, drew him into it. But before this was accomplished, Jacob had entirely lost his consciousness, and for a considerable period continued in a swoon. When, at last, he recovered, he found his deliverer pushing his canoe rapidly through the water, keeping close to the shore, turning and winding in and out with the rugged outline of the rocks that formed the boundary of the sea.

After a space of two hours, the Fuegian landed, and made signs to Jacob to follow him. Climbing among steepling rocks, they reached an elevated plain covered with tall trees. Passing on for a quarter of a mile, they reached a hamlet, or village, of about a dozen huts, built of branches of trees. Three or four dogs came forth, yelling with all their lungs; but, when rebuked by the Indian, they slunk away growling and fixing their eyes upon Jacob.

The village was soon alive with excitement, and not a little surprise was manifested on all sides by the appearance of our adventurer. His white skin excited their utmost amazement. The women at first appeared a little shy; but they soon grew familiar, approaching the stranger, patting his head, and putting their hands upon his arms. One of them gave him a sharp pinch; and there was a general titter as Jacob repaid the offender by a pretty smart slap on the side of the head. The children came round, putting out their black, shaggy heads between the crowd; and some of the more adventurous dogs approached, stretched forth their snouts, and smelt suspiciously of the stranger.

The excitement was at last over, and Jacob was feasted upon some unsavory fish. Late at night he was permitted to retire to rest, being supplied with a bed made of the skins of curious birds, called penguins. In the morning he rose much refreshed. After staying at the village for four days, during which he was treated with much hospitality, his deliverer prepared to depart; and, having made Jacob understand that he was to attend him, the two set forth. They soon reached the canoe they had left; and, entering this, they made their way in a north-westerly direction along the coast, for the distance of a dozen miles. Here, after turning a rocky point, they saw before them a small bay; and it is not easy to tell the delight of our young sailor,

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when the savage lifted his finger and showed him a vessel lying at anchor in the distance. Making their way across the bay, they were at length so near the vessel as to attract the notice of the people on board. A signal was hoisted, and Jacob desired his conductor to proceed to the vessel. This he refused to do; but he advanced close to the land, and, telling the youth to jump ashore, he pushed off, and sped like an arrow across the bay in the direction from which he came. Jacob perceived that the Indian had brought him hither to put him in communication with the people of his own race, and he felt the gratitude due to such an action; but he was not permitted long to indulge this train of thought. A boat was sent to him from the vessel, and, as it came near, he saw that the man at the helm was no other than his old friend Larry.

We need not dwell on the scenes that followed. Our hero was carried on board the vessel, which proved to be a schooner from New England, sent in search of seals. Already its cargo was taken in, and in the course of a few days it set out on its return. During its passage, Jacob had an opportunity to relate his adventures to Larry, and to hear some interesting news in return. The latter had lately been to B——, the place in which Jacob had spent a part of his early life, and where some of his adventures, already related, had occurred. He told him of the family of farmer Lane, and Jacob's heart beat not a little as he dilated upon the sweetness and beauty of Mabel, now a girl of sixteen. He also spoke incidentally of people in the vicinity — of lawyer Sponge, a man of great wealth, and who lived in the finest house in that part of the country; of a queer person called *Leather Man*, who was esteemed half sage, half fool; and many other things, all of which interested Jacob in the highest degree.

Jacob listened with intense interest to these details, and was strongly tempted to open his heart to his friend; to tell him his early history; to confess his follies; to discuss the awkward circumstances under which he was driven from his home; and to explain the reason he had for believing that he had been wronged out of his father's estate by Sponge. More than once he was on the point of broaching the subject; but he felt a kind of shame which withheld him from actually beginning. At last an incident occurred which finally changed his views.

One evening, as Larry and Jacob were sitting on the bowsprit, the former again spoke of his visit to B——, and, turning suddenly to Jacob, he said, "By the way, I sometimes thought I had fallen on the track of your own early history; for many people spoke to me about one Jacob Karl. If I had not known that your name was *Jacobson*, and that Jacob Karl was too much of a rogue, I should have fancied that they were speaking of you. It seems he was a sly, cunning sort of a fellow; and, after performing various tricks, he set fire to an old deacon's barn, which burnt him up, with his fat wife and six small children! That was too much; so the rogue was caught and shut up in prison; but he was helped out by an old witch, and escaped to sea. Strange tales were told of his adventures; some saying that he turned pirate, and others declaring that he was swallowed up in Hell Gate, near New York. Every body agreed that he

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was a prodigy of evil, except Mabel Lane and Leather Man. It struck me as strange that these two should always have insisted upon the innocence of this Jacob Karl. They admitted that he had some bad traits of character, but they excused him by saying that he was only unfortunate in his education; they declared that he was in fact a good-hearted youth, and they both desired me, if I ever met with him, to give him assurances of their good will."

It will be easily guessed that, during this recital, Jacob's cheeks tingled; but as it was evening, his emotion was not remarked by Larry. From this time he shunned the subject of his early history; but his mind dwelt with mingled pain and pleasure upon what he had heard. He yearned to go back to B——, and to visit the scenes of his childhood, painful indeed as were many things associated there. He desired to express to his friends his appreciation of their steadfast kindness, and he desired also to clear his reputation of the foul stain which rested upon it.

A change had come over him. The idea of living for himself, also, had passed away; he had begun to feel the value of a good name, and the necessity of society to happiness. Perhaps, too, he had an undefined hope that he might recover from lawyer Sponge the amount of his father's estate, which he justly believed to have been wrested from him by fraud. But when he took a view of the whole case, he felt that it was impossible for him to visit B——; that the general feeling there was against him; that he had no means of proving his innocence of the grievous charge laid at his door. What, then, should he do? This question often came into his mind; but weeks passed on, and he could not answer it.

The little schooner made her way northward till she reached the vicinity of the West Indies. Here she was damaged by a hurricane, and obliged to put into Jamaica for repairs. Jacob, not being regularly engaged on board, here left the vessel, and, finding no better employment, went to work on a fort that was then undergoing repairs. Here he labored for a couple of months; and, as he was a good deal in the society of soldiers, he began to think of enlisting in the army. His mind was in a very unsettled state, and it is not easy to say what might have happened if a strange incident had not cured him of his bias for a military career.

All the workmen on the fort were under a kind of martial law, and each man was obliged to do occasional duty as a sentinel. At last Jacob's turn came. It was near midnight when he took the firelock, and began to pace up and down before the castle gate. The road sloped from this point down to a dark, narrow ravine below. Jacob's eye naturally turned in this direction, for there was a kind of mysterious look about the place. At last he saw a form slowly emerge from the valley, and advance towards him. It came up the road at a measured pace, and, having approached within a hundred feet, Jacob, as was his duty, gave the accustomed challenge. "Who goes there?" said he. "Who goes there?" was echoed from the hills around. After waiting a moment, Jacob called out again, "Who goes there?" No answer was returned. The dark form paused, and stood erect and immovable. Jacob could only dis-

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cover the dusky outline of the apparition; yet it was so distinct as to admit no doubt of its substantial reality. Again he asked, "Who goes there?" and he added, "If you don't speak, I shall instantly fire!" This threat was boldly uttered, but the soldier had no desire to put it into execution. This firing in the dark, this shooting a human being down in cold blood, was not to his taste. But no answer could be extorted; the mysterious visitor was dumb. Jacob's duty was imperative; the case admitted of no choice. He brought the firelock to his cheek, took aim — and fired!

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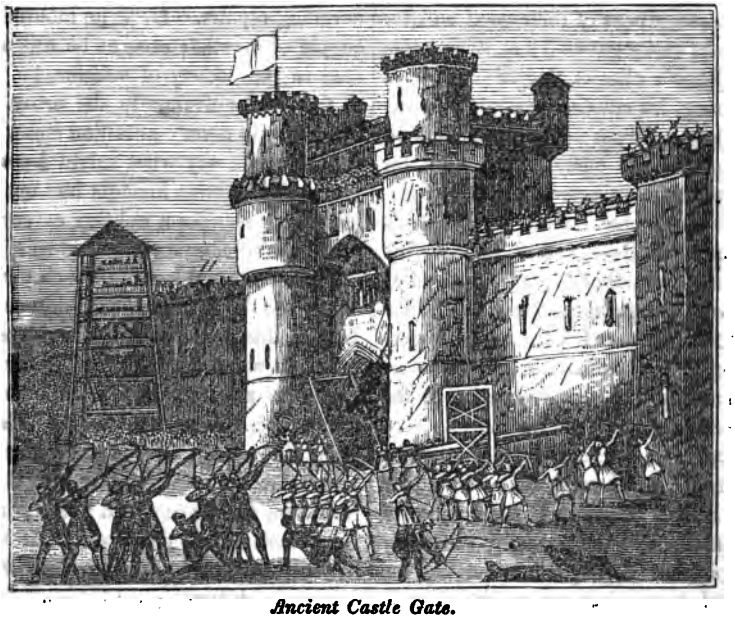

Ancient Castle Gate.

Talks and Walks; or, Ike, Izzy, and I.

[Continued from p. 124.]

CHAPTER III.

I WENT with my two companions to the Hotel of Europe, which is said to be the best in Havre; yet we found it more like an old castle than one of our clean, bright, American hotels. It was rather cold, and we ordered fires to be made. The servant brought some little sticks of wood, and built a starveling fire in a deep chimney, so far back that Ike said we needed a spyglass to see the blaze. We afterwards found that this miserable mode of making fires is common in

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France, and even in Paris. The people do not seem to understand, nor to appreciate, the luxury of keeping warm in cold weather.

The next morning our breakfast was excellent, especially the coffee. In France, the people do not make coffee as we do, but they make it much better. They are careful to have the grains of coffee well burnt and well ground. Hot water is then passed through it, and the decoction is made very strong. The cup is poured one third full of this, and then boiling hot milk is poured in till the cup is brimming full. Two lumps of sugar make the beverage complete. It is really delicious, and, what is well worth remarking, this "*coffee and milk*," as the French call it, is not hurtful, like our strong coffee, with only a spoonful of milk in it. I hope all our readers will take note of this, and I especially request every one of them to ask their mother to make "*coffee and milk*" for once, just to try it. Be sure and let the milk be piping hot, and use two thirds milk, and only one third coffee. If any body don't like it, they need not try it again.

Well, after breakfast we sallied forth. It was a clear, bright morning, and we could see patches of white frost here and there in the street. But as the sun got higher up, it became warm, and at noon it was really delightful. My young companions were greatly diverted with the odd appearance of every thing. The streets were very narrow and crooked, and at each side, the old, queer-shaped houses rose six or seven stories high. The streets were full of people, and the larger number seemed to be women. These had no covering on their heads, except muslin caps. Some of them were sweeping the streets, some trundling handcarts, some carrying bundles, some selling things from little stalls. The people were very gay, and gabbled like a flock of geese in spring time. Children and dogs seemed to abound. Here was a little girl riding on a donkey; there was a huge cart drawn along by a little bit of a pony staggering beneath his load.

We walked about hither and thither, amused with every thing. Some of the shops were very fine, and my young friends kept exclaiming, "O, see there — what is that?" "O! see those nice sugar things!" "O, pray, papa, buy me that!" &c. &c. At last we came to one of the walls of the city of Havre. You must know, kind reader, that this was what is called a fortified town, and was quite surrounded by a huge wall, some twenty feet high. Outside of this is a deep ditch. These fortifications were built many years ago, when making war was common, and every great town was provided with the means of defence against enemies. We have no such walled cities in America, but they are common all over Europe. It is true that wars have been less common within a few years, even here, than formerly, and such defences are permitted, in many cases, to fall into decay. Such is the fact with the walls of Havre. They are, in many parts, quite in a ruinous state, and are not particularly worthy of note; but they were interesting to our young travellers, as being the first they had ever seen. Ike was greatly excited by his observations upon them, and remarked that he could now much better understand the accounts he met with in

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history relating to the sieges and assaults of fortified cities. He mounted upon one of the walls, and began, with a look worthy of a sage, to instruct Izzy in the military art.

"There," said he, pointing to the ditch outside the wall, "that trench is called the *moat* or *fosse*. When an enemy approached, it was filled with water. Bridges led across the moat, but were drawn up at night, or when the enemy was coming; so they were called *drawbridges*. This top part of the wall, where we are standing, was called the *parapet*. The walls, you see, are not in a uniform line, but go zigzag, like one of our country rail fences. This form was adopted so that the soldiers upon the parapet might better fire upon the enemy when they came close. Yonder sharp angles or points, jutting far out, were made very strong, and were called *bastions*. Some of them were solid, but others were hollow, and would contain hundreds of men. Really all this is very curious, and it is so interesting to see what I have so often read about!"

"It is very curious, indeed," said Izzy; "but how did the people get in and out of the city?" "Why, there were gates," said Ike, seeming to feel that he was competent to tell the whole story. "These were open, in time of peace, during the day, but were shut at night. The gates were made very strong, and on each side was a kind of tower for the porter or sentinel to live in. The gate itself was drawn up, and was so arranged as to be suddenly shut in case of need. It was called the *portcullis*. I think I have read somewhere of an ancient knight who attempted to get into a castle. The portcullis was up, and he put his horse at full speed to dash in before the gate could be closed. The porter saw him coming, and in the nick of time let the portcullis go. Down it came with a clang, and cut the knight's horse right in two."

"I guess you made that up," said Izzy.

"I might have dreamt it," said Ike, "for aught I know. At all events, the thing is very likely to have happened; for these old knights were wild fellows, and used to ride about, seeming to be as anxious to get into a scrape as most people are to get out of one. And beside, these old porters, who guarded the gates, made no more of cutting a man in two with a portcullis, than our cook does of slashing sausage meat with a chopping-knife."

Thus we pursued our walks and talks till we had got beyond the city to the north; and as the path seemed pleasant, we continued to pursue it till we reached a queer little village buried in a deep ravine, called St. Adresse. Passing through this, we ascended a lofty hill, and soon came upon a most surprising scene. The hill terminated in a precipice, at the foot of which was the ocean. This lay outstretched to the north and west, as far as the eye could reach. To the south lay the city of Havre, its harbor filled with shipping, and beyond, winding far away, was the coast of France. To the left was a hilly country, in the midst of which was a shining stream, bending and twining like a huge serpent. Both the children exclaimed at once, "O, see that beautiful river! What is it?"

"You must guess," said I.

"Is it on the map of France?" said Ike. I replied in the affirmative. "Well, let me think," said the boy. "The four

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great rivers of France are, 1st. The *Rhone;* but that runs south, and empties into the sea at Marseilles. 2d. The *Garonne;* but that flows west, and empties near Bourdeaux. 3d. The *Loire;* but that also flows west, and passes by the city of Nantes. 4th. The *Seine;* that flows west, and empties at Havre. I've got it. It's the Seine."

"You are right," said I; "that is indeed the Seine." "O, how strange," said Ike, "to be in France, and see the Seine! I never thought I should really see that river. I've read about it in Parley's Geography, and I've seen it in the map. It was there only a little crooked line, as long as a pin; but here it is a real river, after all. It's curious to think how much the little maps which we find in books do actually mean. How nice it is, Izzy, to travel about and see what we have read of in our little books! They seem like old friends, don't they? Beside, that river runs right through the city of Paris!"

"Does it, really?" said Izzy to me; and, as I told her Ike was right, the idea of being at Paris seemed to seize her fancy, and she began to dance like a very sprite. Ike then caught her by the waist, and the two went whirling and gambolling around till they were out of breath.

After a long ramble we retired to our hotel, and began to make preparations for our departure. The next day, we entered a diligence, and were whirled rapidly out of Havre. The diligence is a kind of stage-coach, with four apartments. We had taken the middle part, called the *interior*, and found ourselves very comfortable. The road from Havre to Paris is excellent; and though it is hilly, and the diligence heavy, yet the horses, being strong, galloped away at a brisk rate. The drivers are noisy fellows, and keep up a constant cracking of the whip, which seemed like fireworks.

There is now a railroad from Havre to Paris, but it was only finished to Rouen at the time I speak of. I was glad of it, for I wished my companions to see the country; and this they could better do in a diligence than in a rail-car. On we went at a good rate, passing through a most beautiful region. This part of France is called *Normandy*, because it was settled, many centuries ago, by *Northmen*, or *Normans*. The people here are descendants of the ancient Normans, and are light complexioned, like their ancestors. The famous William, who conquered England in the year 1066, and became king of that country, was king of the ancient French Normans.

We passed through many fine towns and villages, and Ike and Izzy kept putting their heads out of the coach, exclaiming, "O, see that." "O, is not that beautiful?" "O, what place is that?" &c. &c. I was almost wearied with their thousand and one questions. However, we were all in excellent spirits, and took every thing gayly. Nothing pleased my young friends more than the pretty, snug cottages and farm-houses we saw along the road. Most of these were shaded with clumps of trees, and the gardens were still full of flowers, though it was late in November. At last we reached the old town of Rouen. Here we paused for the night, and as the place is worthy of description, we must adjourn to another chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Study of Flowers.

Every body is attracted by flowers. Their forms, their colors, their odors, their springing up so strangely from the earth, — all these things render them objects of never-ceasing interest. In all ages and in all countries, they have been the theme of poetry and song. In Turkey they are used as a kind of language; and with us almost any common flower has a meaning attached to it. There are many pretty books in circulation, which relate to the ideas and sentiments conveyed by flowers.

But beside this kind of interest in flowers, founded upon the pleasure they give the senses, there is another of a still more substantial and intellectual kind. The science of flowers, called *botany*, is one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all human studies. When we look at a blooming meadow, its flowers seem a mere endless mass of varied hues and forms; yet, if we sit patiently down and compare one plant with another, the most wonderful system, plan, harmony, and arrangement will be disclosed.

Thus the careful study of flowers will show us the hand of God in their production, and we shall be led to trace to him these beautiful creations. Thus another

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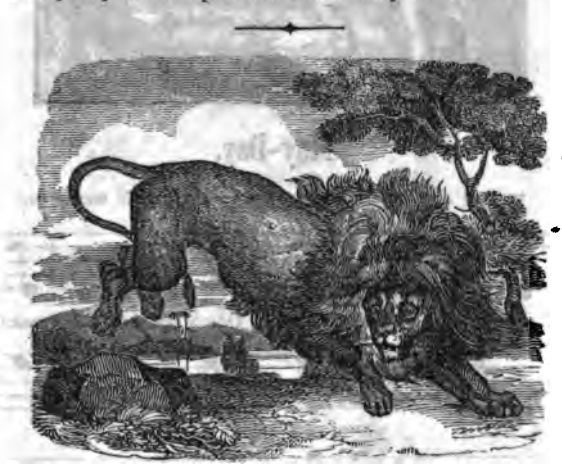
tie will be formed between us, who derive so much pleasure from flowers, and the beneficent Author of all things.

And if we pursue our botanical studies still farther, other views will rise upon us. We shall see that the vegetable kingdom is the link between the animal and mineral; that vegetables draw their sustenance from the mineral world; and that animal life is wholly dependent upon this process. We shall see that ships, houses, furniture, bread, — the leading articles for the shelter, clothing, and food of man, — are all drawn from the vegetable world; and thus our views will be expanded to a consideration of the great and comprehensive plan of the Creator, in providing for the family of man and the myriad creatures that look up to him for their daily bread.



The Lion's Home.

The retreat of the lion is called a *lair*, which is, indeed, the name given generally to the spot to which wild beasts repair for quiet and repose, and for rearing their young.

The *lioness* selects a spot the most private and difficult of access. She is so fond of her young, and so afraid lest her retreat should be found out, that she tries to hide her track by brushing the ground over with her tail. Should she be disturbed while with them, she will carry them to some other place in her mouth, and will defend them to the last moment.

The lion is seldom to be found in his lair, unless feeble from age, or when gorged with food, or when the sun is powerful. At such seasons, he usually sleeps; it is rather difficult to awaken him, and when he awakes suddenly, he often loses his wonted presence of mind. The Bushmen of Africa seek him at this period, and if they find him in an unguarded state, they lodge a poisoned arrow in his breast. The moment he is thus struck, he springs from his lair, and bounds off as helpless as a stricken deer. A few hours after he is sure to be found dead.

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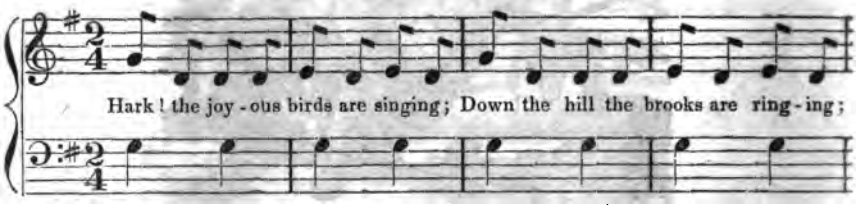
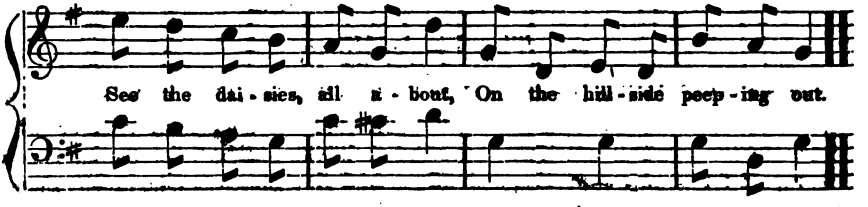
May-Day.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.





Hear the geese in yonder pool;
List the lay of chanticleer;
See, the boys are out of school;
Come along, my lasses dear.

Caroline, and Kate, and Jane,
Ben and Bill, come down the lane.
When all around are full of glee,
Lads and lasses, why not we?

Do not tarry —all is fair;
Mirth and music fill the air;
Toss your dolls and books away;
'Tis the joyous first of May.

Come! for lo, the lambs are skipping;
Let us be as free as they;
Let us o'er the hills be tripping;
'Tis the joyous month of May.

See, the birds are all a-wooing,
Low and soft, in yonder bowers;
Girls and boys, let us be doing,
Making love to May-day flowers!

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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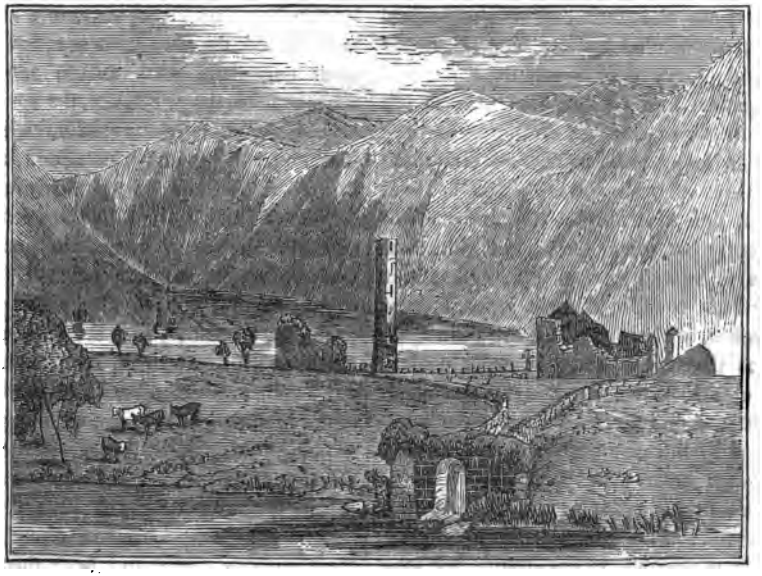

Round Towers of Ireland.

Who has not heard of the *Round Towers of Ireland;* and yet who has been able to solve the mystery which hangs over their origin and the purpose of their erection?

Of these towers, 107 are known to have existed; but probably there were many more. Some are still perfect, others are in ruins. They bear a general resemblance to each other, seeming, therefore, to have had the same object in view; yet there were many minute points of difference. Some were but 40 feet high; others 60, 80, and one 120 feet. The common height is about 80 or 90 feet. Most of them were of a cylindrical form, and were covered with a conical roof. They were generally divided into three stories, with a window to each. The door of entrance was from

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6 to 24 feet from the ground; but how this was reached is not known.

In some cases, these towers were built of hewn stone, nicely laid in mortar; in others, the stones are merely hammered; in others still, they are small, and of all shapes, but always firmly cemented by mortar, nearly as hard as the rock itself.

That these towers are very ancient, is clear from the fact that when Ireland was first invaded by the English, in the 12th century, they were then deemed antiquities, and no one was able to tell their origin or design. Some have been used as towers and belfries of churches; but these churches were built in later times, and this use of the towers was evidently but an adaptation of old structures to new purposes. The fact that near these towers, in most cases, ancient churches, or their remains, are found, has led to the belief that they were ecclesiastical structures, erected by the early Christians of Ireland. This idea is exploded by the circumstance that no such buildings have ever been known to be erected in any other part of the world, in connection with the Christian religion; nor is it possible to conjecture for what object, as part of Christian worship, they could have been designed.

The best opinion, on the subject, seems to be this: that these towers were erected by the Phœnicians or Carthaginians, who are known to have had settlements in Ireland before the Christian era; or that they were built by the remote Irish, who bore the name of *Scoti*, and who were of Asiatic origin. The object of these buildings, on this supposition, was the preservation of the *sacred fire*, kindled in honor of Bel, or Baal, a heathen divinity of the East, and who is known to have been worshipped in Ireland. Indeed, to the present day, some of the religious rites of the Irish are evidently but the perpetuation of the ceremonies of their ancestors, turned from their pagan origin and blended with Catholic observances.

This view of the origin and object of the round towers is strongly confirmed by the fact that in their vicinity are still to be found the well-known relics of ancient paganism, such as the *sun-stone*, the *cromlech*, the *fire-house*, the *spring of sacred water*, necessary in mystic rites, &c. To this it may be added, that in Persia and India, where fire-worship originated, and has had its most extensive and enduring seat, there are towers of various forms and sizes, ascribed, in their origin, to this species of idolatry. It is probable, therefore, that the early settlers of Ireland, brought from Asia, their original country, ideas of religion, which became modified in the course of ages, but which, still remaining essentially the same, displayed themselves in the structures which we have described.

The fact that Christian churches, or their remains, are found near these towers in Ireland, does not controvert the opinion we express, as, in the first place, they are evidently more modern than the towers themselves, and are of a different style of architecture; and, moreover, we know that the early Christians often chose, as the seat of their churches, the very sites on which paganism had reared its structures, and frequently adapted the structures themselves to the purposes of Christian worship. In truth, this fact, to which we here allude, rather confirms than opposes the theory we have adopted.

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Alum.

ALUM is an earthy salt, with which most people are acquainted. Perhaps our young readers remember it only as a remedy for *sore mouth*, in which it is very useful; but it is employed for many other purposes. It is used in making what are called *lake colors;* in dyeing, calico-printing, leather-dressing, candle-making, phosphorus-making, and in many medical preparations. A great deal of it is used, and therefore the means for obtaining it are extensive.

Alum is found in a native state only in small quantities; but it occurs mixed with other substances. In Italy, it is found in the form of *alum-stone;* and from this alum is extensively manufactured there.

In England and Scotland, extensive beds of *alum-slate* are found; and from these vast quantities of alum are made. In Yorkshire, there is a bed 30 miles long, and in some places the cliffs rise to the height of 750 feet. Near the fine old town of Whitby, in Yorkshire, is an extensive alum mine, which was opened in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and has been constantly wrought since that time. Here a great number of persons labor under ground; and they may be seen at work carrying lanterns on their heads, for the purpose of lighting the gloomy recesses of the mine.

The mode of proceeding in the making of alum is this: A quantity of the alum-slate is collected and mixed with fuel, which is set on fire. The combustion reduces the slate to a kind of ashy heap; this is mixed with water, forming a lye,

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which produces a compound or solution of the earthy salt. Potash is added to this, and the alum crystals are thence formed. It requires 130 tons of the slate to make one of pure alum.

Near Glasgow, n Scotland, alum is also largely manufactured. The material from which it is made, and the process adopted in the manufacture, are nearly the same as those described.

The Brahmins.

The division of the people of India or Hindostan into castes has long been the subject of curiosity with other nations. This state of things existed ages ago, even in the time of Alexander, 300 years before Christ, when India first became known to Europe. Though some changes have taken place in this long period, yet society continues essentially the same.

The sacred writings of Hindostan recognize four pure castes, called *Brahmins*, *Cshatriyas*, *Vaisyas*, and *Sudras*. The true origin of this singular division is unknown. It has been conjectured to have arisen from conquest, the three first castes, at an early date, having subjugated the other, and, elevating themselves, reduced the other to a degraded station. But this is uncertain. In modern times, we find the institution of castes firmly established in the religion, laws,

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and habits of the country; and, with a view to give it sanctity in the eyes of the people, the priests have introduced the following story of its origin into their sacred writings: —

"In the first creation by Brahma, (the great deity of the Hindoo religion,) Brahmanas proceeded with the Veda, (the Hindoo Bible,) then issued from the mouth of Brahma. From his arms Cshatriyas came; from his thigh, Vaisyas; from his foot, Sudras." This story indicates the rank of the several castes. The Brahmins had a great inclination for divine sciences, and became the priests and lawgivers of the land; the Cshatriyas had great strength, and became protectors, that is, soldiers; the Vaisyas had energy and enterprise, and became merchants and husbandmen; the Sudras were of a servile nature, and were doomed to the lowest offices of society. Thus the several classes had their fixed occupations, and thus went on for ages, never marrying with one another, and not even eating with each other. As we have said, within the last half century some changes have taken place, but still no radical modification of the system has been effected.

The disposition on the part of some men to usurp authority over others, is not confined to one age or country; it is, indeed, to be found every where. And when one class has gained an ascendancy, they are always found to exercise their power in a despotic manner. The history of the Christian religion teaches us that priests, assuming to act by divine appointment, have not only enslaved the minds of men, but claimed to hold dominion over their lives and their property. We know that these priests have doomed the bodies of those who rejected their authority to the flames, and pronounced upon their souls eternal damnation. We know that, at the present day, the leading Christian church holds the doctrine that no man has a right to form his own opinions upon religion; that mental freedom is not man's birthright; that he is bound to bow his understanding to the church, and accept its dogmas with an obedient heart. In other words, the priests of one church claim that God has given to them the right to furnish the faith of mankind, and that whosoever thinks for himself, in opposition to them, is condemned of God!

While we know that such things have been and still are, — not in pagan lands, but in enlightened Christendom, — let us not be amazed that the priests of Hindostan claim also to rule over the minds of their countrymen by divine appointment; nor let us be too harsh in expressing contempt of the people who tamely submit to be the dupes and slaves of an artful and corrupt priesthood. Could we not find examples quite as degrading near at hand, and in our own time?

The Brahmins are regarded by the Hindoos as the most exalted part of mankind: their duty is to teach the vedas, or sacred writings, to meditate upon religious subjects, and to perform religious offices. This is the theory of their duty; but, in practice, they are too often licentious and corrupt, using their power for the basest purposes. Their property and persons are held sacred; they live chiefly by the contributions of society; and they are generally the possessors of knowledge and learning, which they keep from the mass. Such is the awful reverence en-

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tertained for the Brahmins, that, if they commit the greatest crimes, they cannot be punished, except by banishment. Even kings are required to treat them with respect. The curse of a Brahmin is supposed to be sufficient to doom men to eternal punishment, and even gods to a state of misery.

This must be regarded as only the general state of things, in respect to the Brahmins. The British in India and missionaries have extended the boundaries of knowledge, and, with the spread of light, the absurd and monstrous claims of the Brahmins are necessarily diminished. Some of them have departed from the paths of ancient usage, and the awful respect of the people for those who claim to be divine is slowly passing away.

A LIE is an untruth; something said with an intention to deceive. Some lie in order to cover a fault, and in the hope of escaping punishment. Some lie for the purpose of causing mirth. Others lie that those to whom they speak may act differently from what they would if they knew the real truth.

Now, a lie is a sin against God and against *man*. The God of truth, who cannot lie, has solemnly declared, "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight." And again, "A lying tongue is loathsome, and cometh to shame." In the Bible, several instances are given in which God has brought to shame and death those who have been guilty of lying.

But great mischief is often done *to men* by lying. "As a madman who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbor, and saith, 'Am I not in sport?'" Truth between man and man is the great bond of peaceful society. If one may tell a lie, so may another. Thus there might be mutual falsehood, and then confidence would be exchanged for suspicion, and happiness for misery.

Hence we should say only that which is true, and promise only that which we mean to perform. He who is accustomed to utter lies will soon be thought unworthy of credit even should he speak the truth; and he who does not consider himself bound by his promise cannot be called an honest man. As to those cases in which we have done wrong, we had better bear reproach, and even punishment, than add to our crime the utterance of a wilful lie.

EPOCH.—The principal epochs are, the creation, 4004 B. C.; the flood, 2348; the birth of Abraham, 1996; the conquest of Canaan, 1451; the taking of Troy, 1184; the finishing of Solomon's Temple, 1104; the first Olympiad, 776; the building of Rome, 753; the era of Nabonassar, 747; the founding of the Persian empire by Cyrus, 559; the death of Alexander, 323; the death of Cæsar, 44 B. C.; the birth of Christ, 0, or commencement of the Christian era; the Hegira of Mahomet, 622 A. C.

NEXT to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is useful books.

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Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

[Concluded from p. 139.]

CHAPTER XI.

I COULD not sleep that night for thinking of Kisnicy, and picturing to myself what a sensation would be caused among the young sparks of Jedo when the story of the match came out. Then my thoughts reverted to the ceremonies of the marriage, which, among the Japanese, are very pompous and showy, and even strange and ridiculous to our apprehensions; but these I have not room to describe. However, I was determined not to allow my wife's teeth to be blackened, although fashion commanded it. I thought to make an agreement with her, half in joke, that if she would allow me the control of her teeth, I would never claim the command of her tongue, which is certainly giving a lady the best of the bargain. Furthermore, I was resolved to set my face against the practice of pulling out the eyebrows, which many of the fair sex are fond of doing, to make themselves irresistible.

When a young lady is married, all her toys and playthings, which have been carefully kept from her infancy for this purpose, are thrown into the fire, and she is presented with a spinning-wheel and distaff, to remind her of her household duties. At the birth of every child, a tree is planted in the garden, where it grows till the individual is married, when it is cut down and made into chests and boxes for holding clothes and other things prepared for the new-married couple. In domestic life, the Japanese women in general do not shrink from being seen, as among many Asiatic nations. They are treated by their equals with great respect, and distinguish themselves by much reserve and modesty.

But, while I was felicitating myself upon my good fortune, and planning schemes of future happiness with my Japanese bride, a lamentable disappointment was at hand. The day was fixed for the marriage, and my wedding suit actually bespoken, when, on a certain morning, I was waited upon by a banjo, with a posse of officers, and informed that I must immediately pack up my effects and leave Jedo forever! I was thunderstruck at the news, and demanded an explanation. The banjo stated that he was sorry not to be able to gratify me so far; but all he knew was, that he had received an order from court to convey me, without delay, to Nangasaki, and hand me over to the Dutch *opperhoofd* at that place, to be shipped out of the country.

The cause of this unexpected turn of affairs, as I subsequently learned, was this. The story of my intended marriage had got abroad in the city, and, as I expected, had made an immense deal of talk. All the quidnuncs and tattlers in Jedo had it at the end of their tongues. The report that a Russian was about to marry a Japanese heiress was sufficiently novel to cause some speculation; but such exaggerations were added to the facts by popular rumor, that the story had assumed a most portentous aspect, and excited great alarm at court.

Some people believed that I was Ad-

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miral Tchitchagoff, who had come to spy out the country, in order that I might bring a Russian fleet into the bay of Jedo, and blow up the imperial palace. Others thought I was Prince Muschkin Puschkin, with a strong box of money to hire a band of followers and stir up a rebellion; and others again were certain that I was the emperor Alexander in disguise! All agreed that I was a very dangerous person, and ought to be taken care of. I was strongly of opinion that some disappointed rival had set these reports in circulation, with the hopes of breaking off the match; and my suspicions rested upon an old courtier named Nipnosey, who was once a suitor to my little charmer, but was rejected by her because he had learned to take snuff of a Dutchman. I never passed this fellow in the street, after my engagement with Kisnicy, but he gave me a look like a vinegar barrel; and I shall believe, to my dying day, that I lost a wife and a fortune by his means.

But what could I do? Nothing, but submit. I sent immediately for good old Stumpito, who shed a cascade of tears on hearing of the catastrophe. I desired him to bear my last sighs to his adorable daughter, and assure her that I should remember her among the snows of Muscovy, and weep over our separation as long as I had an eye in my head. — What signify many words in the relation of this dismal part of the story? I never saw the sweet creature more; and she is now the wife of a happy husband of her own nation. But Nipnosey did not get her, and that is some comfort.

My luggage was soon packed, and I was handed into a norimon which the officers had brought for that purpose. These fellows were all very civil, and made abundance of apologies for what they did in the discharge of their duty. Seeing me to be much cast down by this unexpected blow, they used their utmost endeavors to cheer me. They related a variety of pleasant stories, and pointed out to me the beautiful prospects upon the road. When we alighted to dine or pass the night, they were very studious to please me in the selection of the lodging and food. I took notice that every inn had a handsome garden, surrounded by white walls. Neatness and convenience were visible in all the arrangements. I understood it to be a strict rule that the guest must leave the rooms as clean as he finds them, so that no person ever quits an inn or lodging-place till he has seen his apartment put into proper order, well swept and washed. It would be regarded as an act not only of impoliteness, but almost of dishonesty, if the smallest speck of dirt were left behind.

As it is necessary for me to bring my narrative rapidly to a close, I must omit the incidents of my journey to Nangasaki, in the course of which almost every thing I saw tended to increase my admiration of the populousness of this country, and the industry, skill, enterprise, civility, and excellent order of the inhabitants. In spite of my attachment to my own home, I could have passed years in Japan with pleasure. After a journey of about three weeks, we reached Nangasaki. This city stands on a bay in the southern extremity of the Japanese territory, and is the only place at which foreigners are allowed to hold any intercourse with the subjects of the empire; the only nations

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admitted to that privilege being the Dutch and Chinese.

On my arrival, I was immediately transferred to the Dutch factory of Dezima, situated on a little island in the harbor. Here I remained till the annual Dutch packet ship arrived from Batavia, and took passage in her on her return. The remainder of my story, up to the time of my reaching home, may possibly be given to the world at some future period; but here I close my narrative of adventures in Japan.

My readers will not be displeased with a general view of the Japanese empire, which will render my description of this interesting country complete. The empire of Japan consists of a number of islands, which lie opposite to the coast of China, Tartary, and Corea, in about the same latitude with Spain and Italy. The whole country is extremely diversified, and consists of scarcely any thing else than mountains, hills, and valleys, a large plain being a thing unknown here. The coasts are rocky and mountainous, and washed by a very turbulent, stormy sea. The greater part of the harbors are entirely unknown to the Europeans; and the few with which any foreigners are acquainted, appear to be so beset by rocks and shoals as to render the navigation in their neighborhood extremely dangerous.

Many of the high mountains are overgrown with wood; others are cultivated in terraces, one above the other, to their very tops. The soil is naturally barren; but, in consequence of the wonderful industry and agricultural skill of the inhabitants, it is made to be very productive. The climate is moist and temperate, for the most part, and the violent heats of summer are relieved by refreshing sea breezes. Abundance of rain falls every year. Thunder-storms and hurricanes are frequent, and earthquakes not uncommon.

The Japanese, in their persons, are well-shaped and active; they are stout-limbed, but their strength is not equal to that of the people of Northern Europe. Their skin is of a yellowish color all over, sometimes inclining to brown, and sometimes to white. The lower class of people, who, in summer, work with the greater part of the body bare, are tanned very deeply. Ladies of distinction, who seldom go into the open air, have very fair complexions. The distinguishing feature of this people is their eyes, which are smaller, narrower, and sunk deeper in the head, than those of Europeans.

I have already particularized many traits in the moral character of the Japanese: for the rest, I will say that frugality maintains a preëminent rank in Japan. It is a virtue as highly esteemed in the imperial palace as in the poorest cottage. In consequence of this, the middling classes of people are contented with their little pittance, and the accumulated stores of the rich are not dissipated in wanton luxury. For this reason, scarcity and famine are strangers in the land, and hardly a beggar is to be found among the millions of this great empire. The people, in general, are neither parsimonious nor avaricious, and have a great detestation of gluttony and drunkenness.

The Japanese are remarkable for honesty: perhaps there is no other nation among whom so few thefts are committed: highway robberies are totally unknown. Justice is held sacred all over the country;

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the emperor is never known to commit any act of oppression; nor is any instance to be found in history, ancient or modern, of his having shown any ambition to extend his territories by conquest. The history of Japan affords numerous instances of the heroism of the people in the defence of their country against foreign invaders, but not one instance of their encroachment upon the land or property of others.

If we consider the general diffusion of knowledge among them, we must pronounce the Japanese to be the most enlightened people in the world. I do not mean that the most learned man among them knows as much as the most learned European; but that knowledge is more widely diffused in Japan than elsewhere. Every Japanese is able to read and write, and knows the laws of his country, which are seldom changed, and the most important of which are publicly exposed on large tables in the towns and villages. In agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, the fishery, the manufacture of silk and woollen stuffs, porcelain, and varnished utensils, they are not at all inferior to the Europeans. They are well acquainted with the art of mining and working metals. Cabinet-making and turning they understand to perfection, and they are admirably skilled in the manufacture of all articles belonging to domestic economy. Books are very abundant, and universally read. In 1781, a bookseller at Jedo published an encyclopedia in 639 volumes, and another work in 1000 volumes.

The Japanese people are well acquainted with the history and geography of their own country: the reading of historical works is their favorite amusement. But, with the exception of their professedly learned men and officers of rank in the government, they have very confined notions of the rest of the world. They consider the histories of all other nations except the Chinese, as useless and unworthy of their attention. They ask why they should concern themselves about the tales which every nation has invented out of vanity. The policy of the Japanese government requires them to hinder the people from obtaining a knowledge of foreign manners and customs that they may avoid the corruptions which these would be likely to introduce. The great object of the Japanese government is to secure to the people the blessings of peace, tranquillity, and abundance; and in no other part of the world is this object so completely attained.

I have already observed that, in their intercourse with each other, the Japanese, of every rank, are extremely polite. Their constant good-humor and polished behavior attest the real civilization of the people. In all my acquaintance with them, I never knew of such a thing as a quarrel, or heard any abusive language. I often witnessed disputes among them; but these were always conducted with the most admirable temper and moderation. What is still more extraordinary, although many individuals among them are possessed of immense riches, yet these are regarded by the mass of the people without the slightest envy. Should any rich man fall into poverty, or any nobleman incur disgrace at court, by an unhappy accident, they are neither of them the less respected for their misfortune.

The government of Japan is in its form an absolute monarchy, but in substance,

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it is a government of fixed and immutable laws. There are two sovereigns — the ecclesiastical and the political head of the empire. The former is called the *dairi*, or *mikado*, and is a sort of pope. He lives constantly shut up in his palace at Miaco, and the ceremonies connected with his sacred office would seem to be worse than slavery. He is never permitted to touch the earth, lest he should be defiled; when he moves from place to place, therefore, he is carried upon the shoulders of men. Even his hair, beard, and nails, are cut only when he is asleep. He is obliged to sit for the greater part of the day upon his throne, with the crown upon his head, and immovable as a statue. No dish that he eats or drinks from can be used a second time, either by himself or any other person, so that his whole crockery service of plates, dishes, cups, and saucers, must be broken every day. They take care, however, that he uses cheap crockery.

The political emperor is called *Cubo Sama*, or *Ziogoon*; he resides in his palace at Jedo. He goes once in seven years to visit the dairi, but carries on most of the business of government without him. The administration of the different principalities and provinces is exercised by the *damjos*, or princes, of which there are more than two hundred. Some of these visit the court with a retinue of above 60,000 persons. The laws of the empire are few in number, but every city has its own police regulations. The emperor's proclamations are always very concise, and to express any doubt of the truth or propriety of any thing they contain is a capital offence.

Many of the rights and duties of the Japanese nobility resemble those of the old feudal barons of Europe. They are obliged to maintain a certain number of troops in proportion to their estates. Whenever a nobleman builds a house, he is obliged to make two gates to it, one of which is always very highly ornamented, and then cased up till the emperor pays him a visit, when it is opened with great ceremony, and then shut up forever.

The population of Japan is variously estimated. Some geographers reckon it as high as thirty millions. The number of towns and villages, as stated in the Japanese geographies, amounts to 909,856. These are mostly built along the great roads, and are inhabited principally by shopkeepers and artisans. The streets are generally narrow, and the houses stand very close together. All the rich people have large gardens to their houses; for the Japanese are very fond of gardens, and spare no expense in ornamenting them. They have a keen relish for the beauties of nature, and are much gratified with the admiration expressed by strangers at the charming landscapes and picturesque views exhibited in their country. The greatest ornament of the Japanese houses consists in the extraordinary cleanliness they display, and to which all ranks very strictly attend.

No Europeans, except the Dutch, are allowed to trade with Japan, or even to set foot in the country. In former times, the Japanese carried on an extensive commerce with the other parts of the East. Their ships sailed not only to China and the Indian islands, but even to Hindostan. But after the troubles which accompanied the introduction of Christianity into the empire, foreigners were

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expelled from Japan, with very few exceptions. Christianity was extirpated, and the Japanese were forbidden by law to travel to foreign countries. Since this period, which was about two hundred years ago, foreigners have not been allowed to enter the country, except in small numbers, and with great precautions. Japanese ships can now trade only to Corea and the Loo Choo Islands, because the inhabitants of those regions pay tribute, and are considered in some measure as Japanese subjects.

As an instance of the rigor with which the prohibitory laws of the Japanese are enforced, I will quote the following historical fact: In 1640, the Portuguese, anxious to renew their intercourse with Japan, sent a ship from Macao, with two ambassadors and a retinue of more than seventy persons. On their arrival at Nangasaki, they were immediately made prisoners, and notice was sent to court. Orders were despatched to put them all to death. This was done with the exception of twelve, who had contrived to effect their escape. It must be recollected, however, that the hostile feeling against the Portuguese was very strong on account of the political troubles which these people had fomented in Japan during their intercourse with that country. At the present day, foreign ships, on approaching the shores of Japan, are immediately ordered off, and are not fired upon except when they obstinately refuse to depart. In many such cases, the Japanese have furnished the ships with provisions and water free of expense, and even provided boats to tow them to sea; but they systematically resist all attempts to open a trade with the country.

The prevailing religion of Japan is derived from India, and is a branch of the religion of the Brahmins. There are also other creeds, among which are the doctrines of Confucius, and the adoration of the heavenly bodies. Every Japanese yields strict obedience to the requirements of whatever religion he may have embraced. There is no law which forbids speaking freely and unreservedly on religious subjects, except in the case of foreign religions. To attempt to introduce these into Japan would be a capital crime. On the high roads, every mountain, hill, and cliff is consecrated to some divinity, as among the ancient Greeks. The difference of religions and sects in Japan does not cause the smallest embarrassment. Every citizen has a right to profess what faith he pleases, and to change it as often as he thinks fit. The Catholic missionaries found the Japanese very willing to embrace Christianity; and had these zealous preachers behaved with a little more discretion and forbearance, the religion of Jesus might at the present moment have been firmly established among the millions of Japan.

PRECIOUS STONES.—The precious stones are of various colors, and transparent. The *diamond* is white; *ruby* and *garnet*, different shades of red. *Amethyst* is violet; *sapphire* and *torquoise*, different shades of blue. *Emerald*, *beryl*, and *aqua-marine*, are different shades of green. The *topaz* is yellow. The stones which are not deemed precious, are the opal, cornelian, onyx, sardonyx, agate, and jasper. These will all take a fine polish; they are of various colors, and are used by jewellers for ornaments.

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The Young Botanist.

As it is now the season of leaves and flowers, we are going to say a few words on *botany*, for the particular benefit of our younger readers.

Every one knows that there are a great many *plants* on the earth. By plants I mean all kinds of trees, bushes, briers, vines, grasses, weeds, mosses, and every thing that produces flowers or fruit.

Well, how many different kinds of plants do you think there are in the world? I will tell you. More than FORTY THOUSAND have been already discovered! These vary in size from the smallest mosses to the largest trees. And the mosses that grow on rocks, and fences, and the trunks of trees, have seeds, as well as the larger plants; but they are so small that you cannot see them with the naked eye. It is necessary to look at them through a microscope or magnifying-glass, and then they may be seen very distinctly.

Forty thousand is a great number; but there are, no doubt, many more, that have never been found, or that are too small to be observed.

Then, again, how many flowers there must be of every one of these forty thousand kinds!

Take a dandelion, for instance. Can you tell how many dandelions you ever saw? You have seen large fields yellow with them, in the spring. They are pretty flowers, too, when examined; much prettier than some that are cultivated in gardens. How many millions of them there must be! No person can count them all.

Now, if every one of these forty thousand kinds consists of as many flowers as the dandelion does, what an extraordinary

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multitude of flowers there must be! We cannot, indeed, imagine the number.

We all know that God makes plants to live and grow; but the manner of their growing is very curious. Their life and growth are very much like our own. The circulation of the blood in the veins supports the life of an animal; the blood is formed from what it eats, and it is continually carried from the heart to all parts of the body; and when it is stopped at the heart, the animal immediately dies.

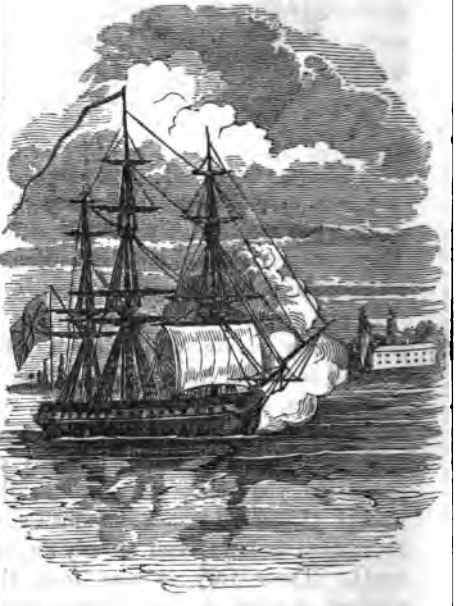
In the same way the sap is drawn from the earth to the roots; and through small passages, like the veins in your hand, it is conveyed up the body of the tree to all the branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit. If you were to cut off all the little fibres of the roots, through which the sap is drawn into the tree, the tree would die. The tree *lives* and *grows*, but it does not *live* and *move*, as an animal does.

Then let us consider the uses of plants. They are necessary to support life. Without them we should have no food. Our bread is made of grain. We eat a great many vegetables, and trees produce our chief fruits. You may, perhaps, think that, if we had no vegetables, we could eat meat. But where should we get our meat? Cattle, sheep, and hogs, live on grass, corn, and potatoes; they cannot eat dirt and stones, any more than we can. All animals live on the plants which grow on the earth. Shirts and some other parts of our dress are linen and cotton; and you must understand that these are plants. Cotton grows on a small tree. The tree bears a pretty blossom: after the blossom dies off, it is succeeded by a pod, which increases to a considerable size, and, when quite ripe, it bursts and displays the cotton.

Linen is made of the flax plant. Ropes are useful; a ship could not be managed without them, and they are made of hemp or flax.

But what should we do for houses, without trees? We might build parts of them of brick or stone, but we could hardly be comfortable without boards to finish our rooms with.

And then think how many articles of furniture — tables, bureaus, shelves, chairs, &c. — are made of wood. Our vehicles, carts, wagons, carriages, &c., are also of wood; and then as to ships, which



enable us to carry on trade between different countries, these, too, are chiefly of wood.

Besides the food, wood, and clothes, which we obtain from plants, many of them are very valuable for medicine.

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The greater part of the medicines in a druggist's shop are made from plants. The Indians, as well as some other rude tribes, have no other medicine than plants.

Nature has, no doubt, provided all countries with medicine, in the native herbs, which is quite sufficient to overcome any disease that may exist in them. In many countries the poor make use of herbs for the cure of diseases, the effects of which they have learned by experience. This is the case, also, in countries where the inhabitants have no education, and are quite unacquainted with medical science. When they wound themselves, they know at once what plants have a healing property; or, when they are ill inwardly, which plants will do them good.

Plants are not only useful and necessary for our support, but they are scattered over the earth in such variety as to make the appearance of them delightful. We do not like to look at those things which are unpleasant. We should soon be tired of gazing at large plains of sand, which would surround us if there were no green grass, and trees, and beautiful flowers. God has given us these things to be pleasant to our eyes. How bad it would be for us if there were nothing to shelter us from the sun! It is very delightful to sit in the cool shade when we are hot and tired, during the heat of summer.

The description of the nature of plants is called *botany*. Those who understand botany are called *botanists*. A great many persons do not know the names of plants, because they do not pay any attention to them. But if they would devote some of their *spare* time in learning something of them, they would find it a great enjoyment.

Division or Classification of Plants.

All plants are divided into six kinds, and each kind is named after the sort of places in which they grow.

The six kinds are these: *Alpine*, *hilly*, *shady*, *champaign*, *aquatic*, and *parasitic*.

Alpine plants are those that grow on high mountains.

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Hilly plants are those which grow on hills, where they have a dry soil, and are exposed to the heat of the sun.

Shady plants flourish in woods and shady places. They cannot bear the heat of the sun, but perish when removed from the shade of trees.

Champaign plants grow in low and dry plains.

Aquatic plants live in marshes, wet places, and in water.

Parasitic plants, instead of taking root in the earth, grow from the bodies and branches of trees. You have seen moss growing on trees; it is a parasitic plant. So is the mistletoe, and some others.

These six kinds of plants will not grow well in any other places than such as their names point out. If you were to remove a champaign plant to a shady place, it would not thrive; and if you were to remove a water-lily to a dry garden, it would die.

Light has a curious effect on plants. The leaves of trees always turn outwards from the trees themselves towards the light.

Have you not noticed a rose-tree or geranium, in a flower-pot, standing against the window? If you have, you will remember that every leaf of the plant is turned to the window for light.

If it were possible for plants to grow without light, they would have no color. Cuttings of cabbages and potatoes, and other things, are sometimes thrown into a dark cellar, where they sprout out and grow; but, instead of being green, they are of a delicate white. Potatoes, which have been thrown down at the far end of a damp, dark cellar, have been known to sprout, and the delicate white stalks have travelled several yards across the ground to reach the light at the doorway, and have peeped out and become quite green at the crevices. So important is it to their nature to have light.

Besides the division of plants according to the *places in which they grow*, there is also another arrangement of them, according to their *natures*. They are either *woody* or *herbaceous*.

Woody plants are those whose stalks are composed of wood — as trees, bushes, shrubs, briers, &c., which are not destroyed by the winter.

Herbaceous plants are those whose stalks are not composed of wood, but of a soft, vegetable substance, which generally perishes every year — as potatoes, tulips, dandelions, and all kinds of weeds, &c.

Plants are also divided into three kinds, according to their ages. These are *annual*, *biennial*, and *perennial*.

Annual plants are those which live only *one year*. They come from the seed in the spring, and in autumn die, both roots and branches. All plants which it is necessary to raise from seeds every year are called *annual* — as cucumbers, melons, peas, beans, &c.

Biennial plants live *two years*. They come up in one summer, produce their flowers, fruit, or seeds, and die in the next summer — as parsnips, cabbages, foxglove, hollyhocks, &c.

Perennial plants live many years. They continue to blossom and bear fruit and seed year after year.

The tops of some *perennials* die off every year, and the root only lives — as tulips, dandelions, daisies, &c. Others do not die, but only lose their leaves — as many kinds of trees, bushes, and briers.

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Gathering Flowers.

You can tell how old a tree is, after it is sawed down, by counting the number of rings that appear on the face of the part that is cut. A new coat of wood comes on every year, and the tree is just as many years old as it has rings.

Some trees are not solid in the trunk, but are filled with a soft substance, called *pith*, as the *elder*. This pith fills all the stems of the tree, and it remains there as long as the tree lives. There are some plants which have quite hollow stems, like a hollow pipe; which is caused by the outside coating, or woody part, growing so fast that the pith has not time to grow, and it becomes torn to pieces by the outside part of the stem.

Plants are also divided into *indigenous* and *exotic*.

Indigenous plants are those which grow wild in any country, and naturally belong to that country.

Exotic plants are those which do not naturally belong to a country, but have been brought from other countries. Almost all garden flowers are exotics, for there are very few of them that really belong to our country. And nearly all the fruit-trees are exotics; for there were no such things as apples, pears, and peaches in America when it was first discovered.

There are different names applied to the different parts of a plant.

Of Roots.

The root, as you know, is the part beneath the ground, in such plants as grow in the ground. And in plants that are called *parasitic*, the parts by which they cling to the trees or palings may be called *roots*.

A *branching* root is divided into several parts, in a similar manner to the upper part of the plant — as the roots of trees.

Fibrous roots are divided into very fine thread-like parts — as the roots of grass.

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Spindle roots are large at the top, tapering downwards to a point — as carrots, parsnips, and radishes.

Bulbous roots are nearly round — as the onion, hyacinth, &c.

There are other descriptions of roots, but the four I have named are the most common.

The *trunk* of a plant is the part which rises from the root above the ground — as the body of a tree, or the stalk of a tall plant.

From the trunk proceed the branches, and these support the leaves, flowers, and fruit. In the winter there are no leaves upon the trees, but there are many buds on the branches. The leaves and blossoms are enclosed in these in a perfect state, but very small. Some buds produce only leaves; others produce blossoms. The leaf-buds are sharp-pointed and slender, but the blossom-buds are round and blunt.

If you pick a flower-bud to pieces carefully, and examine it with a magnifying glass, you will see all the parts of the flower. It is wonderful how nicely the little leaves and flowers are packed up in the bud. Some trees retain their leaves during the winter: these are called *evergreens*. The holly, the bay, and the box are evergreens.

Of Leaves.

The *leaves* of trees and plants are also different in their forms, and there is a name for every form.

First, then, the stalk or leaf-stem is called the *petiole*, and the ridge up the middle of the leaf is called the *midrib*.

The chief terms are, *ovate*, *obovate*, *oval* *cordate*, *lanceolate*, *linear*, *awl-form*, *arrow-form*, *lobed*, *palmate*, *pinnate*, *serrate*, *bipinnate*, *pedate*.

You will, perhaps, be startled at all these names, but I have only selected a few such as I know any child may understand. When you are older, I hope to see you pursuing the science, and learning all the curious botanical terms.

Ovate.

The *ovate* leaf is formed like an egg — as an apple leaf.

The *obovate* leaf is like the *ovate*, but with the smallest end next to the stem — as the leaf of the daisy.

The *oval* leaf has both ends of the same breadth — as the wild cherry.

The *cordate* leaf is heart-shaped, having the largest end towards the stalk. The word *cor*, in Latin, means *heart*.

The *lanceolate* leaf is shaped something like the head of an ancient lance, being long, narrow, and tapering to a point — as the leaf of the willow.

The *linear* leaf is of the same width

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Cordate.

Lanceolate.

through nearly the whole length, and pointed at the end — as some of the grasses.

The *awl-form* leaf is narrow and curved, something like a shoemaker's awl.

The *arrow-form* leaf is shaped like the head of an arrow.

The *lobed* leaf has deep notches or partings in the sides or ends — as the leaf of the oak or the maple.

Oak Leaf.

The *palmate* leaf resembles the hand with the fingers spread out — as the horse-chestnut.

The *pinnate* leaf has separate small leaves on opposite sides of the same petiole or stalk — as the acacia.

The *serrate* leaf is notched or jagged

Serrate.

round the edge — as the leaf of the rose-tree or cherry-tree.

Pinnate.

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As I have said, there are many more varieties of leaf; but I must leave the description of them for some other occasion.

You will find much pleasure in looking at one class of leaves and then at another, and observing the difference between them. It is only by comparing them that you will become familiar with them. The various branches which spring from the midrib are very beautiful in all leaves, especially when held up to the light.

Of Flowers.

I shall now tell you of the most beautiful part of a plant; I mean the flower.

The flower is divided into *seven* parts. The names of these parts you must be particular to learn and remember. They are, 1. the *calyx;* 2. the *corol;* 3. the *stamen;* 4. the *pistil;* 5. the *pericarp;* 6. the *seed;* 7. the *receptacle.*

The *calyx*, or flower-cup, is the green part immediately beneath the flower, in which the flower is generally situated. It consists either of one leaf or of several. Some flowers have no calyx — as the tulip. The long sheath or tube in which the flower of the pink is placed is the calyx. The calyx leaves usually cover the flower before it blows. The green covering of a rose-bud before it blows is the calyx.

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The *corol* is the colored part within the calyx. The leaves of the corol are called *petals*. A tulip has six petals. A rose has many petals. Most flowers have a *nectary*. This is the part in which the honey is found. From the nectary the bees gather their honey.

The *stamens* are the slender, thread-like substances within the corol, generally placed in a circle round the *pistil*. A tulip has six stamens, and the blossom of an apple-tree twenty.

The stamen is also divided into the *anther*, *pollen*, and *filament*.

The *anther* is the little knob on the end of the stamen.

The *pollen* is the fine dust within and upon the anther. Bees, when returning to their hives, frequently have their thighs covered with a yellow powder; this is the pollen of flowers, which they have gathered. They lay it up in their little cells. The pollen of plants, thus gathered, is made into beeswax.

The *filament* is the part which supports the anther and pollen.

The *pistil* is that part which stands in the centre of the flower, surrounded by the stamens — as the large green substance in a tulip. Some flowers have but one pistil, and others have several. The pistil is divided into three parts, viz., the *stigma*, *germ*, and *style*.

The *stigma* is the lower knob that is seated on the end of the pistil.

The *germ* is the lower part of the pistil, which, when it is ripe, contains the seed.

The *style* is that part of the pistil which connects the stigma with the germ. The style of the lily is very long, but the tulip has no style. Many flowers have no style.

The *pericarp* is the bag that contains the seed; sometimes called the *seed-bag*.

Whatever contains the seed of a plant is called the *pericarp*. Different plants produce a different number of seeds. Some have only one, some two, and some many.

A botanist once calculated the number of seeds which a single stalk of tobacco produced in one summer. He found the number to be THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND!

There are several curious ways in which seeds are scattered on the earth. Some are so formed as to be carried a great distance by the wind — as the feathery seeds of the thistle, and the dandelion, which children call *clocks*, and many others.

The *receptacle* is the end of the flower-stem, upon which the other six parts of the flower stand.

I might now proceed to tell you many other things about plants, but this will do for one lesson.

The Story of Chicama.

CHAPTER XII.

[Continued from p. 148.]

THE week which followed the events detailed in the last chapter, was the most memorable in the history of Peru. Influenced by a variety of motives, Atahualpa had consented to an interview with Pizarro. He had heard of the amazing power of the latter, of the feats of his soldiers, their horses described as strange, swift animals, and their fire-arms, which seemed to wield the

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thunder and the lightning. He had heard of their irresistible march into the country, and of the failure of every attempt to oppose them. Pizarro had taken care to send messengers to the inca, to say that he was the ambassador of a mighty, but benignant monarch, in the land of the rising sun; that he was the bearer of a message of peace if obedience were rendered to his commands, but of vengeance in case he was opposed. Confiding in these assurances, repeatedly given, Atahualpa assented to the meeting which Pizarro urged upon him.

There were, indeed, other motives in the mind of the emperor than those which flowed from the representations of the Spanish leader. His soul was disturbed by a superstitious awe, at the approach of beings so strange as these foreigners were described to be. He could hardly regard them but as messengers from the unseen world, and destined to fulfil some great purposes of Heaven. To oppose such beings, was not only vain, but a presumptuous defiance of the will of Providence. Beside these considerations, the emperor did not forget those of policy. His dynasty* was by no means established. Though Huascar was dead, his brother, Manco Capac, was still living, and began already to aspire to the throne.

Indeed, many of the people of Cusco and the vicinity had already declared in his favor. Though Atahualpa had destroyed several members of the incarial line, many still survived; and he had just heard that Runa, a sister of Huascar, and celebrated for her beauty and talents, with Orano, a priest of such powers as to pass for a sorcerer, were actually on their way to join Manco Capac at Cusco, to aid in the attempt to place him upon the throne of his fathers.

The camp of the emperor was pitched in the vicinity of Caxamalca. Here he had been visited by messengers from Pizarro, who again assured the monarch of the benignant character and friendly intentions of their chief. These had witnessed with mingled amazement and cupidity the splendor and wealth of the Peruvian monarch and his attendants. Their persons seemed loaded with ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones, and the precious metals actually constituted the chief material of their utensils. The effect of the representations of this kind upon Pizarro and his greedy troops, was to render them eager to commence their work of plunder, upon which they were now fully resolved.

While Pizarro was approaching the point of rendezvous, Atahualpa was agitated by many conflicting emotions. Hope and fear, suspicion and confidence, in respect to his visitors, alternately took possession of his breast. A short time previous to the day appointed for the ominous interview, news was brought him of the capture of Runa, Orano, and an unknown attendant. He merely or-

* In the main, we follow the thread of history in our narrative, the leading purpose being to give a representation of the spirit of these times; but in respect to the death of Huascar, we have made it precede the capture of Atahualpa, whereas, in point of fact, it followed that event.

The reader will please correct our error, which may be found in chap. vi. p. 118, vol. xii. Huascar is there represented as saying that he was the "only lawful *child*" of Huana Capac. The word *child* should be *successor*.

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dered them to be kept in confinement, and proceeded with his preparations for the meeting.

Pizarro had already advanced and entered the town of Caxamalca, a considerable place, fortified by a wall of earth. He had taken possession of a large court between the palace and the temple of the sun, and was thus in a strong position.

Early in the morning of the 16th of November, A. D. 1532, the Peruvian camp was all in motion. Anxious to appear to the greatest advantage in the eyes of his visitors, Atahualpa resorted to every art to decorate his person, and exhibit the splendor of his court and camp. The day was far spent in tedious preparations, and it was not till late that he and his gorgeous retinue approached the town of Caxamalca, where Pizarro awaited them.

When they came in sight, their appearance was in the highest degree imposing. Before the sovereign, advanced four hundred men as marshals to clear the way. The emperor, seated on a couch decorated with plumes, and glittering with gold and jewels, was borne on the shoulders of some of his nobles. The officers of his court and his chief attendants followed, being carried in a similar manner. Singers and dancers accompanied the gay and gorgeous procession. An army amounting to thirty thousand men, marching in long array, completed the train.

The inca entered Caxamalca, and came near the quarters of the Spaniards. He was here met by a Catholic priest, named Valverde, the chaplain of the expedition. Pizarro had again and again assured the inca of his pacific intentions; but he had nevertheless determined to attack and capture him, and plunder his people. This perfidy and falsehood did not hinder him or his priest from acting in the name of their religion, and by the avowed authority of the church.

It may well be imagined that Atahualpa, the monarch of realms that stretched two thousand miles from north to south; of a nation that numbered fifteen millions; of a people whose nobles bowed their heads to the ground in reverence for his person; of a dynasty that had reigned undisputed for centuries, and that claimed to hold their throne as the descendants of the sun — should have listened to the address of the Spanish priest with undisguised amazement. That functionary proceeded to give a long account of the creation of the world; of the fall of Adam; the death and resurrection of Christ; and the appointment of the apostles. He then stated that the Pope of Rome, named Alexander, was their successor, and, as such, was God's agent on earth. Acting in this capacity, he, the said Pope Alexander, had given all the countries of America, and among the rest the empire of Peru, to the king of Spain!

To enforce the claim thus established, the said king of Spain had sent his trusty servant Pizarro, here present, who now demanded of Atahualpa, forthwith, that he should renounce the worship of the sun, which was a base idolatry; that he should adopt the Christian faith and worship, which was the only true religion, and require his people to do the same; and finally, that he should confess himself to be a vassal of the king of Spain!!

An address so monstrous shocked the feelings of the Peruvian king, but he behaved with dignity. He replied that he was monarch of Peru by the right of

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succession, and he could not conceive how a foreign priest or pope could dispose of that which did not belong to him. He said he had no disposition to reject the faith of his country and his ancestors; and as to the strange things told him by the priest, he could hardly understand them, much less believe them, unless he was furnished with some conclusive evidence of their truth and authority.

Upon this, Valverde handed him his breviary,* saying, "In this holy book you will find proofs of the truth of what I say."

Atahualpa took the book eagerly, turned over its leaves, and then held it to his ear. After listening for a time, he threw it upon the ground, with an air of disdain, saying, "This is silent; it does not speak to me." Upon this, Valverde flew into a pretended rage, and, turning to the Spaniards, exclaimed, "To arms! Christians, to arms! Behold, the heathen insults the word of God! Strike down these impious dogs. Strike, for the cause of our holy religion!" The soldiers, already eager to begin the work of plunder, did not need this appeal of the bloody-minded priest. The signal of assault was instantly given, the martial music burst upon the ear; and the cannon, artfully planted to do the work of death, opened their fire. At the same time, volleys of musketry were discharged, the infantry pushed forward, and the dragoons, sword in hand, rushed to the carnage.

Lulled into security by the repeated assurances of Pizarro, the Peruvians were totally unprepared for the onset. They stood for a moment panic-struck, and fell like sheep before the slaughterers. The rest then fled in confusion, pursued and cut down by the Spaniards. Pizarro, with a chosen band, pushed forward to secure the person of the inca. The nobles of the unfortunate monarch crowded around him, and sought to protect him. With touching fidelity, they stood firm, and many of them perished beneath the relentless weapons of the assailants.

The struggle was short, but decisive. For a brief space, the streets of Caxamalca resounded with the thunder of cannon, and the peals of music blended with yells of terror and dismay on one side, and cries of "Strike!"—"Kill!"—"Down with the infidel dogs!" on the other.

The inca was soon captured by Pizarro, and the Peruvians, learning this fact, fled in all directions. They were, however, pursued by the Spanish soldiers, who seemed to find a fiendish inspiration in the cries of agony and the wailings of despair that came up from the wounded and the dying around them. Alas! the tiger is less bloody than the Christian soldier, when he is let loose upon a foe he has been taught to despise. The soldier, though he may wear the name of Christian, is then no longer a man, but a demon, and does a demon's work. Such is the testimony of history in all ages. Let him who embraces the profession of arms consider well what he is doing!

The contest was over, but the work of death did not cease. The flying Peruvians were pursued and butchered without remorse. Those who resisted and those who begged for life were slaughtered alike. It was not till the sun went down that the hand of the slayer was stayed. Four thousand Indians perished; yet not a Spaniard was slain. The gold and silver

* A *breviary* is a compilation containing the daily service of the church of Rome.

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that fell into the hands of the plunderers amounted to millions. Transported with their good fortune, and heedless of the scenes of agony and death around them, the Spaniards spent the night in thanksgivings to God for the glorious victory he had granted to the faithful followers of the cross, and in bacchanalian revels!.

It is not our design to detail the further history of the unfortunate Atahualpa, or the perfidy and cruelty which marked the proceedings of his captors. We need but say that, after a series of sufferings, he was subjected to a mock trial, and condemned to death. Father Valverde added to this doom the denunciation of the church; but he then offered to convert the prisoner to the Christian faith. The soul of the inca revolted from such a proposal, coming from such a source. But the priest, like those of his calling, was deeply skilled in the arts of breaking down the mind; and accordingly he threatened his victim with being burned alive, and consigned to the agonising fires of hell hereafter, if he refused to be baptized and to embrace the Catholic faith. The scene presented was one of those dark and fearful passages with which the history of priestcraft abounds. The monarch was wasted to a shadow by suffering and sorrow, but he had still something of the dignity which belongs to a superior mind. Though trained in the habits which attend an exalted station, he was now seated upon the floor of his prison, which was lighted only by the glare of a torch. Before him was the priest, making a last offer to the prisoner.

The struggle in the inca's breast was painted upon his brow. For a long time, he resisted; but at last, shocked and overwhelmed by the horrors that threatened him, he yielded to the priest, and received baptism. In consideration of his conversion, the monk granted him absolution for his sins, and kindly caused him to be strangled at the stake, instead of being roasted to death by fire, as had been decreed by his judges!

Such is the record which history has left us; and fearful as it is, unhappily, it stands not alone. It is but one among a thousand instances, in which men, wielding the authority of "the church," and pretending to act for God, have made humanity blush. The lesson which these things teach us is, to shun the agents of every system, whatever it may be, who, pretending to act by divine appointment, proceed in a manner for which the words and example of Christ do not furnish plain and explicit authority. Let no priest, or potentate, or power, exercise influence over our minds, who cannot point to the Bible, and show us, in phrases not to be mistaken, his high commission!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Jean Pic de la Mirandole.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME COLLET.

[Continued from p. 198.]

One day, Fra Rinaldo, prior of the convent, entered the apartment where all the family were. "I announce to you," said he, "news which will be, doubtless, very indifferent to most of you, but which Jean will hear with interest."

* In the absence of the editor, some typographical errors have occurred in the preceding number. "Pic de Mirandole" should be "Pic de Mirandole" as above.

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"What is it?" cried young Mirandole, turning toward his uncle.

"The arrival of the celebrated professor Lulli; he comes to sustain theological themes with his pupils at the University of Modena."

"O, how I wish to see him!" cried the child with enthusiasm — "Lulli, the wisest man in Europe. O, my uncle, what a wonderful man he must be!" Then, perceiving that his admiration excited the irony of his brother, he was silent; but he immediately made a bold resolution.

When the prior arose to go out, he followed him; and, as soon as he could speak with him alone, he said, "Uncle, I wish to go to Modena; I wish to see the celebrated professor; I wish to sustain, before him, a theme, that I may do honor to the name of my father. Uncle, do you believe that I should succeed, or that my desire is only an illusion of pride?" "Child," replied Fra Rinaldo, "thy thought is noble and great, and, though very young, I believe thou art learned enough to sustain a theme as you propose. But how wilt thou go to Modena? Thy family is banished, and forbidden to return there under pain of death; and, notwithstanding thy youth, thou art included in this severe proscription. It would be a rash act to expose thy life for the vain desire of glory!" "O, you do not know me," cried Jean with chagrin; "it is not the desire for glory which animates me; it is a better thought." And then he told his uncle why he desired to undertake this perilous project; and the father, touched and conquered by his words and his devotion, promised to aid him. Jean resolved to conceal his journey from his family, and to depart on the morrow with a lay brother, under pretext of retiring to a neighboring convent, whose superior desired to know him; but he determined to take the route to Modena, where he should appear under the mere name of Jean, and, as a young scholar, recommended to the celebrated Lulli, by Fra Rinaldo.

When the morrow appeared, he rose and ran to the monastery to seek his uncle. Fra Rinaldo came to him, and they went together to his mother. It was with much urging that the prior obtained leave from the countess that Jean should go and pass some days with the superior of a neighboring convent; the mother had never before been without her child, and she felt that she should be desolate in his absence. In the mean time, Fra Rinaldo having represented to her that it would be of the greatest use to her son, she no longer opposed it, but shed tears on seeing him depart.

Fra Nicolo, a lay brother, who had great affection for Jean, was to accompany him, to take care of, and protect him by his experience. He mounted upon a white mule, which was kept for the use of the friars, which went at an easy pace, and was very gentle. Jean, after having embraced his parents, leaped upon the pillion behind Fra Nicolo, and they set off for Modena.

The child had concealed in his bosom the letter his uncle had given him to Professor Lulli, and he had placed in a small bag, at his girdle, all the themes he had written after his studies; he knew that, by reading attentively beforehand, he could answer all the questions proposed by Lulli. Full of security as to his replies to the doctor, he travelled gayly,

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joining the amusements of childhood with his grave thoughts.

On the way he played a thousand pranks. Often, under the pretence of resting the mule, he got off and walked, culling new flowers, or asking the vintagers for some of the grapes which hung on vines entangled with the trees; he always shared these gifts with Fra Nicolo; and he amused himself by thanking the vintagers in Arabic or Hebrew, which made these good people laugh at him, though they did not understand him. At other times, getting in advance of the lazy mule, he ran along till he was out of sight, then hiding behind a tree, out of sight of Nicolo, who, not seeing him, gave the lash to the poor mule to overtake him; when he had enjoyed the embarrassment of his guide, he reappeared suddenly to his eyes, and Fra Nicolo, after a mild reprimand, aided him to mount, and they continued on their way.

As soon as they arrived at Modena, Jean, accompanied by Fra Nicolo, presented himself to Lulli. He took the letter from the prior, without regarding him who had presented it; but when he had raised his eyes, and saw such a youthful advocate, of but thirteen years, he thought that Fra Rinaldo did but mock him, by saying Jean was among the best scholars in Italy; but the letter was so precise, and he there mentioned so many instances of his great learning, he resolved to put some questions to him to prove him. Jean replied so knowingly and profoundly that the doctor was astonished, and resolved immediately to admit him to the trial with the candidates who were to sustain a thesis of theology in the presence of the magistrates and learned men of Italy.

The day which Jean so impatiently expected at last arrived, and, at the moment he entered the enclosure to engage in the contest, he felt an almost supernatural power of resolution.

The Podestat of Modena, surrounded by magistrates and feudal princes of the states, was seated upon chairs covered with purple, from which they could see the whole assembly. Amongst these high lords Jean recognized Bonacasse, the enemy of his family, and the cause of their ruin. His presence inflamed him with a new ardor, and he resolved to raise to the name of his father a glory which could not be tarnished.

The hall was full, and crowded in the public seats, when Doctor Lulli entered, covered with a long black robe, bordered with ermine, and mounted his chair. He had before him six pupils, whom he was to interrogate, each with a black robe, but without ermine. Among them Jean de la Mirandole attracted great attention, and excited general astonishment. It was, indeed, an extraordinary spectacle to see this child with his white wig, his red cheeks, and bright eyes full of candor, covered with a doctor's robe, and ready to sustain a theologian's theme.

The youth, a little embarrassed at the regards he drew, lowered his head, and heard attentively the responses the other pupils made to the doctor. When their examination was finished and his turn came, imboldened by their weakness, he raised his eyes with assurance to the interrogator; but in this movement his looks were involuntarily directed towards one of the public galleries, and he nearly allowed

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a cry to escape him, in recognizing his mother in the midst of the crowd. His mother, who had divined his purpose, had learned the truth from Fra Rinaldo, and had come to Modena to die with him if he was discovered by their enemy. The young *savant* repressed the emotion created by the sight of his mother, and, inspired by all the sentiments which elevate the soul, he replied with perfect clearness and wonderful eloquence to the points of science proposed by the doctor.

The doctor, astonished, endeavored by cross questions to puzzle him; but he vainly multiplied all scholastic subtilties; the child seemed to play with these difficulties. Finally, Lulli, conquered by his genius, and led by the enthusiasm of the assembly, declared him worthy of the recompense promised by the magistrate of Modena to the one of six candidates who should best sustain a thesis.

Jean, conducted by the doctor, advanced towards the grandees. Full of joy, but without pride, he kept his eyes fixed upon his mother, whose emotion betrayed itself by tears. Suddenly a voice was heard; it was that of Lord Bonacasse. "The name!" demanded he; "the name of this child," cried he to the magistrate of Modena; for he recognized the son of count de la Mirandole. At these words, the mother, full of terror, rushed from the crowd to the side of her son; she encircled him with her arms, as if to protect him from danger. But the intrepid child disengaged himself, and, placing himself before the magistrate, said, in a strong voice, "I am called Jean Pic de la Mirandole, son of the lord of Mirandole, count of Concordia. I know that my family is banished from here, to return on pain of death! I deliver my head to you, Lord Bonacasse; but I ask from you, podestat of Modena, the recompense due to me for my triumph to-day. You know that the choice of the recompense is left to me! I have chosen! Pardon my family; return to my father his wealth, his honors, and his country; then let me die, if you think it just."

A thousand voices applauded him; all hearts were moved, and all eyes filled with tears; the magistrate himself, unable to contain his emotion, embraced the noble child, and granted for his sake the pardon of his family. Bonacasse was obliged to restore to the count de la Mirandole the dominions of his ancestors; and this heritage, lost by arms, was regained by the eloquence of a child.

Pic de la Mirandole became the wisest man of his age; he travelled in all Europe, visiting the most celebrated universities; that of Paris accorded to him great honors, and Charles VIII., who reigned then in France, called him his friend.

The Declaration of Independence.

"PRAY, Mr. Merry, why is there so much talk about the *Fourth of July?*"

I am going to tell you, my dear—though I am not sure but I have told you before. Yet no matter for that—a good story will bear to be told twice.

You know that, about seventy years ago, the United States were colonies of Great Britain, just as Canada and New Brunswick are colonies now. We had no congress and no president, but the king

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and parliament of Great Britain made laws for us and ruled over us.

Now, the people of this country became dissatisfied with the British government; so they sent some of their wise men to Philadelphia, to consult about it, and see what could be done. These men, when assembled, formed a congress, and after deliberating a great while, they drew up a paper declaring that the people of America had been badly treated by the English government; that they would submit to it no longer, and that they would therefore be *free!* This Declaration of Independence was published on the 4th of July, 1776; and hence the *fourth of July* is celebrated as a day of joy and festivity in our country. That day we became an independent nation; and hence it is often spoken of as the "*birthday of American liberty.*"

This Declaration of Independence was chiefly drawn up by a famous man from Virginia, Thomas Jefferson, and it was signed by every member of the congress. It has become celebrated all over the world, as well for the beauty and force of its language, as the truth of its sentiments. The original document has been frequently copied, and no doubt all our readers have seen a *fac-simile*, or exact copy, of the signatures to it. When they are old enough to understand such matters, they should read the Declaration of Independence, and fully understand its contents.

The Plane-Tree.

The plane-tree is a native of the most western parts of Asia, where it forms one of the noblest objects in the vegetable kingdom. When planted in rich and moist ground, its huge branches spread out in all directions from the massive trunk, and are covered with broad, handsome, glossy leaves. The stem is tall and erect, covered with a smooth bark, which falls off every year. It also bears very small flowers, which make their appearance a little before the leaf. The wood is of a hard and fine grain, though rather brittle; when old, it has dark veins, and when cut, nearly resembles walnut-wood.

The plane is said to be the tree which best keeps out the rays of the sun in summer, and most readily admits them in winter. For this reason, it has often been planted near large buildings and palaces, and in public walks and places of exercise. Pliny, who lived more than eighteen hundred years ago, mentions a plane-tree in Lycia, in the trunk of which had been formed, by degrees, a large cavern, which measured eighty feet round. He also states that one of the governors,

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with eighteen other persons, often dined and supped comfortably in it. While he and his company were sitting safe and dry within, the noise of the rain, pattering on the leaves overhead, became agreeable music to them. History tells of another, the hollow of which served for an emperor, with fifteen of his friends, to sit and dine in, at the same time allowing room for their attendants to wait upon them. The emperor used to call it his *nest*. In Eastern countries, the plane seems to have been considered sacred, as the oak was formerly in Britain. One modern traveller describes a most noble grove of these trees which adorn the plain of Antioch; and another records that he enjoyed a night's rest under plane-trees of great beauty in the valley of Lebanon.

The plane is cultivated in Europe, and grows into a fine tree, though not to the very large size which it attains in the East. It is said to have been first introduced into England by the celebrated Lord Bacon, who planted some at his country-seat, at Verulam, which were in a flourishing state more than a century after his death.

Foot-Races.

Of all sports, those of racing seem to be the most universal; but nowhere do they seem to have been of so great importance as in ancient Greece. Here they acquired a sort of national importance. They were designed to confirm the health of their youth; to inure them to fatigue; and to improve their strength, vigor, and activity.

The persons who were designed to take part in these races, were put into training, under experienced masters, for about twelve months. Strict rules were laid down for the whole of their conduct. Their food was simple, being chiefly dried figs, nuts, soft cheese, and coarse, heavy bread. They were forbidden the use of wine and strong drink. They were required to rise early, to take suitable exercise, and to avoid every thing which might injure their health or strength. When the time for the races arrived, they

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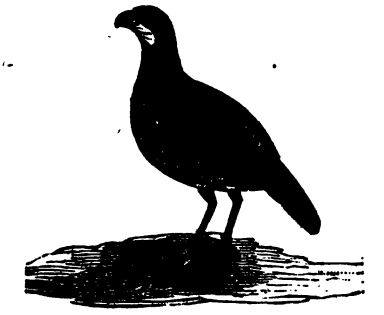
were carefully examined, to see if all the rules had been complied with. They had then to lay aside such parts of their clothes as might entangle them, or in any way hinder their course.

The place in which the racers ran, was about six hundred feet in length, and was hence called the *Stadium*. On each side was a large gallery, in which was seated a great multitude of spectators, who crowded from all parts of the country. The path which the racers were to keep was marked out by white lines or posts; and he who did not keep to those lines, or who took any unfair advantage, lost the prize, even though he were the first to reach the goal. The reward, which was a garland of leaves, was placed full in sight of the racers; and they were encouraged to exert themselves to the very utmost, by the cheers and shouts of the thousands who were looking upon them. When the judges had determined who was the winner, his name was proclaimed by the herald; the crown of leaves was placed upon his head; and he was conducted along the line in triumph, amidst the repeated applauses of the delighted multitudes.

Human life, including the careful performance of all its duties, is often compared to a race. Happy are those who so run this race, as to receive from the hands of the Supreme Judge the crown of eternal life!

The Quail.

The quail is a well-known and beautiful bird, and is sometimes called a *partridge*. It is found in amazing quantities on the shores of the Red Sea,



in the wilderness of Palestine, and in the deserts of Arabia Petræa. Quails often remove, in very large flocks, from place to place; and, in their passage across the saa, to and from Africa, more than a hundred thousand have been killed at one time. Some are eaten while fresh; the rest are salted and dried for future use. They are easily caught. In the north of Persia, the men stick two poles in their girdles, and dress them up so as to look, at a distance, like the horns of an animal. They then crawl about the fields, with a hand net; and the quail, supposing them to be beasts, allows the men to come near enough to throw the net over it. We read in the Bible, that when the Jews, in their passage through the wilderness, clamored to have flesh to eat, God caused a strong wind to drive quails in very large quantities about the camp; and thus, by a miracle, provided more than a million persons with food for some weeks. God, however, was greatly displeased with the Jews on that occasion, because of their impatience and ingratitude, and destroyed thousands of them by means of a sore plague.

Be quick to forgive; be slow to offend.

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Maximilian Christopher Miller.

This man may be ranked among the modern giants. He was eight feet high, and every way proportionally large. He had a fierce countenance, seeming to express a kind of savage ferocity. He was born at Leipsic, in Germany, in 1694, and was exhibited through Europe, every where exciting astonishment by his size and appearance.

What a difference between Maximilian Christopher Miller and General Tom Thumb! It is probable that the former was at least ten times as large as the latter; but big as he was, little Tommy has created a much more lively sensation than the German giant. It would seem, after all, that a little man is preferred to a big one!

To Readers and Correspondents.

As we are near the close of our half-yearly volume, it is proper that we occupy a column with a few words of chitchat with our patrons and correspondents.

To the former we offer many thanks for their good nature in overlooking our faults, and making the best of our humble endeavors to amuse and instruct our readers. To the latter we must repeat the apology before offered, that, while we are in a foreign land, travelling from place to place, we can hardly receive their letters. We must forego the pleasure of communing with them, by pen and paper, for a time, hoping that, when our travels are over, and when we have gathered a little more strength and health by relaxation, we may resume our intercourse, and have the same shower of letters, by the mails, that once used to greet us.

To those who are very anxious to know our plans for the future, we say, confidentially, that we propose to conclude the story of "Jacob Karl" in about three numbers more: the adventures of "Chicama" will extend to four numbers. "Walks and Talks" will be a pretty long story, but will be finished before the close of the year.

We have lots of new cuts, designed to adorn our pages; and the next number will present a sample of the improvements, in that respect, which we intend to introduce into our work in future. We hope and trust that, if our friends have been content with us heretofore, they will have reason to be still more so hereafter.

Our Music, and other articles intended for this number, are necessarily deferred.

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ROBERT MERRY'S

MUSEUM.

EDITED BY

S. G. GOODRICH,

AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

VOLUME XIV.

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Vol. XIV. JULY, 1847. No. 1.

It is July — the very height of the summer season. Will any body read Merry's Museum at such a time as this? Will our little Black eyes and Blue forsake their out-door sports to pore over our pages? Will they say good-by to the flowers — give up chasing the butterflies — leave the shady rivulet — throw aside the hook and line — abandon the birds, and take leave of the meadows and orchards — even to hear the tales of their wooden-legged old friend?

No, no! we do not ask such sacrifices as these. Go on, Boys and Girls; sport while you can; enjoy the bright and beautiful summer month to its utmost. Old Robert Merry does not ask you to darken the doors on his account. Go abroad and look around you, and hold pleasant communion with every thing that is beautiful. If you love flowers, stay and make companions of them. You may breathe their sweet odors, gaze upon their graceful forms, mark their wondrous variety, and consider not only their beauty, but their usefulness in ten thousand ways, — to man, to bird, to beast, and every creeping thing.

If you have the habit of minute attention, there is amusement all around you. The little ant-heap, when duly inspected, is seen to be a sort of incorporated city, or rather a little kingdom, with all the rules and regulations, all the arts and trades, necessary to the comfort and well-being of Ant-dom.

If a spider is near at hand, his operations will divert you for an hour. He spins, but without silk, or flax, or wool. His thread is finer than the finest hair, and consists of a thousand strands; yet he has neither spindle nor wheel. He weaves his web without shuttle or loom, and fastens his net without hook or staple. In his own body he seems to carry all the skill, all the stock in trade, all the tools, all the devices and contrivances, necessary to a complete manufactory. He has no act of incorporation — no water power — no steam-engine — no board of directors — no agent; he goes upon his own hook, and makes no dividends, except he now

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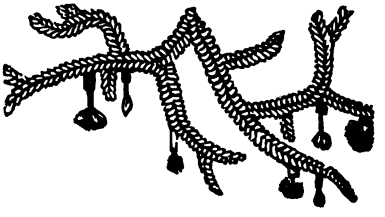
and then divides a fly — but all for himself.

Thus it is, if we study even little matters aright, they are full of meaning. It is not necessary that Bob Merry should always be at your elbow to tell you how to think, and what to think — what to observe, and how to observe; think for yourself, look for yourself, and you will not fail to reap a perpetual harvest. The grasshoppers that are now singing their best songs; the clouds that sail through the air; the gnats that are swinging up and down in the sunshine; the zephyrs, whose merry feet may be seen dimpling the distant wheatfields; the soft, plaintive tones of the young birds calling out, from every tree, to their parents, "Here we are, mamma!" "Here we are, papa!" the cawing of the crows, that seemed in some distant wood to be discussing things in general; all sights, all sounds, associated with the light of this beautiful season, and amid the balmy breath of midsummer, possess the power of contributing to our enjoyment.

I beg my young readers to remark that I have not yet said a word about the delicious fruits that summer has already ripened, and other fruits that are yet to be matured. I have said not a word about the ruddy strawberries that peep out from the hill-side, and seem to say, "Won't you take a bite?" I have not said a word about the saucy cherries that turn up their glistening cheeks, as much as to say, "Wouldn't you like a kiss if you could get it?" I have said nothing about those green apples upon the trees, that are like some green boys I know, — rather rough customers now, — hard without and crabbed within, yet destined erelong to become ripe, mellow, and delightful. I have not noticed the peaches and the pears, the plums, or the gooseberries, or the grapes, or the melons. I have not directed attention to any of *these* things, for my little friends understand them quite as well as I do; and their young eyes will see them sooner than my dim old spectacles.

But what I wish to say is simply this — that midsummer feeds not the lip and the palate alone. It does not minister merely to the five senses, — bringing in a constant stream of pleasures through these five avenues, — but it goes farther, and wakes up the mind to a boundless circle of enjoyments.

And our Museum would by no means interfere with these. While you can find happiness in the open air, my young friends, let Bob Merry lie upon the shelf. He is patient and can bide his time. When, perchance, there shall come a rainy day, or dull evening, you may turn over these pages, and see how the world goes with "Jacob Karl," "Chicama," or "Ike, Izzy, and I!"



Coral.

This is a hard, chalky substance, growing under the sea, resembling in figure the stem of a plant, divided into branches. It is of different colors; but the red is the sort generally called

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coral, and usually made into ornaments. Coral is one of the most wonderful productions in the creation.

It was for ages thought to be a vegetable product; but about a century ago it was found to be the work of a *living animal*. There are six sorts, all of which are constantly throwing out a kind of milky juice, which becomes fixed and solid. This process goes on, till large rocks of this substance are raised in the sea, which in the course of time become islands.

The coral insect is found in most of the great seas; but in the Pacific Ocean these tiny workmen are effecting changes which exceed the most stupendous powers of man. What is called the *Coral Sea* takes in a region of many hundred miles in extent, the whole of which is thickly studded with reefs, rocks, and islands. Some of these islands measure nearly thirty miles across; they are covered with a deep soil, well wooded with trees and evergreens, and inhabited by thousands of human beings. Such is the work of insects!

The Bible.

The word BIBLE means *book*, and the sacred volume is so called because it is the book of books — the best book. The word SCRIPTURE signifies *writings*.

The Bible was not written at one time, nor by one person, but consists of various parts, written at different times by different men.

It is divided into two Testaments, called the *Old* and the *New*, chiefly with reference to the time when they were published; the *Old* being composed and published before the coming of Christ, and the *New* after his death. As a *testament*, the Bible is the will of our gracious Redeemer, full of noble gifts and legacies, confirmed to us by the death of the Testator.

The *Apocrypha*, sometimes bound up

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with the Bible, is no part of the inspired volume, and has no divine authority. The books which compose it were not admitted into the sacred canon until the council of Trent, which was held in the year 1546, under Pope Paul III.; and they have therefore no claim to be considered a part of the Word of God.

The *Canon of Scripture* is that body of sacred books which serves for the rule of Christian faith and practice. It is the authorized catalogue of sacred writings. The word *canon* is derived from a Greek word signifying *rule.*

The Old Testament was chiefly written in the Hebrew language, and the New Testament in the Greek. The present authorized English Bible was translated out of the original languages in the reign of King James I.

Where LORD is printed in capital letters, it is, in the original, Jehovah, or the self-existent and independent Being. The word Lord, in the common characters, is, in the original, Adonai, — that is, Ruler or Sustainer. This distinction may be observed, Psalm CX. 1, and elsewhere. Such words as are printed in *Italics* are used to complete the sense in the translation, there being no corresponding original words.

In the margin of the larger Bibles there are *references* to parallel or similar passages, the knowledge of which often helps us in understanding the Scriptures.

There are also *various readings;* for when the translators of the Bible thought any passage might justly bear a different construction, they have put this in the margin. And where they thought that the idioms of the English language would not permit them to translate the Hebrew literally into English, they still put the literal translation in the margin. This is pointed out in the Old Testament by putting *Heb.* before it, — that is, literally in the Hebrew; and in the New Testament, *Gr.*, — that is, literally in the Greek.

The books of the Bible, when first written, were not divided into chapters and verses. This was a modern invention, useful in many respects; but the sense is frequently obscured by it. Thus the 1st verse of 2d Corinthians, 7th chapter, should be read along with the 6th chapter. In order to obtain a general view of the plan and connection of any particular book, we should disregard this arbitrary division.

The names in the New Testament are sometimes differently spelt from what they are in the Old: thus Isaiah is called *Esaias;* Joshua, *Jesus;* Hosea, *Osee,* &c. This should be kept in mind, to prevent us mistaking the names that frequently occur in reading. — *Bickersteth.*

"Take Care of Number One!"

[Continued from vol. xiii. p. 154.]

CHAPTER XVII.

THE noise of Jacob's gun coming upon the ear at the dead of night, startled the garrison, and in a few moments several of the soldiers had reached the spot where the sentinel stood. "What is the matter?" — "What is the matter?" demanded one after another. "O!" said Jacob, in great distress at the idea of having taken the life of a fellow-creature, "I've killed him — I've killed him!" "Killed who? killed what?" said the soldiers. "O dear!" said our hero;

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"I've killed him! but it's all his own fault. I gave him fair warning. I spoke to him six times before I fired. There he lies, down the walk."

The soldiers ran to the place indicated; and there lay the form, sure enough, stretched out in the silence of death. They approached with a kind of awe; for the darkness enabled them only to discern the outline of the prostrate figure. One of them stooped down, and then another, and another. For a moment they were silent; and then a loud laugh burst from their lips, and echoed along the vale and up to the walls of the fort. "What does this all mean?" said Jacob. "You have shot a jackass!" was the reply.

This information relieved the feelings created in our adventurer's mind by the apprehension that he had killed a man; but he was soon made sensible of the ridicule which the incident was calculated to excite. The story ran through the garrison, and the next day a good deal of fun was poked at him from all sides. "Who killed Cock Robin?" said one. "Who shot Jack Donkey?" said another. A witty fellow among the troop actually made a ballad upon the occasion, which, being adapted to a popular air, was sung by all. Even the boys around the place caught the song of *Jake and the Jack*, and our hero found himself suddenly elevated to a most unexpected pitch of fame. He was usually of a calm temper; but he had now become irritated, and, being somewhat coarsely jeered one night by a messmate, in respect to the adventure above recited, he gave a rough reply. Hot words followed, and blows ensued. Others joined in, and a serious row was the consequence. Jacob was the next day arrested and sent to prison. Here he lay for some weeks, and, being then tried, was sentenced to a further confinement of two months. During this tedious period, he had ample time to reflect upon his former career of life, and upon this new folly, and which, by the loss of his self-command, had subjected him to bitter retribution.

At the expiration of Jacob's confinement, he took passage in a vessel for Havana in Cuba, where he arrived in five days. The same evening, as he was sitting in a sailor's tavern, a man came and asked, in Spanish, if he was an American. Having replied in the affirmative, the stranger told him that an American sailor at the hospital, who was very ill, and like to die, desired to find some one of his countrymen, who would visit him, and to whom he desired to make an important communication.

Jacob did not hesitate to follow the stranger, and was accordingly conducted to the hospital. After passing through several long rooms, where were persons in all stages of disease, — some delirious with fever, and some tranquil from exhaustion; some in the flush of youth, and others in the decrepitude of years; some slowly emerging from the attack of disease, and others gasping in the agonies of death; each awaiting his destiny without relative or friend at his bedside, — he came at last to a mattress, upon which was stretched a form in the flower of early manhood, yet pale and wasted by disease.

"Here," said the stranger, "is the person to whom I refer. He is an American; if you wait a little, he may be able to speak to you. You observe here on this frame, that the physician has hung the prescription of 'extreme unction.' This

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means that the poor fellow must soon die, and that the priest should be called to hear his last confession, to give him absolution, and to administer the sacrament. The holy father will soon be here. I must now leave you."

Saying this, the man departed. Jacob sat down by the sick man's bed, and carefully watched his countenance. He seemed to sleep; but fearful dreams agitated his mind, and distracted his brain. At last his lips moved, and he spoke. "Yes, yes; it was I who did the deed; but I laid it to him. I ought to have suffered; but it was he who was disgraced and imprisoned. But that was not the worst. I killed him. It was I who struck the rope from his feet, and plunged him into the sea. O God! how often have I seen him since, lifting his beseeching hands from the water, and begging for aid. O, how often have I heard his death scream come up from the billow in the midst of the storm! Alas! it is I who have done this. Is there hope for such a wretch? O my mother — my good, pious, abused mother! Where are you? Come — come! Lay your hand upon this burning brow. Come, pray for your poor son. Come, read to me some page of comfort, some passage of hope, from the good book. But no, no — stay — where am I? — where ——"

Speaking thus, the man awoke and gazed wildly around. His eye fell full upon the sailor sitting by his side. He looked at him intently, as if some strange vision was before him. He lifted his wasted fingers to his brow, and drew them, trembling, across it. He then half rose upon his elbow, and at last sunk back, exhausted, upon his bed. In a few moments the priest came. He knelt before the sick man, crossed himself several times, and sprinkled his patient with holy water. He then said some prayers in Latin. During this process the sufferer awoke, and fixed his eyes upon the priest. When the latter seemed near the close of his ceremonies, he said, faintly, "It is not these juggles that I need; I am a sinner, and my case demands something besides holy water and prayers which I do not understand." "But, my son," said the priest, "the power of the church is sufficient even for the greatest of sinners, if they will but put their trust in her."

"I have no trust in her," said the sick man. "What is holy water to the soul? Can water, holy or unholy, wash out the sins of the mind? And what are prayers in Latin to me? They are sounds which I do not understand, and they cannot fit the soul to appear before its God."

"You need faith — faith in the church, my son," was the reply. "This, with the ordinances which the holy church imposes, is sufficient even for you."

"No, no," said the dying man, turning his head away in disgust. "You would but cheat me with your mummeries. I need something to change this vile heart — something to deliver my bosom from this load which would drag me down to hell. I desire not even heaven so much as a bosom that will bring forth good instead of evil thoughts. No external rites, no hollow ceremonies, can work the change I need. Let me put it to you, holy father, — I must die, and go before my God. He knows my dark and fearful story. It is written in his book. And when I am summoned before the judgment-seat, — what am I to say in answer to the dreadful

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record? O, I am to say a priest crossed himself over my body, and sprinkled me with what he called holy water, and said something in a language I did not understand. Tell me, holy father, shall I not blush to appear with such mockery before the throne of God? Yet this is what you would have me do. No, no; I am not so weak as you suppose. Leave me; and if there is no human aid, I must look to Heaven alone for succor."

The priest now left the apartment; and the dying man seemed for a time buried in his own thoughts, his eyes closed, yet his lips moving. Jacob sat by, deeply touched by the scene. His interest was increased by discovering that the sick man was no other than one who had exercised a great influence upon his fortunes, and who had in fact been the chief instrument in producing or aggravating the evils of his life. He could not be mistaken — it was Richard Grater who was before him. Jacob's mind readily adverted to those instances in which this unhappy youth had so vitally injured him; but not a thought of resentment arose in his bosom. A feeling of compassion alone was there. To take care of the patient was his first and only thought. To take care of No. 1, at least according to his former interpretation of the phrase, did not enter his mind.

He waited till the sufferer seemed quieted, and then put his hand gently on his shoulder. He awoke, and Jacob spoke to him. "Can it be," said the sick man, earnestly; "is it possible that you are here alive? Is this Jacob Karl? am I not, then, a murderer?"

"O, no, no, Richard," said Jacob, the tears coursing down his cheeks; "you are not a murderer. It is indeed Jacob Karl, alive and well, and ready to do any thing for you." The poor man could not speak for a moment. He raised his feeble hands, and clasping them, said, "Do you forgive me? Can you forgive me?" "O, I forgive all — I forgive all," said Jacob, deeply moved. "Think no more of this. Think only of yourself. What can I do for you?"

"O, Jacob, this is kind indeed," said Richard; "it is kind indeed. That you should be here — the one I have most injured — in this last sad hour, to bestow upon me such blessings, is truly wonderful. I will take it as an omen of peace, sent by Providence. No medicine can avail me now, Jacob. The last sands are running out. I have abused my constitution, I have ruined my health by indulgence, and an early death must be the penalty. All I can do now is to make a hasty preparation for the world upon which I am about to enter. A priest has been here; but he had nothing but hollow ceremonies to offer. This would not do for me. O, if you could find some person who could aid me in turning my mind to Heaven — in confessing my sins, and in asking forgiveness — this would be to me the greatest possible boon."

Jacob lost no time in complying with this suggestion. After some inquiry, he found a clergyman from New York, staying in Havana for his health. This person was easily induced to visit the sick man, with whom he held a long conversation upon religious matters. The next day he returned, and again conversed with the patient. He also drew up a statement, dictated by Grater, declaring that the fire in the village of ——,

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which had been laid to Jacob Karl, was caused by himself. This he signed, and requested the clergyman to send one copy to the village, and to give another to Karl himself.

This being done, the patient became more quiet. While awake, he prayed almost constantly, and at last entertained a hope that his repentance had been accepted of Heaven. Jacob continued by his bedside day and night, ministering to his wants, and occasionally reading to him passages in the Bible. He gradually grew weaker, till at last the hour of departure came. It was night, and all was hushed around. He had been asleep; but he now awoke and whispered Jacob's name. The latter came instantly. "You really forgive me?" said he. "I do, with all my heart," was the reply. The sufferer said no more. His eye grew dim, his breathing ceased, and he was numbered with the dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Fig.

THIS is the fruit of a tree which grows naturally in Asia, and is cultivated also in the warmer parts of Europe and America. It forms a valuable article of trade, not less than a thousand tons of figs being brought every year into Great Britain alone.

The fruit is shaped somewhat like a pear, of a dull green color, with purplish streaks. It consists of a thick skin, filled with small seeds and a quantity of juice, and when ripe is soft, sweet, and very nourishing. The greater portion, however, of the fruit is dried, and packed

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close, which causes the fig to appear like a flat cake.

It is a striking proof of the goodness of God, that he has caused this tree to grow in perfection in rocky and barren places, affording delightful shade and shelter to large companies, at the same time that it yields them an abundant supply of refreshing fruit. Hence peace, comfort, and security are represented in Scripture by "every man dwelling safely under his vine, and under his fig-tree."

Children and Chickens.

Look at this picture, reader! See the chickens, just out of the shell, only a day old; yet they are running about, and they are helping themselves to seeds, and pieces of bread and meat, as if they knew perfectly well how to help themselves.

Look at the child — almost a year old: he cannot walk; he does not know what is good from what is evil; he is trying very hard, and yet is scarcely able to pick up a pin.

Is it not curious to make this comparison of the chicken with the child, and is it not strange to see the little bird so superior to the infant? But wait a few years, and you will then find that the chicken, grown up into an old hen, knows very little more than when she was a chick; but you will find the child has become a man; that he can now read and write; that he can build houses, and ships, and machines; that he can tell the motions of the heavenly bodies; that he can travel

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to distant countries; that he can read the Bible, and learn the character and will of God. What a mighty difference there is now between the man and the bird!

This is very interesting to think of. The holy book speaks of the "brutes which perish." We suppose that the merely animal creation are not destined to a future existence: they live only in this life. They are therefore furnished with instinct, which is a kind of natural learning, enabling them to fulfil their earthly destiny.

But human beings are designed for a life here and hereafter; therefore they are not endowed with *instinct*, but progress from one step to another, by experience and the acquisition of knowledge. This is called *education*, by which we mean a process of improvement. If we choose to improve our advantages, we may not only constantly advance in virtue and knowledge here, but hereafter. What a noble field of exertion is thus offered to mankind, by the beneficent Creator!

Historical Anecdote.

FREDERICK, king of Prussia, one day rang his bell, and nobody answered; on which he opened his door, and found his page fast asleep in an elbow-chair. He advanced toward him, and was going to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket. His curiosity prompting him to know what it was, he took it out and read it. It was a letter from this young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her part of his wages to relieve her in her misery, and finished with telling him that God would reward him for his dutiful affection.

The king, after having read it, went back softly into his chamber, took a bag full of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his chamber, he rang the bell so violently that he awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance. "You have had a sound sleep," said the king.

The page was at a loss how to excuse himself, and, putting his hand into his pocket by chance, to his utter astonishment he there found a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and looking at the bag, burst into tears, without being able to utter a single word. "What is that?" said the king; "what is the matter?"—"Ah, sire!" said the young man, throwing himself on his knees, "somebody seeks my ruin! I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket!"—"My young friend," replied Frederick, "God often does great things for us, even in our sleep. Send that to your mother, salute her on my part, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."

Half a Loaf.

DURING the retreat of the famous King Alfred at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, the following circumstance happened, which shows the extremities to which that great man was reduced, and gives a striking proof of his pious and benevolent disposition: A beggar came to his little castle and requested alms. His queen informed him that they had only one small loaf remaining, which was

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insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone abroad in quest of food, though with little hopes of success. But the king replied, "Give the poor Christian the one half of the loaf. He that could feed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make that half of the loaf suffice for more than our necessities." Accordingly the poor man was relieved; and this noble act of charity was soon recompensed by a providential store of fresh provisions, with which his people returned.

The Horse.

THE fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight:
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
Ruffles at speed and dances in the wind.
Eager he stands, — then starting with a bound,
He turns the turf and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow;
He bears his rider headlong on the foe!

Dryden's Virgil.

The Child and the Blossom.

THE boy strayed among the flowers; for it was spring, and the blossoms were lifting their heads from the green sod. He looked upon them all, and smiled; and then he sat down by a lily, clasped his fingers around the stem, and drew it near to him, and gazed upon its unfolding petals.

He gazed long, and his bosom was filled with sweet emotions. After a time, he rose and went away; but he soon returned, and looked again at the flower, and again sat down by the lily; and his lips moved as if he deemed it to have life, and would speak to him. And the leaves of the lily moved also, — though perchance it was the breeze that stirred them.

When the boy laid himself down upon his pillow, the following night, his mind brought back the pretty hill-side, and the gay flowers, and the sweet lily; and half

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awake and half in dream, he fancied himself again there, and again whispering to the blossom. And thus he spoke, or seemed to speak: —

"Sweet lily, tell me, pray, why do I love you so?"

"O, I can't say," replied the flower. "Perhaps because of my yellow leaves, all specked with black, and because of my graceful form, and because of my sweet breath."

"But why should I like yellow leaves, specked with black? and why should I like your graceful form? and why should your sweet breath please me?" said the boy.

And the lily hung its head, for it could not answer. And then a form like that of a child of seven years — fair haired and rosy cheeked — seemed to rise from amidst the blossoms, and to come to the boy; and thus it spoke: —

"I have heard your question, my friend, and I will answer it. You ask why this lily gives you pleasure. Because He who made you both is good and kind, and desires to spread happiness over all his works. It is God who made you both; and that he made you to derive pleasure from the lily, is saying to you, in the language of deeds, that he loves you, and would bless you.

"But his goodness does not stop here. He has made you to receive pleasure from the river, and the grassy hill-side, and the leafy forest, and the blue sky, and the green sea; he has given you five senses; and all these are the means by which you can derive pleasure from the works of God.

"But, thus far, you are only like the animals. They have senses, and can see, hear, taste, smell, and feel, as well as you; and they all derive pleasure from these things. But you have powers beyond them. You have an *imagination*, which can picture the beautiful works of nature, and recall their images when the things themselves are absent; the imagination can give to these images new colors, new forms, and new combinations, and can render them sources of new and endless delight. This power of imagination is almost creative, and places the human being infinitely above the animal. There is still something beyond all this. The human being has a *soul*, by which we perceive truth, justice, charity, and love. These things are not perceived by animals. The soul is an inward eye, which God has given only to mankind. What a world of beauty is opened to us by this wondrous power! To a good mind, not even flowers are half so pleasing as these virtues which bloom within the heart.

"Now think a moment of these multiplied sources of enjoyment within the reach of the senses, the imagination, and the soul; and consider one thing more — that we are indebted to our Creator for the existence of the lovely things to which I have alluded, and for a constitution of body and mind qualifying us to derive happiness from them. In this view of the case, how readily and strongly do we perceive and feel the existence and presence of God, and how readily and strongly do we perceive that he is good, and kind, and merciful! But there is one thing further to think of. Though most of the things around us are calculated to give us pleasure, there are some which may give us pain; yet the latter we can

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avoid if we will. We know good from evil. Every thing invites us to the former, and experience teaches us to avoid the latter. Happiness is therefore at our command, if we do but rightly choose and rightly pursue it."

Thus spoke, or seemed to speak, the stranger to the boy. But the image changed, as it proceeded in its discourse; the fair-haired child seemed to become a maiden, and, as it vanished from the vision of the dreamer, it had the form and aspect of his mother.

Talks and Walks; or, Ike, Izzy, and I.

[Continued from vol. xiii. p. 157.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE old town of Rouen is interesting on many accounts. But it is particularly curious to Americans, because of its great antiquity. In our country we have old hills, old mountains, and old rivers, but no ancient buildings. Every thing, with us, is of recent construction. The oldest city in the country hardly dates back two hundred and fifty years, and such a thing as a building two hundred years old is not known among us. Our towns are all new, — red with brick or fresh with paint.

You may well believe, then, that, when my companions saw the reverend old metropolis of Normandy, they were struck with surprise; it looked so dingy, so weather-beaten and time-worn, that Izzy declared that it seemed to her like a tottering, grizzle-pated old man, by the side of which, our American cities would appear like a parcel of boys.

The streets of Rouen are narrow, and the buildings lofty. Yet the people are very numerous. They seemed to us like thousands of ants creeping about in deep, crooked cracks and trenches. As we entered the place, the coachman fell to cracking his whip, as if he had been suddenly taken with a fit; the horses sprung into a gallop, and bang we went into the heart of the city. It seemed certain that we must run over some of the people, or get dashed in pieces against the angles of the streets; but no such misadventure happened, and we were speedily landed in the court of the hotel.

After we had partaken of an excellent meal, we sallied forth to see the sights. While we were proceeding on our way to the great church, I had an opportunity to tell my young friends a little about the city of Rouen. It was a considerable place, at least a thousand years ago, and became the capital of the ancient kings of Normandy. It is now celebrated for its manufactories of cotton and jewelry. It contains about as many inhabitants as Boston, and ranks among the great cities of France. It stands upon the north bank of the Seine, and vessels of considerable size may be seen along its wharves; it is remarkable from the fact that, while its buildings are marked with the lapse of many centuries, its streets are thronged with a busy, bustling, and abundant population. It may remind one of a bee-hive incrusted with moss and gray with age, yet still filled with a young swarm, intent on seeking flowers and gathering honey.

We soon came to the market-place, which we found to be an open square, presenting a very busy and lively scene.

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There were several thousand persons, mostly women, buying and selling every sort of merchandise. Ike remarked, that talking seemed to be the chief business going on; and Izzy said it took a dollar's worth of words to sell a shilling's worth of goods. The fact, no doubt, is, that the French are fond of talking; and it does not become me to laugh at them, for I am rather given to it myself. On the opposite side of the market-place rose the far-famed cathedral of Rouen; it is a huge pile, its towers seeming to pierce the very sky. One of the latter is terminated with a light, iron framework; with this exception, the edifice is of stone. Its entire surface is carved, representing an endless variety of objects, and having the general effect of a rough incrustation, caused by the action of water.

Through a small door we entered the building. We were met by an old woman, who dipped a little broom into a vase of water, and presented it to us. The children did not understand this, and I was obliged to explain, that this water had been blessed by the bishop, and was supposed to be holy. Izzy seemed about to remark that the water was dirty enough notwithstanding, when the attention of both of my companions seemed arrested by the sublime aspect of the place. The vault of the roof, rising to the height of nearly a hundred feet, and stretching away between a long vista of columns, seemed at the moment tinged with a kind of heavenly light, derived from the stained window that terminated the view. The wilderness of objects around — arches, columns, chapels, statues, paintings, all blended in the scene, were calculated to produce strong effect upon the imagination. My young companions had never seen or imagined any thing of the kind before. Izzy was taken by surprise, and she spoke suddenly, as if only thinking aloud, — "Did God make this?" A moment after, the child blushed, and Ike smiled; yet the thought was not unreasonable, for there is hardly a work of man that seems so nearly to rival the works of divinity, as the ancient churches of Europe.

It would almost fill a book to give an account of every thing in this wondrous edifice; to tell of its statues and carvings, of the kings who lie buried here, and whose stiff, stark images, in stone, stand or lie scattered around; to give an account of the church itself, which has been built at various times, and some portions of which are nearly a thousand years old. I must omit all these things, and even the observations of my young companions. It will, perhaps, give some idea of the vastness of this structure to consider that its length is about five hundred feet, and the height of its loftiest tower more than four hundred. It actually covers a space nearly equal to three acres of ground.

As we were coming out of the church, both Ike and Izzy seemed puzzled to imagine by what means such a strange and mighty structure could have been reared. I explained to them, as well as I could, that it was erected by different priests and bishops during a long series of ages.

"But did they work themselves," said Izzy.

I replied in the negative, and observed "that they hired people to work." — "And how did they get money to pay these people to work two or three hundred years?"

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said she. "That was easy enough," said I, "in those days; for five hundred years ago the priests held almost complete dominion over the lives and property of men."

"I do not understand that," said Ike. I then directed the attention of the two children to the south-western tower of the church. "That," said I, "was built about four hundred years ago, and is called the '*Butter Tower*.' This name is given to it because the priests obtained the money to build it with by selling indulgences to the people to eat butter during Lent."

"To eat butter during Lent? What does that mean?" said Izzy.

I replied, "Lent is a period of forty days, during which the church of Rome, or, in other words, the Romish priests, require their people to abstain from animal food, and this is made to be a religious duty. Now, butter comes from the cow, and is animal food, and of course is forbidden during Lent."

"That reminds me," said Izzy, "of Molly Magaw, our servant, who was a Catholic. She would never eat pie-crust on Friday, because it had lard in it; and lard, coming from an animal, was forbidden to poor Molly on Friday, for that was always a fast-day."

"That's a case in point," said I. "But although people were told it was a religious duty to go without butter in Lent, they only desired to eat it the more. 'Well,' said the priest, 'only pay us liberally, and you may eat as much butter as you are a mind to.' So the bargain was concluded. The people paid the money, and ate the butter. The priest took the cash, and built the Butter Tower."

"But," said Ike, "suppose the people had eaten the butter during Lent, and refused to pay the money; what then?" "The priests told them," said I, "that they would be punished in purgatory for it, which is a kind of hell."

"But," said Izzy, "if it is wrong to eat butter in Lent, how can paying money make it right to eat it?" "The Catholic priests," said I, "declare that they have the privilege to sell indulgences to the people, provided the money is to be used for the benefit of the church." "That's very droll," said Ike. "Suppose I wished to tell a lie, or pick a man's pocket,—can the Catholic priest sell me an indulgence for these things?"

"Such things have been done," said I; "but I trust no priest would do any thing of the kind now. A great many things were deemed lawful, and even praiseworthy, five hundred years ago, which would be esteemed criminal now."

"Well, well!" said Izzy, "I have changed my mind about this church. When I first went into it, it seemed to me beyond the power of man, and I almost fancied it to be the work of God. But that story of the Butter Tower has entirely destroyed all its romance." "You are very sharp, indeed," said I to Izzy. "Yet your remark is not altogether unjust. If we could penetrate into the history of this church, and understand all the means and motives which have operated to produce it, we should probably feel that, however sublime it may be as a work of art, it can have had little to do with imparting religious improvement to the hearts of men; however it may stand as a monument of the pomp and power of that institution, which arrogates to itself the title of *the*

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church, still the Butter Tower furnishes a key to the unworthy means by which that monument has been reared."

CHAPTER V.

We had now left the cathedral, crossed the market-place, and were proceeding on our way to the church of St. Ouen. This edifice is even larger than the cathedral, and is esteemed a finer model of what is called *Gothic architecture*. It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of this noble building. The interior impresses the beholder with a deep and thrilling sense of blended beauty and sublimity. The deep blue eyes of my young travellers ranged with wonder and delight along the vast arches, but their lips were almost mute. This church is less ancient than the cathedral we had previously visited; nor is it crowded, like that, with the tombs of kings and princes. It was begun in 1328, and was not completed until two centuries after. It was built upon a uniform design, and therefore possesses more symmetry than the cathedral. Such is the lightness of its higher arches, that one can hardly believe them to be built of stone. It might almost seem that a tempest would hurl them down; but they are compacted together with infinite art, and, having withstood the shock of five hundred years, they are likely to continue for many centuries to come. It is impossible not to reflect with admiration upon the genius of those men that gave birth to such structures; and though we may call it a dark age in which they lived, we must admit that no edifice of our own time surpasses the church of St. Ouen. We now paid a hasty visit to several other objects of curiosity. Many of these are exceedingly interesting; but I need not stop to describe them.

The last place we visited was an open square, in which there is an uncouth image placed upon a pump. This bears the name of the *Statue of the Maid of Orleans*. Here this interesting girl was executed in 1431; and this monument was erected to commemorate this sad event. I briefly told the story to my companions; but they insisted upon knowing the whole. When we had reached the hotel, and had taken a cup of tea, I thus related the melancholy adventures of Joan of Arc. — In a remote part of France is situated the little village of Domremy. Here the celebrated Maid of Orleans was born in the year 1410. Her parents were poor, but honest people. They partook of the religious and somewhat superstitious character which marked the inhabitants of the district. Joan, their daughter, had no advantages of education; but her mind was deeply imbued with religious ideas, and her imagination seemed disposed to dwell upon events of a supernatural kind. It was about this time that Charles VI. was upon the throne of France. Being in a state of partial insanity, two leading families — those of Orleans and Burgundy — contended for the crown. A state of anarchy followed, and the hostile parties rushed to arms. The Burgundians acknowledged Henry V. of England to be king of France, and called in English armies to aid them in the contest.

The leader of the Orleans party was a young prince named Charles. On the death of the king, he was declared his

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successor. Between this prince and the house of Burgundy the feelings of the people were divided, some declaring in favor of one, and some of the other. The people of Domremy were generally in favor of Charles; and Joan, at an early age, espoused his cause with all the ardor which belonged to her character. She had heard, among the people, a prophecy that a maiden of France should one day save the kingdom.

Joan soon began to imagine that she might be the person to fulfil this wondrous prophecy. Her mind became filled with visions, and sweet voices seemed to call upon her, and bid her go to the rescue of Charles.

While she was in this state of mind, a party of the Burgundian soldiers came to the village of Domremy, plundering the people and burning their houses. Joan and her parents were obliged to fly. When the soldiers were gone, they returned and found the little church of Domremy in ashes. To the pious mind of the maiden this seemed a sacrilegious act, and a new motive now impelled her to attempt the deliverance of her country. The sweet voices spake again in her visions, and seemed to say, "Awake, Joan of Arc! Arise! Go forth and save your king and your country."

From this time she had no hesitation in avowing her intended enterprise. Her parents, becoming acquainted with her designs, sought to prevent its being undertaken; but Joan was too resolute to be diverted from her purpose. She communicated her plan to her uncle, and he was induced to accompany her to the commander of the French forces, in the vicinity of Orleans. This person at first refused to see her, and after an interview dismissed her with contempt.

Joan now went to reside with her uncle; but many persons became acquainted with her character, and were persuaded of her divine mission. The cause of Charles grew more and more hopeless. His troops, besieged in the city of Orleans by the Burgundians and their English allies, were reduced to the greatest extremity; it seemed that they must be speedily overwhelmed. In this hopeless condition, the French commander recollected the scheme of the maiden of Domremy. Accordingly he sent for her, and determined to accept her proffered aid. The dauphin assented to the scheme.

After many religious ceremonies in the church, Joan was clad in a complete suit of steel armor, and, attended by a chosen band, set out for the city of Orleans. It was encircled by the British forces; but Joan contrived to gain admittance, carrying with her a quantity of provisions to the starving soldiers within the walls.

The story soon ran from mouth to mouth, that a maiden sent from heaven for the deliverance of the city had come thither. The fact that Joan had gained admittance, and brought a quantity of provisions in spite of the besiegers, seemed to give color to the wondrous revelation. The appearance of the maiden herself confirmed the impression thus made. Youthful and pale, she was still beautiful; and her countenance had an expression of indescribable sweetness and dignity: though clad in steel, and wearing a sword at her side, she seemed only a spirit, whose mission was indicated by these martial emblems.

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The drooping spirits of the French soldiery rose at once to the wildest pitch of enthusiasm. They were impatient to rush upon the enemy, seeming assured of victory. At the same time, the English soldiers without heard the rumor of what had taken place within the city. The reality was indeed exaggerated, and the besiegers became panic-stricken with the idea that a supernatural being had now taken part with the defenders of the place. In this state of feeling, Joan headed the soldiers, and led them to the attack. She appeared in the front ranks, where arrows and spears flew thick as hail, addressing her countrymen, and rousing them to deeds of valor. Day after day she renewed the fight, success and victory seeming in every instance to attend her. The besiegers at length began to waver, and at last they gave way before the irresistible shock. The gates of the city were thrown open, the besieged soldiers rushed out, and the enemy were effectually put to flight.

Thus, in a single week after Joan's arrival, the city was relieved; and from that time she received the name of the *Maid of Orleans.*

The first part of the maiden's prophecy had been thus fulfilled. All now seemed to regard her as appointed by Heaven to complete the grand design which she had announced. The soldiers of the Orleans party were animated with confidence and zeal, while the Burgundians and their English helpers were disheartened in an equal degree. The contest in such a state of things could hardly be doubtful. Battle after battle followed; but Joan, leading her countrymen, prevailed in every instance. The cause of Charles, before reduced to a state of desperation, was now triumphant; and, according to the fashion of his ancestors, he was formally crowned king of France, in the cathedral of Rheims. How must the heart of the pious and patriotic Maid of Orleans have swelled with emotion when she witnessed that gorgeous spectacle, and thus saw her pledge redeemed and her prophecy fulfilled! What a debt of gratitude did Charles VII. owe to one who had thus saved his life, and given him a crown! What obligations were due from France to one who had thus saved its honor and its throne!

But, unhappily, gratitude is not always the reward of noble deeds. In heading an attack, the heroic Joan was captured by some French troops who belonged to the Burgundian party. These cruelly gave her up to the English, who disgraced their name and their nation by the manner in which they treated the gentle captive. They charged her with sorcery, and pretended that she had leagued with the devil, by whose aid she had performed her wonderful works. She was imprisoned at Rouen, and all sorts of crimes were charged against her. She was brought to trial before a number of judges, most of whom were priests. She stood alone among them, no one being permitted to appear as her advocate. Her judges sought to embarrass her by artful questions; but she baffled and confounded them with the truth and simplicity of her replies. Even this went against her; for it was said to proceed from art, and could not be practised by one so young without the help of the devil.

There was no mercy, there was no justice, in the hearts of these cruel men.

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They pronounced her guilty of sorcery, and condemned her to be burnt alive. A pile of wood was raised in the square of Rouen, and Joan was placed upon it. When the flames curled around her, she begged that the image of her Savior might be placed before her. The crucifix was elevated so that she could see it above the smoke. Fixing her eyes upon it with earnestness, she prayed fervently to her Savior, and while her lips were yet moving, her spirit departed.

At this point of my narrative, I found Izzy was sobbing, and Ike went to the window and pretended to be looking out, though it was dark as pitch. After a little time, Izzy mustered courage to speak.

"It's a dreadful story," said she. "But, pray, why did King Charles let them execute the poor girl, to whom he owed his life and his throne?" "Alas!" said I, "kings are not very apt to remember the favors they receive. Many a king has stepped over the dead bodies of men who have sacrificed their lives in his behalf, and thought of them only as stepping-stones to power."

"Well," said Izzy, "king or no king, I think this Charles VII. was a poor, mean creature, to permit a beautiful young woman, who had made him king, to be thus burned alive. He ought, at least, to have married her, and made her his queen." "You are truly romantic," said Ike, now turning from the window. "But, pray, when did they raise this statue to Joan of Arc?" said he, turning to me.

I now completed the story of poor Joan. I related how her ashes were gathered up by her executioners and thrown into the river, as too foul and fiendish to mingle with common dust. I stated that afterwards the subject was fairly investigated, the wicked charges against her were refuted, and her fair fame completely vindicated. It appeared clear that Joan of Arc was pure, virtuous, and sincere; that she truly believed her divine mission, and did no act unworthy of her faith and profession. She was, indeed, an enthusiast, deluded by the warmth of her heart and the ardor of her imagination. Yet her effort had but a single object,—the cause of patriotism and her religion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Cruse

Is a small urn, or jar, used for holding water, honey, or oil. In the Bible we read that, when the prophet Elijah was in want, God directed him to go to a certain widow whom he had commanded to sustain him. And when Elijah came to the gate of the city of Zarephath, behold, the woman was there gathering sticks. Elijah asked her to fetch him a little water and a morsel of bread. And she said, As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil *in a cruise;* and behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die. And Elijah said unto her, Fear not; go and do as thou hast said; but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it to me, and after make for thee and thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither

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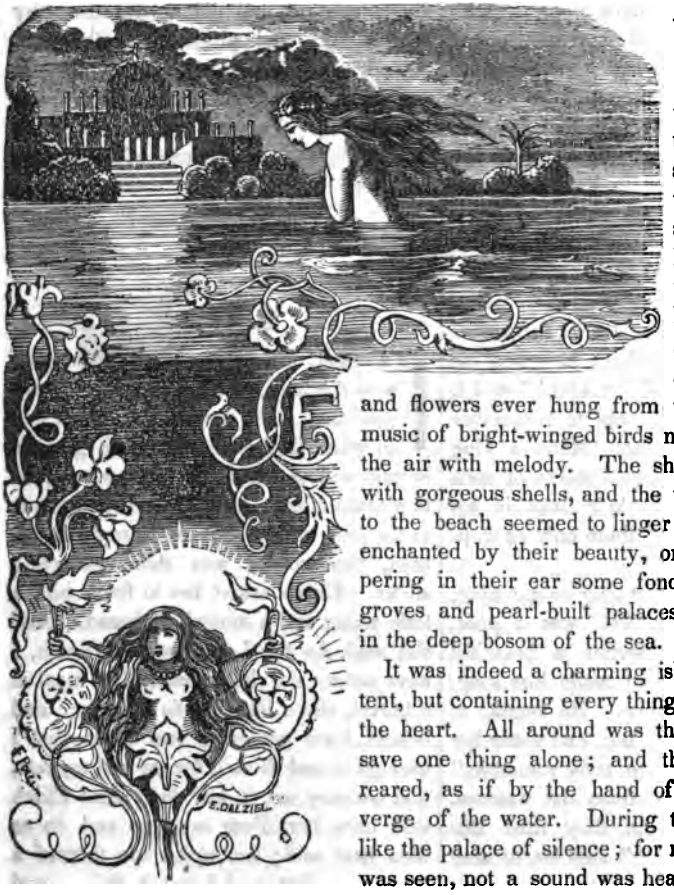
shall the cruise of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth. And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah; and she, and he, and her house did eat many days. And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord which he spake by Elijah.

The Exiled Fairy.



FAR, far away, there was once a lovely spot, encircled by the sea. No vessel had ever found this enchanted island; nor had any human foot disturbed its peaceful haunts. It was the abode of perpetual summer; fruits and flowers ever hung from the trees, and the music of bright-winged birds never ceased to fill the air with melody. The shores were covered with gorgeous shells, and the waves that dashed to the beach seemed to linger among them as if enchanted by their beauty, or perchance whispering in their ear some fond legends of coral groves and pearl-built palaces they had visited in the deep bosom of the sea.

It was indeed a charming island, small in extent, but containing every thing that could delight the heart. All around was the work of nature, save one thing alone; and this was a temple, reared, as if by the hand of magic, upon the verge of the water. During the day, it seemed like the palace of silence; for not a moving thing was seen, not a sound was heard within its halls. There was an air of repose in every thing around, as if even the inmates slept, and none would disturb their dreams. But when night came, the palace shone with a light more beautiful than that of the sun, moon, or stars.

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This proceeded from a string of seven beautiful pearls, suspended in the hall, like a chandelier. By the radiance that thus illumined the place with a kind of gentle moonlight, seven beautiful forms might be seen moving, sometimes hand in hand, as if marching to music, and sometimes whirling in a merry dance. Their whole life seemed devoted to enjoyment. They frequently turned their eyes upon each other with affection, and seemed to find more bliss in seeing each other happy than in all the delights that surrounded them.

Thus years passed away, and no sorrow came to disturb the happiness of the seven fairies. Each sight and sound seemed endowed with the power of increasing their enjoyment. They were never separated; but, like the seven pearls that lighted the palace, tied by a silken thread, their hearts were bound together in perpetual concord.

But at last a change came over the fairy isle. As the maidens were tripping along the shore one moonlight night, they heard some sweet sounds, which seemed to issue from a cave at the water's edge. They paused and listened; it was a soft and plaintive melody, and touched the hearts of the fairies. They looked over the bank, and there was the form of one like a youthful prince; yet he seemed a dweller in the sea. He held a brilliant shell in his hand, and, by placing his lips to this, he produced the music. When the fairies saw this spectacle, they all fled, save one, the youngest and most beautiful of the group. The sea prince continued his song, and praised the youthful fairy. She listened awhile, and then, half pleased and half frightened, she ran away.

The next evening the young fairy said nothing to her sisters, but alone she went to the shore, where she had seen the strange minstrel of the waters; he was not there, but she heard the melody that had pleased her the night before. She followed the sound, and came at last to a magnificent cave, which opened from the surface of the water. She entered, and a scene of great splendor was presented to her view. A vast arch rose above her, and shone with a profusion of pearls, and diamonds, and precious stones. While she was looking around with admiration, the prince approached her. He spoke to her in gentle terms, and welcomed her to his palace. He then led her through a succession of brilliant chambers, all blazing with jewels. At last he said, "Gentle fairy, I am a king of the sea; this is but one of my thousand palaces. Far away in the deep, I have still more splendid halls than these. Yet I am alone. I need but one thing for my happiness. Be thou my queen, and my bliss will be complete."

"Nay," said the fairy; "I am one of seven sisters; we are bound together by a tie of affection which is the source of our happiness. If I were to leave them, I fear the charm would be broken, and the joy of the fairy isle depart forever."

"Fear it not," said the king. "And why sacrifice yourself to a fantasy? You are qualified to shine in a wider and more brilliant circle than this. Here you are a simple fairy, and bound to a narrow routine of pleasure. Why not be a queen, and become the brightest ornament of a monarch's dominion?"

This flattery touched the heart of the fairy, and she seemed to consent. The

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king took her hand, and was about to lead her to a skiff made of mother-of-pearl, that was drawn up on the beach. He then suddenly paused, and said, "Go to your palace, sweet maiden, and bring me one of the seven pearls that is suspended in the hall."

"Nay," said the fairy, somewhat startled. "I could not divide that string of pearls. I have been told that it is an amulet, and holds the spell of happiness that reigns in this island."

"One of them is yours," said the king; "take that, and leave the rest. These will secure the peace of your sisters, and that one which you take with you will insure your own."

The fairy hesitated; but her heart was beguiled by the soft words of the king. Flattery and ambition had triumphed in her mind; so she departed to obtain the pearl. Her sisters were absent from the hall, and she slipped it from the string. She ran to the beach. The king seized her trembling hand; they entered the skiff, and glided away over the waters. On they went, joyous, for a time; but suddenly the boat vanished, and the fairy found herself in the sea. The monarch had disappeared, and the pearl was also gone.

The unhappy fairy now strove to return to the island; but she moved slowly and painfully over the waters. After many weary hours, she came near the shore; but all was changed: in the place of the palace was a dreary ruin; and apes grinned and chattered among the trees, in place of the nightingales. Serpents were seen creeping among the shrubs, and the beautiful sea-shells were turned to lizards. The fairy herself seemed to have lost her power of gliding through the air, and could not raise herself from the water. Ever after she seemed to be but a mermaid, moaning amid the currents and whirlpools that chafed the rocks of the fairy isle.

Ancient Tombs.

A TOMB is a place in which the dead are enclosed. In the mountainous country of Palestine, it was the custom to place the dead in caves in the solid rock; and great numbers of these caves, some natural and some cut for the purpose, are still to be found in Syria, Egypt, and Persia.

Where the families could afford it, these tombs were cut with great care, either for separate bodies or for many. Some of the vaults were large, consisting of more than one room, arched at the top, and supported by rows of columns. These were approached by a long flight of steps cut out of the solid rock. In some of these vaults, the bodies were laid in regular rows on stone slabs, placed one above another, like shelves; in others, they were placed in hollows cut in the side of the rock, about six or seven feet deep.

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In some instances, the floor itself was cut in hollows of various depths, in the shape of a coffin. Some of the bodies were placed in stone coffins, with curiously-carved lids; but they were more usually wound up in the grave clothes, with a quantity of strong spices to preserve them from decay, and placed in the tomb without any kind of coffin. These vaults were, of course, dark; the only entrance to them being a narrow opening, which was generally closed by a large stone rolled to its mouth, the edges of which were secured by stiff clay, or some strong cement.

Tombs of a superior kind were shut by stone doors, handsomely carved and ornamented, hung and fastened in the same manner as the doors of houses. Some of these ancient tombs are kept in repair, and are shown to travellers, a guide going before them with a lamp or torch. Others are in open grounds, formed with great care, and finished with much neatness. A pot of earth is sometimes placed at the head and foot of each grave, with a myrtle, or some other flower, which the friends of the departed water regularly every day.

Tombs and sepulchres of the former description are often spoken of in the Bible. In the Gospel by Matthew, we read that, at the death of Jesus Christ, there was a great earthquake; "and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened." We read also, in the Gospel by Mark, that Joseph went to Pilate and obtained the body of Jesus Christ. "And Joseph brought fine linen, and took him down, and wrapped him in the linen, and laid him in a sepulchre which was *hewn out of a rock*, and rolled a stone unto the door of the sepulchre;" and, in the Gospel by John, it is added, "They took the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes *with the spices*, as the manner of the Jews is to bury."

The Story of Chicama.

[Continued from vol. xiii. p. 185.]

CHAPTER XIII.

We must now turn our attention to the three adventurers, with whose history this narrative is more particularly concerned. We left them confined in the prison of Caxamalca. They remained here three days, awaiting the action of Atahualpa, and expecting every moment to be summoned to his presence. Knowing the anxiety of that monarch to remove every obstacle in the way of his occupying the throne of the incas, Orano would naturally have been uneasy at the opportunity that now seemed to be offered for promoting his scheme, by sacrificing Runa, the sister of the murdered Huascar, and of undoubted incarial lineage. But the priest seemed occupied with a preternatural confidence that Atahualpa was doomed, and that the cause of what he deemed legitimacy would prevail. Amid the darkness of the dungeon, he was therefore cheerful; and, when Runa or Chicama suggested any apprehension, he readily turned it aside.

The three days passed, and the fourth was far advanced, when an unusual sound was heard by the prisoners. At first it was mistaken for the shock of an earthquake; but the practised ear of Chicama was soon able to detect its cause. "The Spaniards are here!" said he, quickly. An intense interest was immediately ex-

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cited, and every ear was bent to catch the sounds that reached the prison. A few moments passed, and all was still. The prisoners spent the remainder of the day in vain conjectures as to the issue of the struggle which they imagined to have taken place. Night came, but the jailer did not arrive at his wonted hour.

The following day was far advanced, when the door of the prison was opened, and two Spaniards entered. At first, they gazed cautiously around, and then advanced into the room, their swords being ready in their hands. Chicama and Runa stood aloof in the recesses of the dungeon, but Orano went forward, and was immediately seized by the soldiers. Struck by his appearance, they led him to the door of the prison, when their amazement was still increased. His towering form, his snowy hair, his eagle eye, and his wild, uncouth dress of skins, — all contributed to make him seem something unearthly and prodigious. Nor did his being found in the recesses of a dungeon diminish the strange interest that his aspect excited. In their surprise, the soldiers forgot to look farther into the dungeon, and immediately took their captive to the office of their chief.

Here he underwent a brief examination; but Orano, assuming the character of a fanatical priest of the sun, easily baffled the soldier. He was therefore turned over to Valverde, who was instructed to make more thorough and careful inquiries of the prisoner.

Valverde was not less surprised than others had been at the aspect of the Indian sage. He immediately began his examination, and his astonishment was increased by receiving answers in the Spanish tongue. The dialogue was long and interesting. After some conversation, Valverde sought to impress the prisoner with the superior claims of his religion. Orano heard him some time in silence; at last, he replied: "I understand your words and the opinions you utter, and they are not wholly new to me; but I was born a Peruvian, and I have been appointed a priest of the sun. Look at me, Spaniard; I am of a different lineage from thyself, and my faith is as different from thine as the blood that flows in my veins is distinct from that of the Spaniard. You can neither change me nor my religion." "Be not too sure of that," said the priest; "there are powers of persuasion other than those of words. See here," said he, pointing to a rack which stood in the room; "let me apply this, and it will wrench every joint in your body asunder. Can you withstand that argument?"

"Dare you use it?" said Orano.

"God's ministers are empowered," said Valverde, "to use any means which may be necessary to compel mankind to enter the holy church, and thus obtain salvation."

"I have heard of this," said Orano, "but I have never believed it. Tell me, Spaniard, what right have you to force your religion upon the Peruvian? Is not my mind my own? Is not liberty of thought a part of my existence and birthright? Is it not the gift of God? And dare you, a man, like myself, come between me and the Eternal, to take away that which he has bestowed?"

"Hear me," said the priest. "This liberty of thought, of which you speak, is an idle dream. All things on earth belong to God. He has deputed his power to

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the church and its ministers; that power is committed to me so far as respects yourself. I bear a commission from the pope of Rome, the head of the church; and by virtue of this I have dominion over your soul and body. The first duty of man is to bow submissively to the religion of the cross; liberty of thought is but another name for rebellion and infidelity; no man has a right to form his religious opinions; obedience to the church is the first duty. He who resists is an enemy of God; and it is the duty and privilege of the church to inflict torture, and even death, upon the body, if it be necessary, to save the soul."

"These are strange words, indeed," said Orano. "Suppose," said he to Valverde, — "suppose yourself in my condition. Your religion seems to me a system of absurdities. You say that your God is eternal; yet that, on a certain occasion, he was killed. You declare that he is a God of love; yet you, his ministers, in his name, do acts which would disgrace a savage. You represent him as a God of justice; yet you, his ministers, take away from man the right to think, the right to his own soul. You say he is a God of peace; yet you, his ministers, carry on war against the innocent and unoffending. You pretend to be civilized, to come from a land of light and learning; and to bring us a better worship than that of the sun; yet we are told that, in one of your religious ceremonies, you eat the flesh and drink the blood of your God; we are told that this is not a mere mystic rite; that it is real blood you drink, and real flesh you eat.

"This, Spaniard, is the religion you bring to me, and command me to receive it, and threaten to wrench these poor and aged limbs with that fiendish wheel, if I refuse obedience. Let me tell you that I am a priest as well as yourself. I believe in Sachacamac, the high and holy essence of truth, the supreme good. I believe in the sun, his glorious type and minister. I believe that love, and peace, and charity, and good-will to man, constitute the life of religion. I believe this to be the will of God and the duty of man. This was the faith of my fathers. It is the faith of my nation and my kindred; it is my faith; it is woven into the texture of my soul. The light that comes down from the sun, shows me the hill, the mountain, and the river, and I cannot doubt their existence; the light of God shines as distinctly on my soul, and the objects of nature are not stamped stronger on my conviction than are the religious truths to which my mind is wedded.

"Now, Spaniard, suppose yourself in my place. What would you do?"

"This is mere subtilty," said Valverde. "the devil always works in behalf of his friends. I will no longer bandy words with you. I will give you time for reflection. Remain here till the hour of midnight; I will then see you, and if you submit not yourself to the faith of the cross, if you do not renounce your fiendish idolatries, then the rack must do its work. In the mean time, take this crucifix, and let me commend you to a better state of mind."

The priest handed Orano the sacred emblem, but he turned from it; and Valverde, with a bitter smile, left the apartment. Chicama and his fair companion remained in the dungeon for some hours after Orano had been taken thence, uncertain not only of his fate, but of the

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state of things in the city. They were at a loss how to proceed. They had deemed it best, however, to await the issue of events. But Chicama grew impatient, and determined to gain some information that might guide them as to their conduct. Groping about, he discovered the door, and which, to his surprise, he found unbolted. He sallied cautiously forth, and soon found the court by which he had passed into the dungeon. Stepping across it, he was about to pass into the street, when he was commanded to stand, by a Spanish sentinel. He stood still, and said nothing. In reply to the questions put to him, he continued silent. Being dressed in skins, like a native, he was taken to be one of them; he was therefore conducted to the guard-room, and committed to the care of the officer. The sentinel, at the same time, stated that the stranger had come from the prison, and if search were made, other persons, who had secreted themselves during the battle, might be found there. This advice was followed; and, in a short space, two soldiers returned, bringing Runa with them. It was evening, and the room was faintly illumined by a single torch. The appearance of the Indian maiden, rendered more striking by the red, waving lights, attracted the attention of the officer in the guard-room. After gazing at her for a few moments, he left the place, but returned at the end of a short time. He then conducted Runa and Chicama through a long passage-way. On reaching an archway, hung with curtains, they paused for a few moments; at last, a soldier appeared, and bade them enter. The scene that now presented itself was striking. The room consisted of a long hall, at the extremity of which were a number of Spanish officers, who seemed to be engaged in animated conversation. In an opposite corner of an apartment was a man of middling size, his countenance peculiarly marked with traits of energy and ferocity. By his side was a priest in earnest conversation with him.

Chicama understood the whole scene at once. His disguise saved him from detection; but he instantly recognized the personages around the room. It may well be believed that the situation in which he found himself was not a little embarrassing. His first thought was to go forward and declare himself; but knowing the character of his countrymen, he became anxious for the fate of Runa, now separated from Orano, her proper guardian. She seemed, indeed, to be thrown upon his protection, and he determined to await the issue of events.

While engaged in this course of thought, his ear was attracted by the conversation which was passing between the two persons already pointed out, which were no other than Valverde and Pizarro. Listening for a few moments, he learned the position of Orano as we have already described it. The priest had come to report the case to Pizarro, and take his counsel. After hearing the story, Pizarro said, impatiently, "Do as you will; this is your job, and not mine."

At this moment his eye fell upon Runa, who had been conducted near him by the officer on guard. He instantly arose, came near the maiden, and gazed intently upon her for a moment. He then said, quickly, "Whom have we here?" The officer explained that she had been found in the same prison from

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which the white-haired priest had been taken. "It is very curious," said Pizarro. "Who are you, lady?" Runa waved her hand to intimate that she did not understand him. Running his eye down her figure, the Spanish chieftain seemed excited with strong emotions of curiosity. Laying his hand upon the sash that bound her mantle across her shoulder, he unloosed it, and drew the garment aside. His surprise was great when he beheld the attire of the maiden. A robe of the finest and most delicate fur, and white as the driven snow, covered her form from the neck nearly to the feet. Around her waist was a chain of gold, finely wrought, and studded with jewels of many colors. From her neck, and resting upon her breast, was suspended a golden image of the sun, the rays being formed of rubies.

Pizarro was not the only person whose interest was excited by the aspect of the Peruvian maid. The eyes of Valverde seemed riveted upon her form, and especially upon the sacred emblem which hung at her breast. "I see, I understand it all," said he to Pizarro. "She is a priestess of the sun, and is an associate of this arch deceiver, this priest of the prince of darkness, of whom I have just been speaking. Will your excellency turn her over to me, to deal with her as the interests of religion and the church require?"

Pizarro cast a sneering look at the priest, and repeated his last words in an ironical tone. "Ha! as the interests of religion and the church require. Nay, nay, holy father," said he; "these multiplied duties are becoming burdensome to one of your years. You take care of the priest, and leave the maiden to me." He waved his hand with authority, and the priest departed, though with evident reluctance. Pizarro spoke to the officers, and they also went away. He, with Runa and Chicama were now alone in the apartment. He was evidently embarrassed for a few moments; he then approached Runa and offered to take her hand. She drew back and folded her arms, seeming, unconsciously, to assume an attitude of dignity and defiance. Pizarro hesitated, thought a few moments, and then proceeded to the door, and called for his interpreter. The man soon came: he was a Peruvian, and instantly noted the emblems which indicated the royal lineage and religious character of Runa.

"Who is this?" said Pizarro, directing his attention to her. The Indian seemed to hesitate. "Speak to her," said Pizarro, who had become impatient. "Ask her who she is, what is her name, why she is here." The interpreter did as he was directed, and Runa replied with a frank avowal of her name and character. Pizarro's eyes glistened as he heard the recital; for he seemed at once to appreciate the advantages which might be derived from having in his possession a maiden belonging to the princely lineage of the incas. His heart seemed touched, also, with the singular beauty of the Indian princess. Assuming an air of indifference, however, he ordered the maiden to be dismissed, and, at her request, directed that she should be placed in an apartment near to Orano.

During this scene, Chicama had scarcely been noticed. Purposely standing in the shadow of a projecting wall, he was still a keen observer of what had passed.

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He now fully understood the danger which attended the priest from the bigotry of Valverde, and the still more fearful evils which threatened Runa from the savage arts of Pizarro.

Taking advantage of a favorable moment, he slipped out of the hall unnoticed, determined to peril his life, if deemed necessary, to save these two persons in whom he had become interested. Standing in a position to be unnoticed himself, he saw Runa conducted to her apartment, carefully noting the entrance. Seeing the interpreter depart, he moved toward him, and made a signal, which attracted his attention. The Peruvian entered a dark archway that led out from the yard, beckoning Chicama to follow him. Obeying this summons, the latter proceeded, and both were soon lost in the dusky shadows of the place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Butterfly.

BEHOLD, ye pilgrims of the earth, behold!
See all but man with unearned pleasure gay!
See her bright robes the *butterfly* unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead on gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

Thomson.

Pyramid of Cholula.

Pyramids.

THE great pyramid of Gizeh in Egypt is generally supposed to be the largest in the world. It is nearly 500 feet high, and 763 feet on each side of its base. It is built of stone.

The pyramid of Cholula, in Mexico, built by the native Indians, is much larger. It is but 677 feet high; but one side of its base measures 1440 feet—nearly one third of a mile! It is partly of earth, and partly of stone.

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Lame Lilly.

O how pleasant is the early summer time! How beautiful the young, glossy leaves on the trees! And how bright and fresh the grass in the meadows! The little birds and the pretty flowers hide away when Winter tries to catch them; but if Summer calls them ever so gently, they come to her. Even the fowls in the poultry-yard like the warm weather best. See how the peacock struts about, spreading his huge fan of purple and gold for us to gaze at! And the sunshine has brought out the old brown hen, with her brood of sweetly-chirping chickens. There, that little boy, who sat so quietly on the door-step, jumps up and claps his hands in joy. "O mother, mother!" he cries; "I thought speckled Sally was lost, and here she comes, with ten children! Ten beautiful children, mother, all as white and downy as puff-balls! A slice of bread, if you please! quick, quick!" Leonard crumbled it over the gravel walk, and his old favorite, with a "cluck, cluck," called her chickens, and they all, with one accord, gobbled away as greedily as possible. The little ones ate as though they had never had any thing good before; very likely they had not, being but a few hours out of their shells. Their mamma's appetite was excusable; for she had grown very thin, whilst warming her darlings into life. We will leave them for three months.

Well, we are back again. What a change! Speckled Sally is strutting about in all the glory of another brood of chickens, and she has driven from her, with sharp and strong beak-checks, our little friends of the early summer. They have grown quite large, though, and are able to take care of themselves now.

Leonard Jerome was wondering to himself, one day, how Sally could be so unkind a mother; most of all, he wondered that she should desert Lilly. Now, Lilly was much the prettiest of the first brood. Her feathers were white as snow-flakes, and a pretty top-knot stood up, like a crown, on her head. Leonard loved Lilly, also, because she was so gentle and tame. If he called her, she would follow him all over the house—"up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." She would eat bread from his hand, and perch on his shoulder, like a parrot.

As Speckled Sally, with her new army, marched along, Leonard told her frankly, that she might feed those chickens as best she could; for not a grain of wheat, nor a crumb of bread, should they ever get from him. Just then, he heard a faint, sorrowful cry, and springing over the fence that separated him from the sound, he beheld, half-buried in the white clover-blossoms, his little favorite, Lilly. There she lay, very still, her eyes closed; and once again she chirped out a shrill, mournful scream of pain. "My poor Lilly," cried Leonard, "somebody has shot you. Poor little Lilly!" He took her up very carefully. How sad he felt to hear her moans! Very soon he saw that she had not been shot, but her leg had been broken, probably with a stone. It hung down quite lifeless, and the weight seemed to pain her; so he opened his penknife, and cut it off. This was done so gently and

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skilfully that she did not seem to feel it at all. He stanched the blood with his handkerchief, and smoothed the snowy feathers, and sat a while pondering what else he could do. He knew that when soldiers lost their limbs in battle, they generally had a wooden leg made, and so fastened on as to be of much service in walking. Indeed, he had heard a story, which seemed to him almost too wonderful for belief, of a lame man having a cork leg which ran even faster than the live one; so that it was as much as he could do to keep up with it. He thought a wooden limb would answer Lilly quite as well; so, laying her down again in the clover, he went in search of some nice little blocks he had seen in the yard not long before. In half an hour, he had whittled a very respectable-looking leg, smooth and white as Lilly herself, and at one end of it something which evidently resembled a foot. With bandages he fastened it to the stump of the poor chicken's former leg, and so firmly, that, as soon as she was relegged, off she jumped, hippity-hop, and, with the aid of her wings, went over the ground at an astonishing pace. The next day, when Leonard called Lilly, he saw, with much pleasure, that she was quite reconciled to her wooden leg, and limped along as contentedly as though unconscious of the ridiculous figure she cut.

It happened that his mamma had some friends spending the day with her; and when they caught sight of the lame hen, their surprise and mirth knew no bounds. They all laughed till their sides ached, and one young lady declared positively, that she should certainly die, if that hen limped about much longer; but she thought better of it afterwards, and, though it continued to limp, she is alive and well now. So ends the story of Lame Lilly. JACAPA.

Rochester, N. Y.

Top and Ball.

TOGETHER in the drawer, among other toys, lay a Top and a Ball; and the Top said to the Ball, "Let us be betrothed, as we are lying here together in the same drawer." But the Ball, that was made of morocco leather, and thought a great deal of herself, like a delicate young lady, would not hear any thing of the sort.

On the following day came the little boy to whom the toys belonged: he painted the Top red and yellow, and drove a brass nail right into the middle of it. It looked quite splendid when the Top spun round.

"Only look at me," said he to the Ball. "What do you say now? Let us be betrothed, we are so fitted for each other. You hop and I dance. Happier than we two shall be, it would not be easy to find any body."

"Do you think so?" said the Ball. "You probably don't know that my father and mother were morocco slippers, and that I have a cork in my body."

"Yes; but I am made of mahogany," said the Top; "and I was turned by the mayor, with his own hand. He has a turning-lathe of his own, and he was very much amused while turning me."

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"Can I depend on what you say?" said the Ball.

"May I never be whipped again, if I lie!" answered the Top.

"What you say is not amiss," said the Ball; "but yet I cannot, for I am as good as promised to a young Swallow; as often as I fly up in the air, he puts his head out of his nest, and says, 'Will you?' In my heart I have said, 'Yes,' and that is as good as being half-promised. But this I assure you, forget you is what I shall never do."

"That will do me much good," said the Top; and henceforth they did not speak to each other.

The following day the Ball was taken out, and the Top saw how it flew high up in the air, like a bird; at last, one could not see it any more. Every time it came back again, but always it made a bound when it touched the earth, and that was occasioned either by love or by the cork which it had in its body. The ninth time it staid away, and did not come again; the boy searched and searched, but it was gone.

"I know very well where she is," sighed the Top; "she is in the Swallow's nest, celebrating her wedding."

The more the Top thought about it, the lovelier seemed the Ball to him: that he could not have her, made his love but the hotter; that another should be preferred — it was that which he could not forget. And the Top danced and hummed. But he was always thinking of the dear Ball, that seemed to him lovelier and lovelier the more he thought of her. Thus passed many years; and so then it was an old love.

The Top was no longer young. But one day, all of a sudden, he was entirely gilded over. Never had he looked so beautiful. He was now a golden Top, and frisked about till the whole place quite rattled. Yes, that was a sight! But, all at once, he jumped too high, and — he was gone! They searched and searched, even in the cellar. He was no where to be found.

Where was he?

He had sprung into a butt, full of all sorts of rubbish, cabbage-stalks, dust, and parings, and of what fell from the gutter under the roof.

"A nice place this! I shall soon lose all my fine gilding here! and what beggarly company have I fallen among!" And, saying this, he looked askance at a long cabbage-stalk that lay shockingly near, and at a strange-looking round thing, almost like an apple; but it was no apple — it was an old ball that had lain many years in the gutter, and was quite soaked with water.

"Well! thank Heaven! at last one sees one's equals, — some one with whom I can exchange a word," said the Ball, and looked at the golden Top. "In reality I am of morocco, sewn together by maiden's hands, and have a cork in my body; though no one would imagine it from my present appearance. I was on the point of being married to a Swallow; but I fell in the gutter, and have lain here five years, and got wet through. That's a long time for a maiden lady, I can tell you!"

But the Top gave no reply. He thought of his old love; and the more he heard, the more certain was he that it was she.

Just at this moment, the housemaid

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came to clear out the butt. "Holloa! here is the gold Top!" said she. And the Top was brought into the parlor again, and was much prized. But one heard nothing more of the Ball. And the Top never spoke of his former love. That passes by when the affianced one has lain five years in the gutter of a roof. Yes, one does not recognize her when one meets her again in a dust-hole.

ANDERSEN.

Jeffrey Hudson.

IN the early ages of the world, when knowledge chiefly depends upon tradition, it is natural for mankind to people the universe with a thousand imaginary beings. Hence the stories of dragons, giants, and dwarfs, all of which have some foundation in reality; but when these are scrutinized, the dragon becomes only some wild beast of the forest, the giant is a man of uncommon size, and the dwarf of uncommon littleness.

Dwarfs have never been known to be distinguished for their talents, though their figures are often perfectly well formed. They have generally one trait in common with children—a high opinion of their own little persons, and great vanity. In the middle ages, and even down to a much later period, dwarfs were a fashionable appendage to royal courts, and the families of nobles.

Among the most celebrated of this class of persons was Jeffrey Hudson, born at Oakham, England, in 1619. At seven years of age, he was taken into the service of the Duke of Buckingham, being then but eighteen inches high. He afterwards was taken into the service of the queen of Charles I., who sent him to the Continent on several confidential commissions. His size never exceeded three feet nine inches, but he possessed a good share of spirit, and on the breaking out of the civil wars, he became a captain of horse.

On one occasion, he went to sea, and was taken by a Turkish corsair, and sold for a slave; but he was fortunately ransomed, and enabled to return to England. When the infamous Titus Oates pretended to reveal a plot against the king, Charles II., Hudson was one of the suspected persons, and, in consequence, lay some time in prison. He was at length released, and died in 1678.—*Parley's Curiosities of Human Nature.*

A LADY, who died a few years ago at Wakefield, England, left her dog £30 a year for life. A lucky dog!

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Vol. XIV. AUGUST, 1847. No. 2.

"Take Care of No. 1!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

[Continued from p. 8.]

The events related at the close of the last chapter made a deep impression upon the mind of Jacob Karl. Since the death of his father, it was the first time he had witnessed the work of the fell destroyer. He was then young, and the impression was comparatively slight; he had now seen one of his own age, in the very dawn of manhood, hurried from this into another world; he had seen the struggle of mind, the awful emotion of soul, with which his companion had approached the dread entrance into eternity. He looked long and earnestly upon the countenance of the young man, as he slept the sleep of death. Mute and sealed forever as were the lips, they seemed about to speak, and reveal the mysteries that lie beyond the grave.

There was something in all this that stirred the heart of our young hero to its very foundations. He felt, for the first time in his life, that there was a depth and meaning in human existence, and human conduct, far beyond what we can imagine.

His mind was sobered, perhaps saddened; and from that hour, it is probable, the shadow never wholly passed away.

Yet Jacob, though perhaps less light of heart than before, was better and wiser for the lesson he had learnt; nor did he dwell so long upon mournful topics as to forget the duties that lay before him, and the interest that demanded his attention. He saw the body of the youth interred, and caused a neat monument of stone to be erected over it. After reflecting upon his situation for some days, he determined to return to the scenes of his childhood. He had there some debts of gratitude to pay; and the means of removing a reproach, that had long rested upon his name, being now in his hands, he was anxious to accomplish that object.

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No sooner had the purpose of returning been definitely formed, than a feeling of unwonted cheerfulness sprang up in his mind. He entered the first vessel that was bound to the place to which he desired to go, and was soon on his way thither. The voyage lasted fourteen days. During this period, Jacob was naturally led to review the events which had occurred since his flight from prison, some six years before.

During this period, he had passed from youth to early manhood. He had seen a good deal of life, and had his share of experience. Though he had suffered much, he had enjoyed his share of pleasure; and though he had not avoided folly and vice, he was still greatly improved. He had fully dismissed the narrow maxim of his early days. Perhaps nothing had occurred to make him so strongly feel its folly, as the circumstances which connected him with the last hours of Richard Grater.

That unhappy youth had been the chief cause of Jacob's early disgrace and imprisonment, his flight from home, and the long wanderings that ensued. He had made an attempt to take away his life — subjected him to extreme peril, and a series of tedious privations.

In the selfish state of mind which characterized his youth, Jacob would have found it impossible to do otherwise than hate one who had been the occasion of so much suffering. It would have been the first dictate of his "Take care of No. One" policy, to have rejoiced in his misery, and to have said triumphantly in his dying ear, "Go, wretch, and reap the retribution of your crimes!" How different was his actual conduct! He sat by the side of the sufferer, every emotion of resentment lulled to rest, his bosom only stirred by sympathy and pity. He bestowed his full and hearty forgiveness upon the offender; he did all in his power to soften the agonies of the sick bed; and when he came afterwards to reflect upon these things, there seemed to issue from them, even amid the sadness of the occasion, a sweet remembrance — a holy light which cheered and gratified his heart. He saw now, distinctly, what he had not fully understood before — that mere selfishness is not the best way to take care of No. One; that there is, indeed, deeper and purer enjoyment in doing good deeds for the benefit of others, than in acting solely for self. A new door appeared to be opened into the human heart, and through it he seemed to enter a new chamber, rendered light and beautiful by the fruits of charity, kindness, and peace.

The little vessel at last reached her destined port; and Jacob, with keen emotion, sprang upon the wharf, where he had landed some years before, at the time he was placed under the care of farmer Lane. He walked to the village, and took up lodgings for the night at the inn. No one recognized in the full-grown, manly form of the sailor, the somewhat thin and weasand figure of their former acquaintance, Jacob Karl. While he was sitting in the bar-room, however, a conversation took place among the persons present, which made his cheeks tingle.

"This is very queer news," said an old man, who was smoking his pipe — "very queer news, that came last week from the West Indies."

"What is it?" said the landlord. "I have not heard any thing about it."

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"Why, Dick Grater is dead."

"Who was Dick Grater?" was the reply.

"Why, do you not remember that scapegrace, the son of old Dolly Grater?"

"What," said the landlord, "she that lives out at Hard Patch? Yes, yes, I remember him well, and a real skylark he was. I have often had him here, and he was the wildest spark that ever darkened the doors of the Brown Mug. He is dead, is he?"

"Yes; and what's more, he left a dying confession, declaring that it was he who set fire to old Baldwin's barn!"

"Pooh!" said the landlord, emphatically; "I had an idea that it was him all the time. They laid it to a young fellow by the name of Karl, or Snarl, or something of the kind; but I thought it was Dick all the time."

"You have a great knack of foretelling things after they have happened," said the smoker. "However, it is a strange story all round. Here, this young fellow Karl was hunted down like a wolf. He was kept in prison for six months, and only saved his neck by running away; yet, after all, the fellow was innocent of the crime charged against him. Well, well! all comes right in the end. The real rogue has gone to his last account; and who knows but Jacob Karl may turn out somebody after all?" The old man closed this sentence by a tremendous whiff of smoke, and after a short pause, the conversation turned to other topics.

The next morning, Jacob set out to take a survey of those objects in the village with which he had formerly been familiar, and around which his memory still lingered with interest. A walk of an hour brought him to the residence of farmer Lane. There stood the old mansion, the same as in former days, though it seemed browner and somewhat less in size than when he left it. All around had the same air of carelessness and abundance which belonged to other days. With many mingled emotions, Jacob looked around upon various objects, many of which were associated with pleasant or painful recollections. He came at last in front of the house, entered the gate, and walked to the door. It was opened, and in the entry sat the old farmer himself. He was reading, but immediately took his eyes from the paper, and, looking over his spectacles, gazed keenly at the youth. Jacob hesitated — his tongue faltered. He thought, perhaps, of steelyards and stolen cherries: perchance some recollection of broken eggs, running down his face, disturbed his equanimity; or perchance he might feel that, during an absence of six years, some fatal mischance might have attended her whose name he was about to pronounce.

At last he spoke. "Is Mabel — Mabel Lane at home?" said he in a low tone.

"Mabel!" said the old man; "yes — no, no; she has just gone away. She has gone to spend the day with her cousins at Hemlock Lane. Won't you walk in?"

Jacob made a hasty adieu; and while the old man walked to the door and gazed after him, he stepped lightly forward, and was soon out of view.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGION is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.

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Wonders of Biography.

We propose to give our readers a series of sketches respecting the lives of very remarkable persons, who have lived in different ages and different parts of the world. We shall begin with

No. I.

APOLLONIUS TYANÆUS.

Apollonius — whose surname of Tyanæus is derived from Tyana, a city of Cappadocia, in Asia Minor, the place where he was born — is one of the most remarkable characters in all antiquity. By some writers, he has been regarded as a philosopher and sage, by some as a fanatic, and by others as a crafty impostor. During his lifetime, he was reverenced as a divine person, and after his death, he was even worshipped as a god.

In the story of his life, it is difficult to

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separate the facts from the exaggerations and inventions which have been added by his biographers. We shall relate what is said of him by ancient authors, and what was firmly believed by his followers and admirers.

He was born, as above stated, at Tyana, four years before Christ. Wonders are said to have marked the hour of his birth. A marvellous flash of lightning fell from the sky, and darted back again; the swans in a meadow flocked round him, clapping their wings with an unearthly sound, &c. But similar tales are told of Mohammed, and numerous other persons, who from obscure birth have raised themselves to celebrity.

The father of Apollonius was a rich citizen of Tyana, and he sent his son to be educated at Tarsus, in Cilicia. But the young man, disliking the luxury and indolence of the people of this place, obtained leave to remove to Ægæ, a town not far distant, where he pursued the study of philosophy, undisturbed by the dissipations of the greater city. He embraced the doctrines of Pythagoras, who, in imitation of the Egyptian priests, subjected his pupils to a strict course of discipline. They were compelled to begin their studies by a silence of five years, during which time, they had the privilege of listening, but were not allowed to speak a single word. Even afterwards, they were expected always to discourse with moderation. They were obliged to throw all their property into a common stock, and to abstain from eating beans, and certain other articles of food.

In conformity to the institutions of Pythagoras, the young philosopher Apollonius refrained from animal food, and lived entirely upon fruits and herbs. He wore linen garments, walked barefooted, and suffered his hair to grow to its full length. In the town of Ægæ was a temple consecrated to the god Æsculapius, which was famous through all the country for its miraculous cures performed upon sick persons by the god of health. The priests of this temple found means to persuade their credulous votaries that the god himself sometimes condescended to become visible to mortals.

Apollonius took up his residence in this temple, and is supposed to have been initiated by the priests into their arts of imposture. He went through a probationary discipline of five years' silence, during which time he travelled and visited various cities of Pamphylia and Cilicia, without speaking a word; yet, by his looks and gestures, conveying to the people instruction and admonition.

At the city of Aspenda, the corn speculators had made an artificial famine, by buying up all the grain. A riot was the consequence, and the whole city was thrown into confusion. Apollonius was walking in the market-place during the tumult. The men, women, and children, were running up and down, crying out that they were starving; and the more furious of them armed themselves with firebrands, lighted fagots, and torches, to burn the governor of the city alive. Apollonius made signs to the people to be quiet; he then took a style and tablet, and wrote as follows to the corn speculators: —

"The earth, the common mother of all, is just. But ye, being unjust, would make her a bountiful mother to yourselves alone. Leave off your dishonest traffic,

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or you shall no longer be suffered to live." This was read in the presence of the whole multitude, and produced so instantaneous an effect, that the speculators immediately opened their stores, and relieved the people. This transaction was exaggerated into a miracle; but we see nothing in it more than the operation of natural causes.

After the termination of his novitiate of silence, Apollonius visited Antioch, Ephesus, and other cities, where he collected a train of disciples, whom he instructed by his lectures and conversation. He also delivered harangues in public, inculcating good morals and orderly habits. He then resolved to travel, by the way of Babylon, to India, in order to visit the Brahmins, whose wisdom was famous all over the East. His disciples had not the courage to accompany him on so long a journey, and he travelled with only three companions. One of these, named Damis, wrote an account of this journey, and informs us that Apollonius understood all languages, even those of animals; and that he could even read the thoughts of men.

On his way to Babylon, Apollonius, seeing a lioness with eight whelps, killed by some huntsmen, predicted to Damis that the time of their stay with the king of Babylon would be a year and eight months, which of course came to pass. He was received by the monarch with great favor, and so delighted him with the wisdom of his discourse, that the king gave him the privilege of asking twelve gifts. But the philosopher demanded nothing except food for his journey. The king gave him camels to ride upon and to carry his provisions. He crossed the lofty mountains on the north of Hindostan; and here, we are told, on a moonlight night, the travellers met one of those ghosts, or hobgoblins, called by the Greeks an *empusa*. His companions were very much frightened; but Apollonius cried out lustily, and called the hobgoblin all the hard names he could invent, on which it immediately gave a loud shriek and disappeared. Such is the Greek ghost-story, and it is probably as true as most others of this character.

Having crossed the mountains, they arrived at a city called Taxila, which was the residence of the Indian king. This monarch, Phraortes, a descendant of Porus, paid great attention to Apollonius, and recommended him to the chief Brahmins. These men, we are told, revealed to him all their secrets, and compelled him to recognize their superiority in working miracles. It is supposed that the art of jugglery, which the Hindoos of the present day practise with such astonishing effect, was also well known at that time, and that, by the acquisition of this knowledge, Apollonius was enabled to perform the feats which afterwards gained him the character of a magician.

Having travelled over India, he returned to Europe by the way of the Red Sea. So great was the fame which he had now acquired, that, when he entered Ephesus, the whole population of the city crowded to see him. Even the artisans and laborers left their work to follow him through the streets. The Ephesians were notorious for their profligate manners; Apollonius threatened them with a pestilence unless they reformed. After he had left their city, the plague made its appearance there. The inhabitants sent

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messengers to Apollonius, who was then at Smyrna, requesting him to drive away the plague. In the twinkling of an eye, we are told, he transported himself to Ephesus, and appeared in the midst of a crowd at the theatre. He pointed to a beggar, and ordered the people to stone him. They immediately showered stones upon him, till he was covered under an enormous heap. The next day, Apollonius ordered them to remove the stones; when lo! the beggar had disappeared, and a dog was found in his place, into which the demon of the plague had entered, and the ravages of the pestilence instantly ceased.

Apollonius then visited Pergamus, and the seat of ancient Troy. He passed a night alone at the tomb of Achilles, where, as we are told, he raised that hero from the dead by the power of an incantation which he had learned in India, and held a conversation with him. He then made a tour through the cities of Greece, visiting Athens, Sparta, Olympia, and other famous places. He addressed the people with great eloquence in the character of a reformer, exhorting them to amend their vicious manners. At Athens, he is said to have cured a demoniac, on which occasion, the demon, who was cast out, made his escape with such fury as to throw down a marble statue which stood near him. While he was in the Island of Crete, an earthquake took place; and Apollonius, in the midst of the shock, cried out, "The sea is bringing forth land!" At this instant, we are assured, an island rose out of the sea between Crete and Theræ.

From Crete he went to Rome, where the Emperor Nero had just issued an edict, banishing from the city all persons who practised magical arts. Apollonius knew that he should be comprehended in this description; but he was not to be deterred from his purpose. He boldly ventured into the city, and, being arrested and carried before the magistrates, he intimidated his judges by restoring to life the dead body of a noble lady, and predicting an eclipse of the sun.

Apollonius next went to Spain, where he raised a sedition against Nero. He then visited Africa, the south of Italy, and Sicily, where he heard of the death of Nero. He afterwards travelled in Egypt and Ethiopia, and sought to discover the sources of the Nile. In Egypt, Vespasian was then endeavoring to establish his power. That prince knew the value of such an auxiliary as Apollonius, who appears to have been well practised in the arts of gaining popularity; and he attached him to his interest by consulting him as a sort of divine oracle. In return, the philosopher employed his influence among the people in favor of Vespasian.

He was also consulted on matters of government by Titus, the successor of Vespasian. When this prince refused a crown of victory for capturing Jerusalem, Apollonius wrote him this laconic epistle: "Apollonius to Titus, emperor of the Romans, sendeth greeting. Since you refuse to be applauded for bloodshed and victory in war, I send you the crown of moderation. You know to what kind of merit crowns are due."

When Domitian became emperor, Apollonius declared against him, and took the part of his rival Nerva. For this, he was arrested and carried to Rome. There, he was arraigned before the emperor; and, instead of being intimidated

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by his presence, he launched out into praises of Nerva. Domitian ordered him to be thrown into prison, and loaded with chains; and some days afterward he was carried into court, and put upon a formal trial. In the midst of the pleadings, as the story is related, he suddenly vanished from sight, and transported himself to Puteoli, 150 miles distant.

From Italy he made his escape into Greece, and thence into Asia Minor, where, after many rambles, he settled at Ephesus. Here he established a school or college for teaching the Pythagorean philosophy, and collected many disciples and students. In this place, one of the most marvellous events of his life took place, as it is related by the historian Dion Cassius. Apollonius was in the midst of a public lecture, when suddenly he stopped short, and, changing his tone, exclaimed, "Well done, Stephen! take courage, kill the tyrant! kill him!" Then, after a short pause, he exclaimed, "The tyrant is dead!" At that very moment Domitian was assassinated in Rome by a person named Stephen. Some writers explain this extraordinary occurrence by supposing Apollonius to have been previously acquainted with the plot which led to the tyrant's death.

After this we hear nothing of Apollonius, except that Nerva wrote to him on his accession to the empire, soliciting the aid of his counsels, and that he returned the following answer: "O emperor, we shall live together during a very long period, in which we shall have no authority over others, nor shall others have any authority over us." This is considered as intimating his expectation that they would soon live together in another world.

Concerning the time, place, or manner of the death of Apollonius, we have no certain information, unless we are disposed to credit a miraculous account, to the following purport: —

He was condemned to death by the Cretans; and, after being loaded with chains, was shut up in the temple of Dictynna, to be devoured by dogs. When the temple was reopened, Apollonius was not to be found; the chains were discovered shattered to pieces, and voices of invisible virgins were heard proclaiming his elevation to the skies. So much for the Cretan story; but all accounts agree that he lived to the age of ninety-seven.

Such is the outline of the history of this extraordinary man, as transmitted to us by the writers of antiquity. It is not easy to conjecture what part of these marvels are pure impostures, and what part are exaggerations of real events. Apollonius was certainly a man of uncommon talent, and was perhaps one of those pretenders to miraculous power, who were not uncommon in his age. His great celebrity appears from numerous attestations to be found in ancient history. In his lifetime he was called a god, and accepted that appellation, saying that every good man ought to be honored with it. After his death, he long continued to be ranked among the divinities. The inhabitants of Tyana dedicated a temple to his name. The Ephesians erected a statue to him, in commemoration of his delivering them from the plague. The Emperor Aurelian refrained from sacking Tyana out of reverence to his memory. Divine honors were paid to him by many of the emperors, and magical virtue was attributed to his name.

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It is very certain that Apollonius imposed not only upon the vulgar and the ignorant, but upon those who called themselves enlightened. The most probable supposition is, that, like his master Pythagoras, he varied his arts of delusion according to the character of those with whom he dealt. With wise men he acted the part of a philosopher; and among the vulgar he passed himself off for a magician. Of his motives of action, we can only form a conjecture; but he seems to have been infected with the very common failing of a desire to excite the astonishment of mankind by any means that lay in his power. His efforts appear to have been crowned with great success; but how he was able to practise his deceptions through a long life, undetected, it is impossible for us to conjecture.

Water.

There are few things in nature so beautiful as water; and this beauty is increased by the variety of forms in which it appears. It first comes to us in the shape of rain, descending from the heavens. It is then broken into myriads of drops, each one of which is a little round shining globe. Sometimes it is frozen, and comes sailing down from the clouds in white crystals, which we call snow. Collected in large masses, water forms seas, lakes, and rivers. So great is the quantity of it on the earth, that it is said to cover three quarters of the surface of the globe.

When at rest, the surface of water becomes smooth as a mirror, and reflects objects which stand along its border, or are suspended over it. How charmingly the banks of a lake are often pictured on its bosom!

When water is in motion, it presents a great variety of aspects; the sea, lashed by the tempest, rises into furious and foaming waves, sometimes dashing ships in pieces, and bursting with terrific roar against the rocky margin of the deep.

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Water flowing over the land is called a *river;* if the stream be small, it is called a *rill*, *rivulet*, or *brook*. What can be more charming than a little stream of water just setting out upon its course! It rises in some quiet spring, and issues timidly forth, turning hither and thither to avoid the stones, and occasionally falling headlong over some obstacle that crosses its path. It goes on and on, increasing by receiving other streams into its bosom, and, flowing broader and deeper, at last loses itself in the sea.

How pleasing is all this to the eye; and how many pleasant images does it suggest to the mind! How like to childhood is the rivulet — toddling and tumbling in its course at the beginning! how like to manhood is the deep, broad river — flowing bravely on for a time, and at last disappearing in the ocean!

In these, and many other ways, this element contributes to our pleasure. We speak not now of its utility, but only of its beauty; we could not indeed live without water; but even if we could, how large a share of our happiness would be destroyed if we could not see it! If the clouds were to disappear, — if the dew that sprinkles the shrub and flower, as with diamonds, was to vanish, — if sea and lake and river, stream and waterfall were to be annihilated, — if rain, snow, and mist, were to come no more, how large a share of the pleasure and poetry of the world would be gone forever!

Books are food for the mind, and are as necessary to a sound state of intellect, as food is to the vigor of the body.

Incubation.

The period for hatching eggs by the natural process at 104 degrees is, with hens, three weeks; with geese and ducks, a month; with pigeons, eighteen days; and with swans, six weeks. An artificial process has been adopted in various parts of the world. In China, a hatching-house for ducks consists of a long shed, with mud walls, and thickly thatched with straw. In this building a number of round straw baskets are placed, well plastered with mud to prevent them from taking fire. The bottom is formed of a tile, a small fireplace being below each basket. The eggs being placed in these baskets, and the fires lighted, the heat is duly regulated. In four or five days they are carefully examined, and the good ones are replaced in the basket for about ten days more. They are then spread out on shelves, and covered up with cotton, and a kind of blanket; thus they remain for about fourteen days longer, when the young ducks burst their shells, and the shed is filled with living creatures. In a few days after, the whole are sold, and conveyed to their new quarters. In Egypt, the hatching-rooms, or ovens, for fowls, have a number of shelves or chambers, in which eggs are placed to the amount of 20,000 to 50,000, and the fuel used for hatching is a union of cow or camel's dung, mixed with straw. The number of eggs placed is about 100,000,000 in a season, but only about two thirds of them are hatched.

A fox is cunning, but he is more cunning who catches him.

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All young people are fond of fables and fairy tales. Many of these are pleasing, and some are instructive. We give our readers a taste of these things now and then. In our last number we introduced a queer story about a top and ball, and now we shall copy a wild and strange tale by the same author. His name is given in the preceding picture. He has written many stories, some of which are very good. We intend to select one or two more at a future day from his collection.

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The Swans.

FAR, far from here, in the land whither the swallows fly when with us it is winter, there dwelt a king, who had eleven sons, and one daughter named Elise. The eleven brothers, princes all, went to school with stars on their breast and swords at their side. They wrote on golden tablets with pencils of diamond; and they could read in any book, and out of any book; you heard in a moment that they were princes. Their sister Elise sat on a little stool of looking-glass, and had a picture-book that had cost half a kingdom.

What a happy life the children led! but it was not to last long.

Their father, the king of the whole country, married a wicked queen, who treated the children very ill. On the very first day they felt the difference. There was a great festival at the palace, and the children played at visiting; but instead of having roasted apples and cakes, as formerly, the queen gave them only sand in little saucers, and said, "they must fancy it was something good to eat."

The following week, she sent little sister Elise to some peasants in the country; and it was not long before she had something bad of the princes to tell the king, so that he no longer cared much about them.

"Be off! go into the world, and take care of yourselves!" said the wicked queen. "Fly off in the shape of large dumb birds!" But yet she could not make it quite so bad as she wished; and into eleven beautiful white swans were the princes changed. With a strange cry, they flew out of the windows of the palace, and disappeared over the park and the wood.

It was still very early in the morning when they passed by the place where Elise was lying asleep in the peasant's cottage. They flew in circles round the roof, turned their long necks here and there, and beat the air with their wings; but nobody heard or saw them, and they were obliged to continue their flight up into the clouds, and over the wide world. Then they flew to the great gloomy wood, which extended to the sea-shore.

Poor little Elise stood in the peasant's room, and played with a green leaf; for it was the only thing she had to play with. She made a hole in the leaf, and through it peeped at the sun; and it seemed to her as though she saw the bright eyes of her brothers; and as often as the warm sunbeams fell on her cheeks, she thought of her brothers' kisses.

Each day passed like the other. If the wind blew through the great rose-tree before the house, it whispered to the roses, "Who is more lovely than ye are?" But the roses shook their heads and said, "Elise is far more lovely!" And if the old wife sat on a Sunday before the cottage-door, and read in her book of hymns, the wind turned over the leaves, and said to the book, "Who is more pious than thou?" "Elise!" answered the hymn-book; and what the roses and the hymn-book said was quite true.

When Elise was fifteen years old, she was to return home; but as soon as the queen saw how beautiful she was, she took such an aversion to her, that she would have liked to change her into a wild swan, like her brothers. However,

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she did not dare to do so, because the king wanted to see his daughter.

One morning early, the queen went into her bath, which was of marble, and ornamented with soft cushions and costly carpets. She took three toads, kissed them, and said to one of them, "Do thou sit on the head of Elise when she goes to bathe, that she may become as lazy and drowsy as thou art." "Sit thou on her forehead," said she to another, "that she may grow as ugly as thou art, so that her father may not recognize her." "Do thou lie in her bosom," said she to the third, "that her heart may be tainted, and that she may grow wicked, and be her own punishment."

Then she put the toads into the clear water, which immediately assumed a greenish color; and she called Elise, undressed her, and made her step into the bath, and put her head under the water. And then one toad sat in her hair, the other on her forehead, and the third on her bosom; but Elise did not seem to remark it. When she left the bath there swam three red poppies on the water; and had the animals not been poisonous, and kissed by the witch, they would have been turned into roses, from tarrying a while on Elise's heart and head. She was too pious for witchcraft to have any power over her.

When the wicked queen saw this, she rubbed the child all over with walnut-juice, till she was of a dark brown color; smeared her lovely face with a stinking ointment, and made her fine long hair hang in wild confusion. To recognize the beautiful Elise was now impossible.

When her father saw her, he started, and said that she was not his daughter. Nobody knew her again, except the house-dog and the swallow; but they were poor creatures, who had nothing to say in the matter.

Poor Elise wept bitterly, and thought of her eleven brothers, not one of whom did she see at the palace. Much afflicted, she stole away, and walked across field and moor to the large forest. She knew not whither she wanted to go; but she was very dejected, and had such a longing after her brothers, who, no doubt, had been turned adrift in the world too! them would she seek, and she was determined to find them.

She had not been long in the forest before night came on, and she lost her way in the dark. So she laid herself down in the soft moss, said her evening prayer, and leaned her head on the stump of a tree. It was so still in the forest, the air was so mild, and around in the grass and on the moss there gleamed the green light of many hundred glow-worms; and when she gently touched one of the branches with her hand, the radiant insects came down to her like falling stars.

The whole night she dreamed of her brothers: they played again like children, wrote on golden tablets with pencils of diamond, and looked at the pretty picture-book that had cost half a kingdom; but on the tablets they did not merely write, as formerly, strokes and O's; no, now they described the bold deeds that they had accomplished, and the strange fortunes they had experienced; and in the picture-book all was animated — the birds sang, the men stepped out of the book and spoke with Elise and her brothers; but when she turned over a leaf, in they jumped

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again directly, in order that the pictures might not get into confusion.

When Elise awoke, the sun was already high in the heaven: it is true she could not see it, the high trees interwove their leafy branches so closely; but the sunbeams played upon them, and looked like a waving golden gauze. There was such a fragrance from the verdure; and the birds almost perched on Elise's shoulder. She heard the water splashing; for there were many considerable brooks, which all met in a pond with a beautiful sandy bottom; 'tis true thick bushes grew all round it; but the deer had broken a broad way through, and on this path Elise went to the water. It was so clear, that if the boughs and the bushes had not been waved backwards and forwards by the wind, one would have been forced to believe that they were painted, and lay down at the bottom, so distinctly was every leaf reflected, those that glowed in the sunlight as well as those which lay in the shade.

When Elise saw her face in the water, she was much frightened, so brown and ugly did she look; but when she wetted her little hand and rubbed her eyes and forehead, the white skin appeared again; and Elise laid her clothes aside and stepped into the fresh water, — a more lovely royal child than she was not to be found in the whole world.

After she had dressed herself and braided her long hair, she went to the bubbling spring, drank out of the hollow of her hand, and wandered farther into the wood — she herself knew not whither. She thought of her brothers, thought of the ever-watchful and good God, who would certainly not forsake her; for it was he who made the wild apples to grow, to give food to the hungry; and he showed her a tree whose branches bent down under the weight of the fruit. Here she dined, put props under the branches, and then went into the thickest part of the wood. It was so still there that she heard her own footsteps, and the rustle of every withered leaf that bent beneath her feet. Not a bird was to be seen, not a sunbeam penetrated the thick foliage-roof; and the high trunks stood so near together, that when she looked straight forward, a grating of wooden beams seemed to close around her: O, it was a solitude such as Elise had never known! And the night was so dark — not a single glow-worm shone! Much afflicted, she lay down to sleep; and there it seemed to her as if the boughs above her parted, and the ever-watchful and good God looked down upon her with an eye of love, and a thousand little angels peeped forth to gaze at her from the clouds.

On awaking the next morning, she did not know if it were a dream, or if it had really happened.

She went a few steps farther on, when she met an old woman with a basket full of berries. The old woman gave her some. Elise asked her if she had not seen eleven princes riding through the wood.

"No!" answered the woman; "but yesterday I saw eleven swans, with golden crowns on their heads, swim down the stream near here."

And she led Elise to a hill, at whose foot a brook flowed winding along; the trees on either bank stretched their long, leafy branches towards each other, and where, on account of their natural growth, they were unable to meet, the roots had

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loosened themselves from the earth and hung interwoven over the water.

Elise bade the old woman farewell, and walked on by the side of the brook to the spot where it flowed into the great and open sea.

The whole sea lay spread out before the maiden; but not a sail, not a boat was to be seen. How was she to go on? She looked at the countless pebbles on the shore; they were all smooth and rounded by the water; glass, iron, stones — all that lay on the shore had received this form from the water; and yet it was much softer than her little delicate hand. "It rolls on untiringly, and even what is hard is smoothened. Not less untiring will I be: thanks for the lesson, ye clear rolling waves; some day — so my heart tells me — ye will bear me to where my dear brothers are!"

On the sea-weed which was washed up on the shore lay eleven white swans' feathers; Elise collected them into a nose-gay: some drops were hanging on them, but whether dew or tears it was impossible to distinguish. On the shore it was very solitary, but she felt it not; for the sea presented an eternal change — more in one single hour than the lakes could show in a whole year. If a black cloud came, it was as if the sea would say, "I too can look gloomy;" and then the wind blew, and the waves turned their white sides outermost; but if the clouds looked red, and the winds slept, then the sea was like a rose-leaf — now it was green, now white; but however still it might rest, there was on the shore a gentle motion, and the water heaved slightly, like a sleeping infant's bosom.

As the sun was going down, Elise saw eleven wild swans, with golden crowns on their heads, flying towards the land: they flew one behind the other, and looked like a long white pennon. Then Elise climbed up the hill, and hid herself behind some bushes; the swans alighted close to her, and fluttered their large white wings.

The sun sank into the water, and suddenly the swan-like forms disappeared, and eleven handsome princes, Elise's brothers, stood before her. She uttered a loud cry; for although they were greatly changed, Elise knew — felt they were her brothers; and she threw herself in their arms, calling them by name; and the brothers were so happy when they saw and recognized their dear little sister, who was now grown so tall and beautiful: They laughed and wept; and they had soon told each other how ill their step-mother had treated them all.

"We fly as wild swans," said the eldest of the brothers, "as long as the sun is above the horizon; but when he has set we appear in our human form again. We must, therefore, take good heed at such time to have a resting-place; for were we flying then in the clouds, we should drop down as men into the deep below. This is not our dwelling-place: a land as beautiful as this lies beyond the sea; but the way is long, — we must cross the vast ocean, and there is no island on our passage where we could pass the night; there is but a small, solitary rock, that rises out of the waves; it is only large enough for us to stand side by side upon it, and so to take our rest: if the sea be troubled, then the water dashes high over our heads. But yet we thank Heaven for even this resting-place: there we pass the night in our human

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form; and without this cliff we should never be able to visit our beloved country; for it takes two of the longest days of the year to accomplish our flight. Once a year only are we permitted to revisit the home of our fathers: we may stay here eleven days; and then we fly over the large forest, whence we can espy the palace in which our father dwells, and where we were born; whence we can see the high tower of the church in which our mother lies. Here the very trees and bushes seem familiar to us; here the wild horses still dash over the plains as when we saw them in our childhood; the charcoal-burner sings the same old tune to which we danced in our youth; all here has charms for us, and here we have found thee, dear little sister! Two days more are we permitted to stay, and then we must away over the sea to a pleasant land; but, lovely as it is, it is not the country of our birth. And thou, Elise, how can we take thee with us? We have neither ship nor boat."

"O, how can I set ye free?" said their sister. And so they spoke together nearly the whole night; a few hours only were given to sleep.

The next morning Elise was awakened by the rustling of swans' wings rushing by over her head. Her brothers were again changed into swans, and flew around in large circles, and at last they were far, far off. But one of them, the youngest, staid with her; he laid his head on her lap, and she stroked his large white wings: the whole day they staid together. Towards evening the others returned; and when the sun was gone down, there they stood again in their natural shapes.

"To-morrow," said the youngest, "we must fly hence, and may not return before the end of another year; but we cannot leave thee here. Hast thou courage to follow us? My arm is strong enough to carry thee through the wood: the wings of us all would surely then be powerful enough to bear thee over the sea."

"Yes, take me with you," said Elise. And they spent the whole night in weaving a sort of mat of the flexible bark of the willow and of tough bulrushes; and when finished it was large and strong. Elise laid herself upon it; and when the sun appeared, and her brothers were again changed into wild swans, they took the mat in their bills, and flew with their dear sister, who still slept, high up into the clouds. The rays of the sun fell full upon her face; so one of the swans flew above her head, that he might overshadow her with his broad wings.

They were far distant from land when Elise awoke. She thought she must be in a dream, so strange did it seem to her to be borne thus through the air high above the ocean. Beside her lay a branch with ripe juicy berries, and a bundle of palatable roots: these her youngest brother had gathered and placed near her; and she looked up to him with a smile of gratitude; for she recognized him in the swan that flew above her head and shaded her with his wings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Spaniards say, in a long run, the tortoise beats the greyhound; that is, perseverance will accomplish more than swiftness.

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The Polygars.

THE Polygars are mountaineers of Hindostan. They inhabit the thickest woody fastnesses of that country, and practise robbery as a profession during peace; but, in time of war, they act as regular soldiers in the defence of their country against invaders.

They derive their name from the *pollams*, or thick forests, which exist abundantly in all the southern part of Hindostan. They have a sort of government, organized under military leaders, and levy *black mail*, as the Scotch call it, upon their neighbors; that is, they tax them for protecting their property, or for abstaining from plundering it. The people of Hindostan are under the necessity of tolerating this singular banditti; many of the Polygar chieftains are so powerful as to be able to bring 15,000 or 20,000 men into the field. When they are not paid for sparing a territory, they seize the cattle, cut and carry off the crops of grain, &c. If they meet with opposition they commit murder; yet, when a war breaks out, the inhabitants intrust to these bands, for protection, their old and infirm people, their wives, children, and treasures.

THE king of Congo, when the wind blows his hat off, lays a tax on that part of his dominions from which the wind comes. Many despotical governments have as little reason for imposing their taxes.

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Talks and Walks.

[Continued from p. 19.]

CHAPTER VI.

At an early hour the next day, we proceeded to the depot, and took our seats in the cars. The steam popped, puffed, and fizzed; the conductors chattered; the passengers ran hither and thither, very much as they do, under the same circumstances, in Yankee land. We bought our tickets, took our seats, and set forward upon the track. Slowly and smoothly we began; but soon the objects seemed to fly by us with the swiftness of arrows. Houses, trees, rocky banks, hills, and hill-sides, dashed past the windows, thus showing that we sped forward with great rapidity.

The tracks of the road were so smooth that we hardly seemed to move; and it was only by looking out of the window, that we became sensible of our speed. Away we went, my companions gazing forth with all their eyes. Every thing appeared strange. There were no white wooden houses, no fields checkered with stone walls or railed fences, to be seen. The country was what is called *undulating;* that is, rising into low hills, and sinking into moderate valleys. The surface, through long cultivation, looked smooth as a carpet. The fields seemed ploughed by rule and compass. Ike remarked that the traces of the plough in the field reminded him of ruled music paper. The separate farms were only divided by ditches, so that the whole country seemed a common; divided into squares and patches, however, by different crops.

There were very few farm-houses scattered here and there; nearly all the people seemed to live in villages, the houses of which were built of stone, and had a dusky appearance. Once we saw a shepherd, with his busy and bustling dog, driving in the stray members of the flock. This scene delighted Izzy, for she had often read about shepherds and shepherds' dogs; and Hannah More's beautiful story of the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" she had by heart.

On, on, we went, and in four hours we dashed through the old gray city of St. Denis, plunged under an arch supporting a lofty fortification, and then rushed into a wilderness of streets and buildings. This was Paris. In a few minutes we were at the depot. All around was confusion; but at last I collected my baggage, got my friends into a carriage, and we drove to the hotel.

Thus far the great city had given my companions pain rather than pleasure, they were bewildered with so many strange objects; and when we reached our room and sat down, there was an evident look of weariness and disappointment on both of their faces.

Ike went to the window which looked into a court. Here he saw a couple of dirty-looking coaches, a pair of poodle dogs, a man with a white cap on his head blacking boots, and a woman drawing water from a fountain. "Well," said he, "I don't think much of Paris, after all." Izzy ran to the window and looked into the court. "Do you call this Paris?" said she, disdainfully.

By this time the waiter had brought us our lunch; and a capital one it was. "This," said I, "is Paris," looking at Ike. "How do you like it?" "It tastes real

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good!" said he; upon which we had a laugh all around — a fact which will enable the reader to understand that Ike, Izzy, and I, could laugh upon small provocation.

It must not be supposed that we had come so far without first making ourselves acquainted with the great city where we now were. At Havre, we had bought a book, called a "Guide to Paris." This contained pictures, and descriptions of the principal objects of interest; and it had a map, or plan, of the city, which gave a very exact idea of its shape and extent.

We had occasionally looked into this book, and learned many things respecting Paris. We found that it contained more than a million of people; more than twenty of the largest cities in the United States. It is the largest in Europe, excepting London. It is the capital of France, and here the king resides.

Paris is entirely surrounded by two walls of stone, from ten to fifteen feet high. One encloses the city only; the other is one or two miles beyond this, and takes in a large extent of country. The inner wall is nearly twelve miles in length, the city being about four miles across. The River Seine, which is about five hundred feet wide, runs through Paris, and is crossed by several bridges. Numerous boats, and even steamboats, ply upon this river, passing from Paris to Havre. The stream is amazingly crooked, it being nearly three times as far to Havre by this route, as it is by land.

Paris is a city of great antiquity. About two thousand years ago, however, it was a small place, inhabited by rude people, called *Parisii*. They occupied only the little island in the Seine now called the *City*. Here they collected their flocks, for the country all around was covered with forests, and these were filled with wild beasts.

About fifty years before Christ, a famous Roman general, called *Cæsar*, came with a large army into this country. He conquered the tribes throughout France, and took possession of the city of the Parisii. The Romans continued to hold the place for nearly five hundred years. Under their care, Paris became a great metropolis. They built splendid temples, which they dedicated to Jupiter and other gods. Several Roman emperors visited Paris, and many eminent Romans lived here.

The original inhabitants of France were called *Celts*, or *Gauls*. They consisted of several tribes, and the Parisii were one of these. About the year 450, Rome herself was conquered by northern barbarians. Unable to maintain her provinces, they fell one by one into other hands. In the year 445, a horde of barbarians, called *Franks*, came rushing into this country from Germany. They took the city of Paris, and established themselves in the surrounding districts. Their leaders became kings of the country, and the name of *Franks*, changed to *France*, is now its designation. Clovis, the first regular king of France, fixed his residence at Paris in the year 524, since which time it has been the capital of the country.

CHAPTER VII.

After resting a while at the hotel, we concluded to sally forth and see a little of the great city. Ike and Izzy had put on their best things, and seemed to imagine that every body in Paris was going to take

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a sharp look at them. Descending four pairs of stairs, slippery with rubbing and wax, we entered the court of the hotel. Crossing this, we passed under an archway, and were in the open street. On one side was a long range of buildings six stories in height, and uniform in their style of architecture. On the other side was a lofty fence, composed of pieces of iron in the shape of spears, with gilt heads, pointed upward. One of the gates of this barrier was open, and by the side of it was a soldier in full costume, walking back and forth.

Taking my companions by the hand, I crossed the street and entered the gateway. How shall I describe the scene which was before us? It was the most brilliant spot on the face of the globe, — the gardens of the Tuileries.*

This charming place is about half a mile long, and nearly one fourth of a mile wide. On the eastern side is the palace of the Tuileries, extending the entire width of the gardens. Its windows command a view of the whole place, thus presenting to the royal family within a constant spectacle of interest and beauty.

On the southern side, the garden is bounded by an embankment or terrace, which separates it from the Seine. On the western side, it is bounded by embankments, in the centre of which is a wide passage leading into the Elysian Fields. On the northern side is Rivoli Street, by which we entered the gardens, and whose long line of palace-like buildings we have just mentioned.

It is not possible to give a full idea of the beautiful spectacle that was before us. We stood on an elevated embankment, and commanded an entire view of the place — seventy acres in extent. It was a perfect level, crossed in various directions by smooth gravel-walks, and beautified by numerous enclosures, either covered with green grass or embellished with flowers. Groups of statuary were visible in every direction; circular and oval pools of water, enclosed by hewn stone, and seeming like mirrors set in the earth, were seen here and there. Nearly one half the space is shadowed by lofty trees, beneath which are smooth promenades and grassy enclosures.

But the beauty of the place was heightened by the multitudes of people that were there. It was the latter part of November; yet the sun was bright and warm; men sat reading under the trees, and women were knitting and sewing along the terraces. Hundreds, nay, thousands of people were moving upon the avenues, crossing each other in all directions. But the most interesting part of the scene consisted of the children, sporting along the walks full of frolic and fun. Some drove hoops; some drew little carriages; some ran races; some ran chases; some played with balls; some made ovens in the sand; some jumped; some laughed; but nobody cried. It was a scene of unmixed beauty and enjoyment.

Yet the most pleasing part of the story has not been told: groups of nurses were seen here and there, with infants of all ages and sizes, from the little new-born to the lusty Hercules of two years. These maids were all nicely dressed with gay petticoats and caps, white as the snow. A white handkerchief or gay shawl usu-

* This word is pronounced *Tweel-e-rez*.

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ally covered the shoulders; their ruddy cheeks, and bare, plump, red arms, betokened high health. The children they bore about, or dandled in their laps, were evident objects of care and affection; for the most part, they were sumptuously arrayed in rich silken cloaks, gaudily fringed, furred, and tasseled. The plump, rosy face of the child was generally imbedded in lace. The legs showed a brilliant pair of stockings and red morocco shoes. Never have I seen such a set of little kings and queens, as in the arms of these nurses.

But what said Ike and Izzy to all this? Having entered the gate, I paused to take a general view of the scene, and my companions did the same. They said not a word, but ran their eyes hither and thither, seeking to comprehend and embrace the whole at a glance. Izzy looked as if she were in a dream — gazing first at the palace, and then at the statues, and then at the moving multitude. Following one object after another, she came to a group of children immediately before us. A girl of about her own age was dashing by with a hoop; letting go of my hand, and exclaiming, "O, see that hoop!" Izzy bounded down the steps, and flew like a sylph by the side of the girl and her flying toy. Ike, greatly astonished at this unaccountable act of indecorum on the part of his sister, exclaimed, "Izzy, Izzy! come back! come back!" The girl heard the rebuke, and, seeming herself to feel that she had committed a breach of propriety, slowly returned, her face reddening to her very ears.

We now sauntered along the walks, taking a view of every thing that interested us. My companions, usually so inquisitive, asked few questions; their hearts were indeed full. At length we returned to our hotel; and it was not until the next day, that I discovered how many things the two children had remarked and remembered.

During our stay in Paris, we often repeated our visit to the gardens of the Tuileries. Every bright day, even during the winter, they were filled with the people, the children always forming a large portion of the multitude. I do not believe there is another place in the world where human life always appears so joyous. It is a scene of perpetual youth — an unfading spring — a constant harvest of flowers.

During the spring and summer, from sunrise till sunset, these gardens are the haunt of young and old, the grave and the gay. At three o'clock in the afternoon, thirty thousand persons may often be seen here, three fourths of whom are women and children. If the weather be fresh, they seek the sunny promenades. If it be hot, they sit or saunter in the deep, cool shade of the trees. Some read, some sew, some gaze, some doze, some walk, some talk, some romp, and some do nothing.

Every one seems to feel the gentle influence of the place; every one is entirely at ease. I never saw a person walk about here seeming to feel that every body was looking at him. When Izzy first entered the gardens, she was thinking a good deal about her new bonnet; and Ike was evidently wondering whether any body would notice his nice new beaver, which he had made smooth as a bottle with the sleeve of his coat. It was the last time, I believe, that either of them ever

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thought of their dress in the gardens of the Tuileries. One forgets dress, and ceases to think it an object of importance, in the midst of this gay scene; the reason, I believe, is, that nobody stares at you. All are too well bred for that. You stalk into the gardens, thinking a great deal of yourself, and your new hat and coat. You soon discover that, of all the fifty thousand people around you, nobody cares for you or your fine attire. Every body has come here to be happy, not to gaze or to be gazed at. You dismiss your stiff and stalking airs, and throw your self-conceit aside. You have taken a lesson that should last as long as you live. You have learned the very essence of politeness, which teaches you to think more of others than yourself.

There are some evidences of the pleasing and gentle influences of this spot, which are peculiar and striking. The gold-fishes, which rove by hundreds in the pools, will come to the margin, float to the surface, and make bubbles in your face, expecting thereby to get a crumb of bread or honey-cake; the swans will come floating along, following a group of children around the margin of their basins, and, stretching out their long necks, will take what they can get; the sparrows, which are always trooping about, now popping their heads through a trellis, and now hopping and hitching from right to left, watch the children as they pass, and dart down to pick up a crumb of bread or biscuit that may be thrown to them.

I have sometimes seen Ike and Izzy stand by one of the enclosures in the gardens, feeding these sparrows, for whole hours. Though surrounded by thousands of people, these little birds seem without fear. They have learned that peace reigns in this spot; that here they are secure from stones, sticks, and arrows, which thoughtless boys are apt to hurl at their devoted heads.

There is a still more striking fact on this subject to be related; flocks of wood-pigeons build and breed in the trees of these gardens. You may always see scores of their nests in the upper branches. Here these birds, naturally so timid, seem perfectly at their ease, with thousands of people walking, talking, sitting, and sauntering around and beneath them. They seem even to have acquired the Parisian taste for this centre of pleasure. They continue here during the whole winter, and will descend on whistling winds to pick up crumbs and cake thrown to them. They are noble birds, a third larger than our house-doves. Their purple breasts shine with the radiance of the sapphire, and each one is decorated with a ring of white, partly encircling its neck. What a lesson do these birds teach us as to the power of gentleness and peace! Even the wood-pigeon — one of the wildest of the feathered tribes — becomes confiding and familiar, where it has learnt from experience that man has ceased to be a destroyer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE horseshoe that clatters wants a nail," is a proverb applied to persons who prate of their wealth, while they are up to the ears in debt.

Do but the half of what you can, and you will be surprised at the result of your diligence.

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The Famine in Ireland.

IRELAND is an island but three fourths as large as the state of New York; yet it contains nine millions of inhabitants. It is a very fertile island, and, though large portions of it are uncultivated, it still produces enough for the comfort of its people.

Unfortunately, these products are not permitted to stay in Ireland, to give subsistence to the people. A large portion of every thing produced in the country is sent to England, or elsewhere, to pay for taxes, and to pay the rents to rich proprietors who own the land, but live in London, Paris, or other gay places.

Thus Ireland is subjected to a constant system of grasping, which takes away its wealth, and leaves the country in a state of poverty. A few are rich, for they own fine houses and extensive lands. These have fat horses, splendid carriages, plenty of dogs; so they ride, drive, hunt, race, chase, fish, and frolic, all the year round.

But the great mass of the people are miserably poor, and so they have continued for many generations. In no part of the Christian world are there such multitudes of families living in hovels, half clad, half fed, ignorant, and unclean, as here.

England has reigned over Ireland for 500 years. Why, then, has she permitted this state of things for centuries in Ireland? England can send missionaries all over the world to convert the heathen to Christianity; she can pay a hundred

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millions of dollars to abolish slavery in her colonies; she can plant colonies in every clime, and belt the world with the institutions of civilization; yet she seems not to heed the miseries, the destitution, and degradation of Ireland.

In Ireland, and especially among the poorer classes, there are many Catholic priests, to whom the people are devoted. Now, Catholic priests are sent to China, India, Syria, Africa, America, and the thousand islands of the sea, at great expense, to make proselytes. Yet millions in Ireland are left almost totally uneducated, even in reading and writing; and hundreds of thousands, who are devoted Catholics, go unwashed, uncombed, from week to week; thus, under the very eyes of their reverend teachers, they grow up destitute of the instinct of cleanliness common to beasts and to birds.

Ireland can boast in her annals many celebrated orators. Why have not these made the halls of British legislation ring with the peal of British wrongs, and British crimes, toward Ireland?

Ireland has produced, in modern times, a man of great fame — Daniel O'Connell. He is just dead, having expired at Genoa, in Italy, in May last. He has professed great love for the Irish — he has made a multitude of great speeches — he has agitated the whole country by his great talk. Five millions of Irish people placed their faith in this man, and would have gone to the death at his bidding. Never before did a man seem to possess such power to do good. Yet what did he accomplish? He overlooked practical and possible good — he promised what he knew could never be realized. He deluded the people with false hopes and vain expectations. He held monster meetings; he talked loud and long; he got a great deal of money penny by penny from the pockets of the poor; yet what good did he really do to Ireland?

He is gone, leaving his country in a state of misery almost unknown in the annals of human suffering. Year by year the poverty of Ireland has become greater and greater; year by year the misery of the people seemed to increase. In the southern and western portions of the country they have greatly multiplied, the soil being covered with a population at the rate of one family to an acre of ground. This family lived in a mud hovel, fit only for cattle; they hired an acre of ground, paying fifteen or twenty dollars as rent for the hut and the land. The ground was planted with potatoes, and the crop constituted the entire food of the family, from year to year.

Thus the land was thickly spread over with a population depending solely upon potatoes for subsistence. By a mysterious dispensation, Providence interfered and destroyed this root; a blight, which no human sagacity has been able to trace, swept away the only food of millions. What came then? Hunger, want, starvation, despair, disease, and death! What scenes of horror have lately desolated poor Ireland!

Half a million of persons have fallen victims to the famine, and probably as many more will perish before the evil is arrested. Hundreds and thousands are flying from this doomed island; the greater part of them are seeking our shores. The stars and stripes speak to them of a land of *liberty* and *bread*. O, let them find our country to be a land of refuge from

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their sorrows! Grateful ourselves to Providence, that, while the rest of the world are suffering from famine, we are living in the midst of abundance, let us extend a kind and helping hand to these poor fugitives from oppression, sorrow, and despair.

The Mahrattas.

The Mahrattas are a powerful people of Hindostan, who seem to be of great antiquity, though it is only in modern times that they have acquired general notice.

They are divided into three tribes — the farmers, the shepherds, and the cowherds. Ever since they have been known to the rest of the world, they have made a constant trade of war, and have particularly excelled as cavalry. They are of a rather diminutive stature, but very active and enterprising; and, in the recent wars of Hindostan, they became highly distinguished. The chief weapon used by their horsemen is a sabre, in the use of which, and the management of their horses, they are extremely dexterous. Their cavalry make very long marches, and endure great fatigue. They sometimes give opium to their horses, to carry them through the sufferings of a forced march.

A Mahratta camp always contains a bazaar, or market, at which a brisk trade is carried on; and these markets constitute a considerable source of revenue to the princes. Every merchant belonging to a market pays a duty, and the same is done by the dancing-girls and pickpockets, who follow the camp by hundreds to exercise their vocations.

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The Story of Chicama.

[Continued from p. 28.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Peruvian, followed by Chicama, proceeded in silence till he had reached the exterior wall of the town. He now looked back, fixed his eye upon Chicama for a moment, and then went forward. Passing through a breach in the wall, he entered upon a rocky declivity, occupied by a few stunted trees. The moon was now shining, and the interpreter, as if solicitous of concealment, chose a route as much as possible lying within the shadow of projecting rocks and trees.

As he advanced, the scene became more wild and desolate. On one side, running along upon the verge of a steepling cliff, was the wall of the town. On the other, the rocks shelved downward to a wooded valley, which now seemed like a lake, reposing far beneath the foot of a mountain. At last, coming to a point of a rock, which projected over the abyss, the Peruvian paused. Chicama approached, but at some little distance. Observing the strange, wild aspect of the place, he hesitated a moment; but after a little reflection he went forward, and stood by the side of the Indian.

The latter was the first to speak.

"You have signified a desire," said he, "to have some conversation with me. What now is your will?"

"You are a Peruvian?" said Chicama.

"I am," was the reply.

"Well," said Chicama, "as such, it is impossible that you should not respect those whose veins are filled with the blood of Manco Capac." He paused for a reply, but the Peruvian only said, "Proceed."

Chicama continued. "As a Peruvian, you must have a reverence for the worship of the sun, and those that administer at its altars." Again the Spaniard paused, to see the effect of his words. But the countenance of the interpreter was cold as marble, and afforded not the slightest indication of any feeling within. After a short space, Chicama went on.

"It is obvious that you are acquainted with these strangers which have arrived at Caxamalca, and are now in the hands of the Spanish chief; you cannot be indifferent to their fate. Will you not make an effort for their deliverance?"

A smile now passed over the countenance of the Peruvian, and he spoke. "I am the interpreter of Pizarro. What is there in me which has led you to suppose that I could be made the dupe of some shallow trick, or, at best, the abettor of an idle intrigue? The black eye of Runa has kindled the fire in a young man's bosom, and he expects me to assist him in gratifying his wishes."

Shocked at this interpretation of his conduct, Chicama replied, fiercely, "Dare not to speak such words as these to me. I am a true man, and have no purposes but such as I avow. Say nothing of Runa which is unworthy of an inca's daughter, or priestess of the sun."

"Brave words!" said the Indian, sneeringly; "but I have learned that words are wind. You are a Spaniard; yet you are here in the disguise of a Peruvian. You appeal to me as a Peruvian, and seem to count upon my patriotism; yet you are here plotting and counterplotting against your countrymen. This

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is a riddle, yet easily solved. You are a young man, and Runa is beautiful."

Irritated by this, Chicama stepped forward, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the Peruvian. The latter seized Chicama, in return. Firmly grappled, the two stood for a moment, first gazing at each other, and then casting a glance into the dusky abyss which yawned beneath them. The Indian was the first to speak.

"Do as you please, young man!" said he; "hurl me down the precipice, if you will; but you shall go with me! If my limbs shall become a feast for the vulture, he shall feed also on thee!"

"I am wrong; I am wrong," said Chicama, after a moment's reflection. "Your suspicions are natural. It is proper I should explain my situation. Yet how can I trust one whom I find in the service of Pizarro?"

"I know not how it may be," said the Peruvian, "with the white man; but the surest way to win the confidence of an Indian is, to repose confidence in him."

"That is just and natural," said Chicama. "I will confide in you; if you betray me, I shall find means of revenge. Listen, for I will now tell you my story. I came to Peru in Pizarro's train. One night I wandered from my comrades, and met with a company of priestesses of the sun. Attracted by curiosity, I came near to them, when one of their guard despatched an arrow which laid me lifeless upon the ground. I should have perished but for the interference of Runa; through her care I was taken to a place of safety, and treated in such a manner as insured my recovery. I need not detail the course of subsequent events. It is sufficient to say, that I became acquainted with Orano, and, through him, with the high lineage and sacred character of the Peruvian maiden. I have travelled through the country, and have seen something of the manners and customs of the Peruvian people. I have seen and noted the desolating march of the Spaniard. I must confess the truth — I abhor the conduct and career of my countrymen. I see that they have come to a country smiling with peace and plenty, but to ravage and destroy. I see that they have come hither, professing to bring a pure and holy religion to the benighted heathen, yet using this only as a cover to the basest cruelty. Missionaries of God they pretend to be; but they are the slaves of avarice, and every evil passion. Whatever may be the consequence, my purpose is fixed; I will never serve again in the bloody train of Pizarro! I would sooner leap from this rock, and leave my bones to bleach in the wind. Having deserted my troop, I can never return to Spain. From my country I am henceforth an exile. One duty have I to perform: for the rest I have little care. I will make one effort to save this princess from the tiger in whose power she now is."

The interpreter watched the countenance of Chicama with intense interest, while he uttered these words. At the close he said, "You have spoken nobly, young man; and though you are a Spaniard, I doubt not you have spoken truly. Your confidence in me shall not be reposed in vain. I serve Pizarro as an interpreter, but no further. I will aid you in an attempt to deliver Runa from her present peril. But let us enter this cave, where we can talk more freely."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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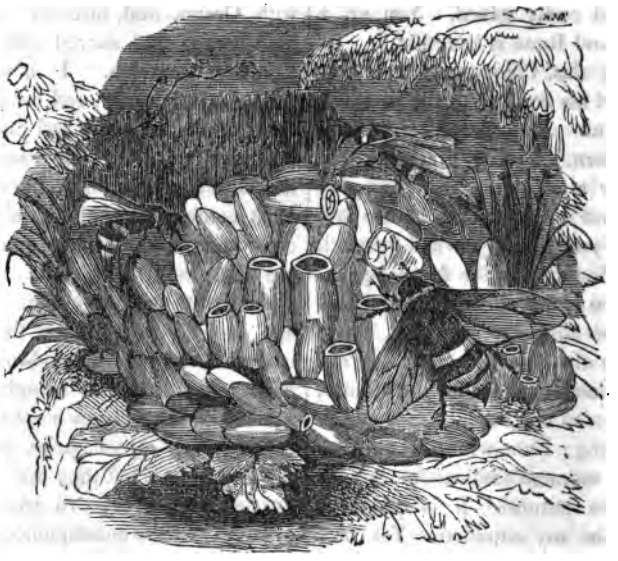

The Humble-Bee.

THE humble-bee, which is very often called *bumble-bee*, owes its name to the humming noise by which its flight is always announced.

It lives in societies of twenty, fifty, or one hundred together. They dwell in hollow trees, cavities of the earth, or tufts of moss. They collect honey from plants, and store it up in cells, though it is doubtful whether they intend it for winter provision. They are remarkably subject to torpidity, and, towards the end of autumn, they may be seen, languid and inactive, on the few flowers that yet remain in the gardens and woods, quite incapable of defending themselves from injury.

The life of nearly the whole swarm of humble-bees seems to end with the season. Only a few individuals are preserved, and these by accident; how they survive the winter is not known. Very few of them appear in spring; and it is not till the heat of summer, or rather later, that they become numerous. The manners of the humble-bees differ from those of the honey-bees in many important points. They never kill their drones, as the latter do, and are much less disposed to make use of their stings.

AMONG the Chinese, a handsome man must be fat, with little, piggish eyes, a flat nose, and large ears. The natives of the Ladrone Islands think no one handsome who has not black teeth and white hair.

A WAGER is a fool's argument.

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Algiers.

ALGIERS is the capital of one of the Barbary States, also called Algiers. It was taken by the French in 1830. They have ever since retained it, giving it the name of *Algeria*.

The whole population is supposed to be two millions. The capital was easily taken by the French, but the people of the country have fought desperately. A very remarkable man, named Abd el Kader, has roused the inhabitants to resistance; and even yet the interior of the country is unsubdued.

The inhabitants of Algiers are what are called *Moors*. They are nearly as black as negroes; yet they have European features, and straight or curled hair. The pipe-seller, in the picture at the head of this article, may give a good idea of the indolence and indifference of an Algerine shopkeeper.

SIR WALTER SCOTT commonly expected a visitor at his house to stay three days, which he called the *rest-day*, the *drest-day*, and the *prest-day*.

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The Mamertine Prison, at Rome.

THE Mamertine prison is one of the oldest of all the antiquities of Rome. It was constructed, as we are told by Livy, by Ancus Martius, about 600 years before Christ.

Juvenal, in one of his Satires, refers to those virtuous and happy times, under the kings and tribunes, when one prison was sufficient to contain all the criminals of Rome; alluding, no doubt, to this ancient structure. It is a dungeon, under ground, cut out of the solid rock, with an upper story of rude stone masonry. A church is now built over the whole, and the curious visitor, who wishes to explore these dreary precincts, descends a flight of steps from the church, into the upper story of the prison, when he finds himself in a cell about twenty feet long and thirty wide. This is now converted into an oratorio.

This cell has no window, but is kept constantly lighted with blazing tapers, and the walls glitter with shrines and offerings. In the floor is a circular opening, which leads to the frightful dungeon beneath. Into this horrid receptacle the prisoners were thrown, who were condemned to be starved to death, according to the barbarous practice of the Romans. In this manner died Jugurtha, the king of Numidia, whose history has been so ably written by Sallust. Here Lentulus, Cethegus, and other accomplices of Catiline, were strangled. Sejanus, the minister of Tiberius, ended his days here.

It was the general custom of the Romans to lead captive kings and princes, in their triumphal processions, through the streets of the city, and then to cast them into the Mamertine dungeon to die. This

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practice alone is sufficient to display the barbarous and ferocious manners of a people whose military glory has dazzled the eyes of the universe.

The Mamertine prison is now consecrated to St. Peter the apostle. According to the traditions of the Romans, St. Peter and St. Paul were both confined in this dungeon by order of Nero. The former, during his imprisonment, converted his two jailers, Processus and Martinianus, to Christianity. These persons desired to be baptized; but there was no water in the prison, and it was forbidden to introduce any for the use of the apostles. In this emergency, a fountain miraculously burst up from the ground, and the apostle baptized his converts.

In confirmation of this story, a spring of water is shown actually bubbling up out of the rock. The pillar to which St. Peter was bound in the dungeon, is also exhibited to the eyes of believers. The people kneel before these venerated objects, and never suspect that the story is an invention of modern times, adapted to a spot which has been famous from the earliest ages of the city.

To illustrate the manner in which these legends have their origin, we may relate another fable, of St. Peter. It is stated that he went to Rome to oppose Simon Magus, or Simon the Magician, who is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. Their first interview was held in the presence of Nero. Simon flew up into the air, in the sight of the emperor and all the people. But the devil, who raised him, on hearing the name of Jesus invoked by the apostle, was struck with such terror, that he let him fall to the ground and break his legs.

There is little doubt this story is taken from Suetonius, who speaks of a person, in the public sports, having undertaken to fly in the presence of Nero. In this attempt he fell to the ground, and bespattered the emperor with his blood.

Chalk

Is a species of mineral formation, containing the relics of marine organized bodies, and also the hard parts of amphibious and land animals. The chalk-hills in England are of greater extent than in any other country; they run nearly from east to west, parallel to each other, though separated by ranges of sandstone, and low tracts of gravel and clay. The loftiest commences at Flamborough Head, in Yorkshire, and proceeds westward for nearly twenty miles. Two ridges traverse the midland counties, and reach as far east as the borders of Oxfordshire; in Bedfordshire they approach near to each other. South of the Thames there are two ridges, one commencing at the North and South Foreland, passing through the north of Kent, the middle of Surrey, and the north of Hampshire, including the North Downs of Banstead and Epsom; the other, commencing near Hastings, at Beachy Head, passes through the south of Hampshire into Dorsetshire, including the South Downs. The more compact kinds of chalk are used as building-stone, or are burnt to lime; it is employed in making whitening, in polishing metals and glass, for constructing moulds, and for what is called *whitewashing*. It is an excellent manure for sandy soils, as it exterminates the corn-marigold, or ox-eye, which abounds in such lands.

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In the middle ages, in France, a person convicted of being a calumniator was condemned to place himself on all-fours, and bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. If this custom were adopted at the present day, we are afraid there would be more bow-wowing than the public would find agreeable.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest many years after date.

Secrecy. — When the Duke of Wellington was prime minister of England, some crafty person attempted, by sly questions, to get a certain state secret out of him. "Sir," said the duke, "if I thought the hair of my head knew what was inside of it, I would have it shaved, and wear a wig."

Marriage is said to be a feast, where the *grace* is sometimes better than the *dinner*.

Filial Affection.

MUSIC BY E. L. WHITE. COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Before I lisped your honored names,
You fed and held me up;
And now, when older, stronger grown,
Your blessings fill my cup.

Your tender care hath trained my heart
To duty and to God;
O, may I ne'er from these depart,
Or leave the heavenly road!

Let me observe your every law,
Your kindness to repay;
Becoming wiser year by year,
And better day by day.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM

Vol. XIV. SEPTEMBER, 1847. No. 3.

GENTLE READER: be not frightened at this picture of the bee-hive, for we are not going again to tell the "Wonders of the Honey-Bee." We have not, indeed, told the whole story of this curious insect, even though we have devoted some dozen chapters to the subject. But what we now propose, is only to give our young readers a lesson, of which the bees in the engraving may furnish us a hint.

The great business of the bee family is to gather and lay up honey. They spend their time among flowers; they scrape together the choicest sweets, and bear their burden to their common storehouse.

This is business, among the bees; it is work, and not play.

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Perhaps our young readers may imagine that the bees have a happier and easier lot than human beings. Children are obliged to learn and study their books; to work out hard sums in arithmetic; puzzle out the meaning of words; to dive into the mysteries of geography, history, &c. Grown-up people are required to labor in the shop, the field, the factory, counting-room, or office. How different is all this from revelling in roses and gathering honey!

Let me tell you, reader, that the little bee has not so great an advantage after all. In one respect, he furnishes us a good example; he sticks to his business. He does not run hither and thither, in search of idle pleasures; he gets up early, and, from sunrise to sunset, he is at his work. He takes a sip of honey now and then, and if weary he takes a nap; but he never sacrifices his duty to idle romping or foolish wanderings. He always supports his character as the busy bee.

And now let me tell you, reader, that, if you will do your duty as diligently as the bee, you will have as sweet a reward as he. You will have the smiles of your parents, the approbation of your teacher, the respect of your friends, and the nice comfortable feeling about the heart, which always springs from a sense of having done our duty. Is not all this as good as honey?

The Brazilian Savages.

BRAZIL, when first visited by Europeans, was a great wilderness. Its vast plains were covered with thick forests, peopled by a multitude of scattered tribes, without agriculture, arts, or government, and exhibiting human society in some of its rudest forms.

More than half the territory of Brazil remains in a wild state, still tenanted by the savages. The Jesuits, at an early period, established missions in various parts of this country; and many of the tribes became, under their government, social, peaceable, and humane; the indefatigable perseverance of the missionaries having surmounted the greatest obstacles.

Among the wild tribes, the Boticudos are perhaps the fiercest and most untamable. Where they are unable to contend openly against the Portuguese, they have recourse to stratagem. They sometimes conceal themselves among the branches of trees, and watch an opportunity of discharging their arrows at the unwary traveller. Sometimes they dig pits, fill them with sharp stakes, and cover them with leaves and twigs, as traps for their pursuers. Sometimes they mark out a house and ascertain the number of inhabitants it contains; then, at a convenient opportunity, they set it on fire, and fall on the hapless inmates while they are attempting to escape.

These Indians bear an implacable hatred against the negroes, whom they eat without scruple, after killing them. But, daring and ferocious as they are, they can always be put to flight by the discharge of a gun; for they are entirely unacquainted with the use of firearms.

The Guaycoros, another wild tribe, are renowned for their strength and courage, among the Brazilians. They are expert horsemen, and are armed with long bows, arrows, and lances. They have waged long wars with the Spaniards and Portuguese, and, though often defeated in battle,

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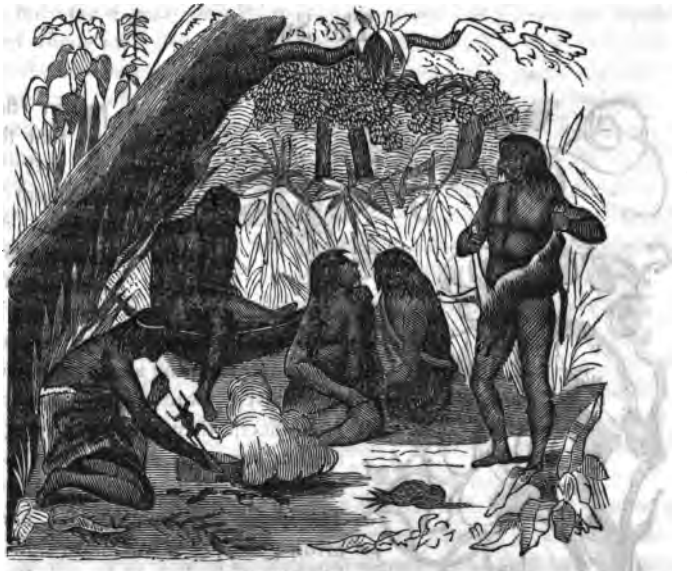

Brazilian Savages.

they have never been completely subdued. They manufacture a coarse sort of cotton cloth, which they exchange with the neighboring tribes for horses.

The Brazilian Indians, in general, are distinguished for their bravery and bodily strength. When they are taken prisoners, their spirit cannot be subdued, either by stripes or kindness. Many of them, in despair of regaining their freedom, have refused all food, and starved themselves to death. When suffering excruciating torments at the stake, they brave their tormentors, and boast that they may take away their lives, but that they can never deprive them of their courage.

These Indians paint their bodies with various colors, and decorate themselves with grotesque ornaments of shells, bones, and feathers. They eat lizards and monkeys, among other kinds of game. Their habitations are rude huts, which are sometimes so large as to contain fifteen or twenty families. On fixed days they hold public dances, which serve at once as an amusement and as a religious ceremony.

COOLNESS. Eurydamas, a Cyrenean, who was the victor on one occasion at the Olympic games, had his teeth struck out by a blow given him by his antagonist in the game of whirlbats. He immediately swallowed them, lest his adversary should discover what had befallen him, and take fresh courage.

PAY what you owe, and you will know what you are worth.

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The Swans.

[Continued from p. 48.]

They flew so high, that the first ship they saw below them seemed like a white seamew hovering over the waves. Elise beheld a large cloud behind them; it was a mountain, and on it she saw, in gigantic proportions, the shadows of herself and of the eleven swans. It was a picture more magnificent than eye had ever gazed on; but as the sun rose higher and the cloud was left behind, the shadowy picture vanished. The whole day they flew on like a whizzing arrow; but yet it was more slowly than usual, for they had their sister to carry. The sky looked threatening; the evening was closing in; and Elise, full of anxiety, saw the sun sinking down; but the solitary rock was not to be discerned. She fancied, by the beating of their wings, that the swans were exerting themselves very much. Alas! it was her fault that her brothers could not advance more quickly! Should the sun set, then they would be men, — they would fall into the sea and be drowned. From her very inmost heart did she pray to God; but as yet no rock was to be seen: the black cloud drew nearer; the violent gusts of wind announced a storm; the clouds stood upreared on a frightfully large wave, that rolled onwards with the speed of the hurricane; and it lightened, one flash quickly following the other.

The sun was now on the very margin of the sea. Elise's heart beat violently; when suddenly the swans darted downwards so rapidly that she thought she was falling; but now again she floated in the air. The sun was half in the water when she perceived for the first time the small rock below her, which to her eyes did not appear larger than the head of a seal, when the creature sticks it out of the water. And the sun went down so fast — already it was only like a star; when at the same moment her foot touched the firm ground, and the sun vanished like the last spark of a piece of burning paper. She saw her brothers standing round her,

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arm-in-arm; but there was not more room than just enough for them and for her. The sea dashed boisterously against the rock, and fell on them like a heavy shower of rain; the sky was one continual blaze of fire, and the thunder rolled uninterruptedly; but the brothers and their sister held each other by the hand and sang a psalm, and it gave them consolation and strength.

At daybreak the air was clear and still; and as soon as the sun rose the swans flew away from the island with Elise. There was yet a high sea; and when they were up in the clouds, and looked down on the blackish-green ocean full of white foam, it seemed as if a million swans were skimming over the water.

As the sun rose higher, Elise saw before her, half-swimming as it were in the air, a mountainous country with glittering glaciers; and amid them stood a palace, miles long, with one bold colonnade rising over the other, and surrounded with palm-groves and beautiful flowers, each as large as a mill-wheel. She asked if that was the land to which they were flying: but the swans shook their heads; for what she saw was the glorious and ever-changing cloud-palace of the Fata Morgana, * — thither they dare bring no one; and while Elise's gaze was still fixed upon it, mountains, groves, and palace all tumbled down together, and twelve proud churches stood in their place, all like each other, with high towers and pointed windows. She thought she could hear the organ pealing; but what she heard was merely the roar of the sea. She was now quite near the churches, when suddenly they were changed into a fleet, that sailed below. She looked down, but there was only the haze of the sea driving along over the water. There was a continual change before her eyes; but at last she really saw the land she was to go to. There, beautiful blue mountains lifted themselves on high, with forests of cedars, and towers and palaces. Long before sunset she was sitting on a hill before a large cavern, which was so thickly covered by green creeping plants, that it looked as if overspread with embroidered hangings.

"Let us see, now, what you dream to-night!" said the youngest brother, as he showed her the chamber where she was to sleep.

"Would that I might dream how I could disenchant you!" said she. And this thought possessed her entirely; she prayed heartily to God for aid, and even in her dreams continued her prayer. Then it seemed to her as if she were flying high through the air to the cloud-palace of the Fata Morgana; and the fairy advanced to meet her, in light and loveliness; and yet, after all, it was the old woman who had given her berries in the wood, and told her of the swans with golden crowns on their heads.

"Thy brothers may be released," said the fairy; "but hast thou patience and fortitude? 'Tis true the sea is softer than thy delicate hands, and yet it changes the form of the hard stones; but it feels not the pain which your tender fingers would suffer. It has no heart, and suffereth not the anguish and suspense which thou wouldst have to endure. Dost thou see these nettles in my hand? Many such grow around the cave where thou sleepest: these only, and such as shoot up out

* Mirage.

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of the graves in the churchyard, are of use; and mark this — thou must gather them, although they sting thy hands; thou must brake* the nettles with thy feet, and then thou wilt have yarn; and of this yarn, with weaving and winding, thou must make eleven shirts of mail with long sleeves; and if thou throwest these over the eleven wild swans, then the enchantment is at an end. But remember, from the moment thou beginnest thy work until its completion, even should years pass by meanwhile, thou must not utter a single word: the first sound of thy lips will pass like a fatal dagger through thy brothers' hearts — on thy tongue depends their life. Mark well all that I say!"

And at the same moment the fairy touched Elise's hand with the nettle; it was like burning fire; and it awoke her. It was bright day; and close beside her bed lay a nettle like that she had seen in her dream. Then she fell on her knees, thanked God, and went out of the cavern to begin her work.

With her delicate hands she seized the horrid nettles that burned like fire. Her hands and arms were blistered; but she minded it not, could her dear brothers be but freed. She trampled on each nettle with her naked feet, and twisted the green flax.

At sunset her brothers returned: they were sadly frightened at Elise's dumbness, and thought it was a new enchantment under which she was laid by their wicked step-mother; but when they saw her blistered hands, they knew what their sister was doing for their sakes, and the youngest brother wept; and whenever his tears fell, Elise felt no pain — the burning smart ceased immediately.

The whole night she was occupied with her work; for she could not rest till she had freed her dear brothers. All the following day she sat in solitude, while the swans were flying afar; but never did time seem to pass so quickly. One shirt of mail was finished; and now she began the second.

Suddenly the horn of a hunter was heard among the mountains. She grew frightened — the sound came nearer — she heard the bark of the dogs. Full of apprehension, she flew into the cavern, tied the nettles which she had gathered and hackled into a bundle, and seated herself upon it.

At the same moment a large dog sprang forward out of the bushes, and immediately after another, and another: they barked loudly, then ran back and came again. It was not long before the hunters themselves stood in front of the cave, and the handsomest of them all was the king of the country. He advanced towards Elise; a maiden more beautiful than she had he never beheld.

"Whence comest thou, lovely child?" said he. Elise shook her head; she dared not speak, for the deliverance and the life of her brothers depended on her silence. She hid her hands underneath her apron, that the king might not see what she was obliged to suffer.

"Come with me," said he; "thou must not stay here. If thou art as good as thou art beautiful, I will clothe thee in silk and velvet, I will put a golden crown upon thy head, and thou shalt dwell in my palace with me." So saying, he lifted her on his horse. She wept, and wrung

* *A brake* is an instrument for dressing flax.

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her hands; but the king said, "I only seek thy happiness! one day thou wilt be thankful to me!" And he galloped away over hill and valley, holding her fast before him; and the huntsmen followed at full speed.

As the sun was going down, she saw before her the magnificent capital, with its churches and domes; and the king led her to the palace, where jets of water were splashing on the high marble walls; where wall and ceiling shone with the richest paintings. But all this delighted not her eyes; she mourned and wept, and in silence suffered the women to array her in royal robes, to braid her hair with pearls, and to put soft gloves on her burned hands.

At last, there she stood in all her glory, and was so dazzlingly beautiful that the whole court bowed before her; and the king chose her as his betrothed; although the archbishop shook his head, and whispered to the king that the lovely forest maiden must certainly be a witch, who had intoxicated his heart and dazzled his eye by her beauty.

But the king gave no heed to his words: he ordered the music to sound, and the richest meats were served, and the loveliest girls danced before her, and she was led through odorous gardens to the most magnificent halls. But no smile played on her lip, nor in her eye: affliction only was hers; it was her sole possession. Then the king opened a small chamber adjoining her sleeping-room; it was covered with costly green carpeting, and resembled exactly the cavern in which she had formerly been. On the floor lay a bundle of flax, which she had spun from the fibres of the nettles; and from the ceiling hung the shirt of mail which she had completed. All this had been collected and brought hither by one of the hunters as a curiosity.

"Here canst thou dream that thou art in thy former home," said the king, "Here is the work which occupied thee there. Now, amid all thy splendor, it will delight thee to live in fancy that time over again."

When Elise saw what was so dear to her heart, a smile played about her mouth, and the blood came back again to her cheeks. She thought of the deliverance of her brothers, and kissed the king's hand. He pressed her to his heart, and ordered that all the church-bells should announce the wedding-festival. The beautiful forest maiden became queen of the country.

Then the archbishop whispered words of evil import in the king's ear; but they did not sink deep in his heart. The marriage was celebrated; the archbishop even was obliged to set the crown on her head; and in his wicked rage he pressed the narrow circlet of gold so hard upon her forehead, that it pained her; but a heavier weight — grief for her brothers — lay on her heart; so that she felt not the bodily smart. She spoke not; for a single word would have caused her brothers' death; but in her eyes was an expression of deep love for the good and handsome king, who did every thing to make her happy. With her whole heart she grew every day more attached to him. O, had she but dared to confide to him her sorrows, and tell him all she felt! But dumb she must remain; in silence must she accomplish her task. And so at night she slipped away, went into the small

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room which was decked like the cavern, and wove one shirt of mail after the other; but when she began the seventh, behold, the flax was all gone!

She well knew that such nettles as she could use grew in the churchyard; but then she herself must gather them, and how was she to get out to do so?

"O, what's the smarting of my fingers compared to the anguish that my heart endures?" thought she: "venture I must; and God will surely not withdraw his hand from me."

Trembling as though she were going to commit a wicked action, she one moonlight night crept down into the garden, and went through the long avenues, and on the solitary road to the churchyard. There she saw, on one of the broadest gravestones, a troop of Lamias sitting; ugly witches, who took off their ragged covering as though they were going to bathe, and then dug with their long, thin fingers amid the fresh grass, and drew forth the dead bodies, and devoured the flesh. Elise was forced to pass near them; and the witches fixed upon her their malicious eyes; but she said a prayer, gathered the stinging nettles, and carried them home to the palace.

Only a single person had seen her; it was the archbishop. He watched while the others slept. Now, he was sure he was right when he said the queen was not what she should be; that she was a witch; and that the king and the people were beguiled by her enchantments.

When the king went to confess, the archbishop told him what he had seen, and what he feared; and as these wicked words passed his lips, the carved figures of saints around the confessional shook their heads, as though they would say, "It is not true! Elise is innocent!" But the archbishop explained it otherwise; he said it was a sign of her guilt, and that the figures shook their heads at her sins.

Then two large tears rolled down the cheeks of the king; and it was with a heavy heart that he went home. In the night he pretended to be asleep; but no sleep came to his eyes; and he observed that Elise rose every night; and each time he followed her softly, and saw how she disappeared in her little room.

Each day the countenance of the king grew darker. Elise saw it, and knew not the cause; but it made her uneasy: and what did her heart not suffer on her brothers' account! Her bitter tears rolled down on the royal velvet and purple, and lay there like sparkling diamonds; and all who saw the splendor and magnificence with which she was surrounded, wished themselves in Elise's place. In the mean time, however, her work was nearly completed; one shirt of mail only was wanting, but her flax was exhausted; she had not a single nettle more. Once more, only once, would she be obliged to go to the churchyard and pluck a handful. She thought with terror of the lonely walk, and of the horrible Lamias; but her resolve was as firm as her trust in God.

Elise went; but the king and the archbishop followed her. They saw her vanish at the churchyard gate; and, on approaching nearer, they saw the Lamias sitting on a gravestone, as Elise had seen them; and the king turned away at the sight; for he thought that she, whose head had that evening rested on his bosom, was one of them.

"She shall be judged by the people!"

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said he. And the people condemned her to the flames.

From the magnificent royal hall she was now led to a dismal, damp cell, where the wind whistled through the grated window. Instead of velvet and silk, they gave her the bundle of nettles which she had collected, as a pillow for her head; and the coarse, hard shirts of mail were to serve her as bed and covering: but nothing could have delighted her more; and she set to work again, and prayed fervently to God. Before her prison door the populace sang jeering songs about her: not a soul comforted her with one word of affection.

All at once, towards evening, she heard the rustling of swans' wings close to her window. It was her youngest brother, who had found his sister; and she sobbed aloud for joy, although she knew that the coming night would perhaps be the last of her life. But then the work was nearly done, and her brothers were at hand.

The archbishop came to pass the last hour with her, for he had promised the king to do so; but she shook her head, and begged him, by look and gesture, to leave her. This night her task must be accomplished, or all would have been in vain — tears, sorrows, and many a sleepless night. The archbishop went away with angry words upon his lips; but poor Elise knew she had done nothing wrong, and continued her work.

The little mice ran busily backwards and forwards, and dragged the nettles to her feet, in order to help her a little; and the thrush sat on the grating of her window, and sang the whole night as merrily as he could, that Elise might not be disheartened.

It began to dawn; it was still an hour before the sun would be up, when the eleven brothers stood before the palace-gates, and asked to be led into the presence of the king. They were told it could not be, for it was still night; besides, the king was asleep, and no one dared to wake him. They entreated, they threatened; the guard came, and at last even the king appeared, and asked what was the matter; when just at that moment the sun rose, and there were no longer any brothers to be seen, but eleven white swans flew over the palace.

The people streamed out of the city gates; for all wished to see the witch burnt. A miserable horse dragged the cart on which she sat: they had dressed her in a sort of frock of coarse sackcloth; her beautiful long hair hung loose around her head; her cheeks were deathly pale; her lips moved almost imperceptibly while she spun the green flax; for even on the way to death she ceased not from the work she had begun. The ten shirts of mail lay at her feet; she was weaving the eleventh.

"Look at the witch!" shouted the people; "how she is muttering! She has no book of psalms in her hand; no, there she sits with her accursed conjuration: take it from her! tear it in a thousand pieces!"

And they all rushed towards her, intending to destroy the shirts of mail; when suddenly eleven white swans were seen. They flew to Elise, formed a circle round her, and beat the air with their wings. The frightened crowd gave way.

"'Tis a sign from heaven! she is surely innocent!" whispered some; but they dared not say it aloud.

The executioner seized her hand;

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when quickly she threw the eleven shirts of mail over the swans, and eleven handsome princes stood before her; but the youngest had one swan's wing instead of an arm, for a sleeve was wanting on his shirt of mail.

"Now I may speak," said she. "I am innocent!"

And the populace, that had seen what had happened, bowed before her as before a saint; but she sank insensible in the arms of her brothers, overcome by suspense, pain, and sorrow.

"Yes, she is innocent!" said the eldest brother; and he related all that had befallen her. While he spoke, an odor as of a million roses spread around; for each billet of wood in the pile had taken root, and put forth branches and blossoms; so that there was now a sweetly-smelling hedge full of red roses; and on the top of all was a flower of dazzling whiteness, and shining like a star. The king plucked this flower, and laid it on Elise's bosom; and she awoke with joy and peace in her heart.

Then all the church-bells began ringing of their own accord, and the birds came in swarms; and the procession back to the palace was such as no king had ever seen before.

The Indians of Nootka Sound.

THE Indians inhabiting the country on Nootka Sound, and in the neighborhood of the mouth of Columbia River, are divided into many tribes, who differ but slightly in manners and general appearance. The tribes best known are the Clatsops and the Chinooks.

They are, in general, robust and well-

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proportioned; their faces are large and full; their cheeks high and prominent. They have broad, flat noses, thick lips, and small, black eyes. But their strongest characteristic is caused by an extraordinary custom which they have of flattening the heads of the children when young.

Immediately after birth, the infant is placed in a sort of trough, lined with moss. A padding is laid on the forehead, where it is fastened with a piece of cedar bark and a cord. It is kept in this manner upwards of a year; and the appearance of the little pappoose, during this cruel imprisonment, is said to be frightful. Its little black eyes, forced out by the tightness of the bandage, resemble those of a mouse choked in a trap. Yet it is affirmed that this process causes no pain to the child.

When released from the trough, the head is quite flat, and never afterwards becomes round. The Indians esteem a flat head an essential point of beauty, and allege, in excuse for this custom, that all their slaves have round heads.

The dress of the Nootka Indians is composed either of the skin of a sea-otter, or of a sort of flax made by beating the bark of a tree into coarse filaments. In very cold weather, bear-skins are worn by way of cloaks. The women wear long dresses of matting.

They have in their houses huge idols, or images, carved into grotesque imitations of human faces and bodies. These misshapen figures always occupy a distinguished place in the dwelling. Yet the Indians have never been observed to pay them any marks of worship, or even of respect or attention. On the contrary they are exposed to all the dirt which abounds in these abodes. When their children die, they put them in wooden boxes and hang them on the trees, where they remain a certain time before they are taken down and buried.

These Indians are very expert in the whale-fishery. They go to sea in large canoes, which hold eighteen or twenty men. Their harpoons are made of bone, attached to a wooden shaft twenty or thirty feet long, to which are fastened a number of seal-skins blown up like bladders; these keep the harpoon above water after the whale is struck. When he feels the smart of the first weapon, he instantly dives and carries the harpoon after him. The boats follow his wake, and, as he rises, the Indians continue to fix their weapons in his back, till he finds it impossible for him to sink from the number of floating buoys which are now made fast to his body.

The whale then drowns, and is towed to the shore with great noise and rejoicing. It is immediately cut up; part is dedicated to the feast which concludes the day, and the remainder is divided among those who have shared in the dangers and glory of the exploit.

Spanish Pride.—A beggar in Madrid asked alms of a person in the street, who, in return, advised him to go to work. The haughty beggar replied, in a tone of lofty contempt, "I asked for your money, and not your advice."

It was said of a man who was fond of dining out, and always spoke ill of his neighbors, that he never opened his mouth but at other people's expense.

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Wonders of Biography.

No. II.

THE EMPEROR AKBER.

In the following article, we shall give a sketch of the life of Mohammed Akber, emperor of Hindostan, or, as these sovereigns are sometimes called, Great Mogul.

Hindostan contains, perhaps, the most ancient race of people to be found in the world. With the earliest authentic history we find civilized communities of men in this country, and the arts of life existing in a high degree of advancement. The Chinese, with all their extravagant pretensions to antiquity, allow the Hindoos to be the older nation.

This country seems designed by nature to be the seat of great wealth and flourishing commerce. It has a productive soil, and a great abundance of navigable streams, both large and small, which the inhabitants have known from the remotest ages how to use advantageously for the purposes of irrigation. Agricultural products here are rich and abundant, comprising all the varieties of tropical fruits and grains, spices, cotton, silk, sugar, and indigo. Gold is found in the rivers, pearls upon the coasts; and the mountains yield iron, copper, silver, and precious stones.

But the wealth of the Hindoos has been owing not more to the productive powers of the soil, than to their own skill and industry. All the commercial nations of the world have resorted to Hindostan for the purposes of trade; and gold and silver have been accumulating in that country from the remotest period at which commerce has been practised. When Alexander the Great invaded India, he found it divided into many rich and powerful kingdoms, which had amassed their great wealth by long-continued industry and commerce. As an example of the profits of the trade carried on by the Hindoos, even at a much later period than this, we may mention that, in the reign of the Roman emperor Aurelian, in the third century, a pound of India silk was worth a pound of gold in Rome.

Akber was born in 1542, at Amercot, a city to which his father, Humaioon, had just been driven by the disasters of war. Humaioon, who then bore the title of emperor, was engaged in hostilities with his rebellious rajahs, who had defeated his armies, and compelled him to fly for his life. The country through which he fled with a few faithful companions, was a sandy desert, and they were near perishing for want of water. Some ran mad; others fell down dead, and nothing was heard but sounds of lamentation and despair. On the fourth day of their retreat, they came to a well. It was very deep, and they had but one bucket, which required so long a time to be drawn up, that a drum was beaten, to give notice when it appeared. The unhappy sufferers were so impatient for the water, that, when the bucket was first seen, a number of them threw themselves upon it — the rope broke, and they fell headlong into the well.

When this fatal accident happened, the screams and lamentations of all became loud and dreadful. Some lolled out their tongues, and rolled in agony upon the hot sand: and others, in a frenzy, jumped head foremost into the well, where they met with an immediate

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death. The wretched monarch, almost overwhelmed with these scenes of suffering, at length succeeded in reaching Amercot with a few survivors, among whom was the sultana Hamida, who gave birth to Akber a few days afterwards.

Humaioon's misfortunes were not yet at an end. He was compelled to abandon his infant child, and fly to Persia, where he was hospitably received by Shah Tamasp, the sovereign of that country. In the mean time an Afghan, named Shere, or the Lion, acquired, from small beginnings, a great military power in Hindostan, and at length assumed the imperial title. He laid siege to the fortress of Callinger, where a bomb-shell from his own battery struck the wall of the fortress, and rebounded into the besieger's camp; the explosion of it killed the usurping emperor.

After various vicissitudes of fortune, Humaioon was restored to his throne. At his death, Akber succeeded him, when only twelve years old. During the long absence of Humaioon, the empire had been involved in great disorders; and Akber found that he had almost all the provinces to reconquer. Two usurpers were in arms against him, and no sooner was one rebel subdued than another started up.

The complete establishment of Akber's authority in the beginning of his reign, was greatly owing to the superior talents and energy of his minister Byram, who had successfully served under the emperor Humaioon, and continued for many years the vizier of his son. Akber himself had the good sense to perceive that the management of an empire was above the capacity of a raw youth like himself. He therefore devoted his time to study, hunting, and other occupations suitable to his age; and, confiding in the wisdom and integrity of his vizier, did not minutely examine into the affairs of his administration.

Byram, thus overloaded with power and wealth, grew vain and insolent. He gave himself the airs of a despot, and began to oppress his inferiors without scruple. Akber was roused to prompt and decisive measures by these proceedings of his spoiled favorite. He summoned his omrahs, or princes, from all quarters, to meet him at Delhi. Here, having received from them the strongest assurances of their affectionate attachment, he issued a proclamation, declaring that Byram was dismissed from the regency, and that the emperor would henceforward take upon himself the sole administration of affairs. The degraded minister was banished to Mecca.

Akber commenced his administration by forbidding the extortion of money from the farmers; for these people had been compelled to make valuable presents to the public officers, under various pretexts. He then abolished the tolls and duties on goods which were carried from place to place, and the practice of pressing laborers into the army.

Numerous wars occupied the attention of Akber during the early part of his reign. By successive victories, he added many extensive provinces to the empire. In an interval of peace, he applied himself to the rebuilding of the ancient city of Agra, which he selected for his capital, instead of Delhi.

For the execution of this plan, he collected together the most skilful artisans from every quarter of the empire, as

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architects, painters, sculptors, gilders, &c. The castle which he built here was the largest in Hindostan. It was four miles in length, and its lofty walls were constructed of enormous stones, of a red color, resembling jasper, which in the rays of the sun shone with great brilliancy. This castle was ornamented with many stately portiœes, galleries, and turrets, all richly painted and gilded, and some of them overlaid with plates of gold.

The gardens attached to the castle were laid out in the most exquisite taste, and decorated with all that could gratify the eye or regale the ear; the loveliest shades, the most blooming bowers, — grottos of the most refreshing coolness, fruits of the most delicious flavor, and cascades that never ceased to murmur. In front of the castle, towards the river, a large area was left for the exercise of the royal elephants, and the battles of wild beasts, in which spectacles the Hindoo emperors were accustomed to take great delight.

The traveller Mandeslo, who visited Agra in 1638, states that the palace of Agra was the most magnificent object that he had ever beheld. The avenue to the presence-chamber of the emperor was lined with rows of silver pillars. The chamber itself, which was of the size of a large hall, was adorned with pillars of gold; and the throne was of massy gold, incrusted with diamonds and other precious stones. One of the towers of the palace was also covered with plates of gold; and in this were contained the imperial treasures, in eight large vaults, which were filled with gold, silver, and precious stones of an inestimable value.

In a line with the imperial palace, along the banks of the river, were ranged the magnificent palaces of the princes and great rajahs, who vied with each other in adorning the new metropolis. These majestic edifices were interspersed with avenues of lofty trees, broad canals, and beautiful gardens. Akber also erected in the city a great number of spacious caravanserais, bazaars, and mosques, remarkable for the elegance and grandeur of their architecture. He invited intelligent foreigners of all nations to settle at Agra, — built for them houses and stores, permitted to them the free use of their religion, and granted them various immunities.

The Portuguese were at that time the most enterprising commercial nation in the world. Akber opened an intercourse with that people, and invited the Portuguese government to send missionaries to India, that his subjects might learn something of Christianity. Strange to say, this Mohammedan prince appears to have understood the principles of religious toleration better than any Christian ruler of that day. In his letter to the king of Portugal, he censured, in the strongest terms, the "slavish propensity of mankind to adopt the religious opinions of their fathers without evidence or investigation," and desired to be furnished with translations of the religious books of the Christians, as well as other works of general utility.

In one of his proclamations, addressed to the officers of the empire, Akber makes the following remark: "The most acceptable adoration in this world, which a man can pay to his Maker, is faithfully to discharge his duties towards his fellow-creatures, discarding passion and partiality, and without distinction of friend or

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foe, relative or stranger." He permitted the Portuguese to build a church and found a college in Agra, and he even endowed the college with a pension from his own treasury.

By these liberal and politic measures, Agra soon became the most flourishing city of Hindostan, and a thronged resort of Persian, Arabian, and Chinese merchants, besides those from the European settlements in India, who flocked in multitudes to this rich mart of commerce. Its name was changed to Akberabad, or the city of Akber.

Crowned with conquest, and fortunate in the completion of all his schemes, the genius of Akber expanded with the limits of his dominions. Owing to the energy of his character, and his personal bravery, he was enabled not only to uphold his vast authority, but to extend the limits of the empire beyond those of his predecessors. To control a constant succession of fearless and licentious conspirators, required a man who was the bravest of the brave. Many of his exploits were therefore rash in the extreme; but they were admired and extolled by the fierce spirits of the age, to whom courage was the most dazzling of human virtues, and daring enterprise the most captivating behavior, when set off with all the brilliancy of success.

Akber had a favorite secretary, named Abul Fazil, who was a man of great learning and ability. In the fortieth year of his reign, he employed this person in drawing up an accurate statistical account of his dominions, with the laws and regulations for the administration of public business in all departments. This work was written in Persian, which had been for a long time the official language of Hindostan. It is a book of the highest value, and gives a most satisfactory and interesting description of the internal organization of the Great Mogul empire, at this period of its highest prosperity; besides affording information of great utility for the history and geography of Asia. An English translation of this work has been published in two volumes, under the title of "Ayeen Akbery," or the Institutions of Akber.

This sovereign may be justly ranked in fame with the greatest legislators and heroes of antiquity. His personal valor and presence of mind, on all occasions, were the astonishment of every one. As he was once hunting in the woods near Narwar, an enormous tigress, with five young ones, started up from the thicket before him. The emperor's retinue shrunk back at the sight of the fierce animal, whose eyes glared with rage and ferocity. Akber halted for a single moment, measured his distance with an accurate glance, then spurred his horse onward at a sudden leap, and, with one blow of his sabre, laid the furious beast dead at his feet.

All Eastern history is stained with war and bloodshed. The wars of Hindostan have been preëminent for slaughter and devastation. The following description is given by the Persian historian Ferishta, of one of the military transactions in Akber's reign.

"Akber laid siege to the strong fortress of Chittore, in Rajpootana, then governed by a Hindoo prince, named Jemal. This commander being killed in defending a breach, the garrison gave themselves up to despair, and, according to custom, destroyed their wives and children by a

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*Joar.** Akber led his men in person to the assault, and, having introduced 300 elephants of war into the fort, he ordered them to advance upon the enemy.

"The scene now became too shocking to be described. Brave men, rendered more valiant by despair, crowded around the elephants, seized them by the tusks, and inflicted on them unavailing wounds. The terrible animals trod the Hindoos like grasshoppers under their feet; or, twisting their powerful trunks around them, tossed them aloft into the air, or dashed them against the walls and pavements. Of 48,000 inhabitants and soldiers, 30,000 were slain."

Such scenes must necessarily occur in the life of an Eastern monarch, whose situation imposes upon him the sad task of leading armies to battle. The wars of Akber had for their object the establishment of a pacific system in the empire; and to him may be ascribed the glory of establishing, on a firm basis of united wisdom and equity, that mighty dominion, which his ancestor Baber founded in Hindostan, which Humaioon extended, but which it was left to Akber to perfect.

In civil and domestic concerns, Akber set a bright example to the potentates of the earth. He labored indefatigably for the general improvement of the people, over whom he reigned with absolute power. Industry was encouraged; forests were felled; waste lands were brought into cultivation; the public finances were regulated; economy was introduced into every branch of the public expenditure; no heavy taxes were imposed; no poverty oppressed any class of the population: yet the clear revenues of the state amounted to 250,000,000 dollars a year.

The reign of Akber, which lasted for half a century, is celebrated by the native writers, as the most prosperous and happy of all recorded in the annals of the empire; and his character is represented as almost the perfection of humanity. But he must be measured according to the Oriental standard, — and he cannot be regarded as free from some of the defects inseparable from Mohammedan despotism. Yet, when we consider him as a despot, educated in a harem, and governing millions, among whom his word was law, we must allow that the clemency, liberality, and elevation of mind exhibited by Akber are astonishing.

The "Ayeen Akbery" contains the noblest principles ever promulgated for the government of an Asiatic empire. At the same time it abounds with the most enlarged and liberal sentiments in religion and morals, at a period and in a country notable for superstition and depravity. Akber was the patron of letters and genius. He collected learned men at his court, and treated them with unbounded generosity.

Ferishta closes his account of the reign of Akber in the following words: "His faults were virtues carried to extremes; and if he sometimes did things beneath

* A *Joar* is one of those shocking practices which the frequent and bloody wars in Hindostan have rendered common in that country. When the Hindoos were attacked by the Musulman invaders, and found resistance unavailing, they thrust their wives and children into the houses, with heaps of tow, fagots, oil, and other combustible materials, and set them on fire, that their families might be burnt alive, rather than fall into the hands of a barbarous enemy.

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the dignity of a great monarch, he never did any thing unworthy of a great man. The fame of his exploits spread so widely, that Hindostan, ever subject to rebellion, became settled and calm in his presence. He raised a wall of disciplined valor against the barbarians of Tartary, and, by his own activity, inspired his subjects with enterprise. His name lives, and will forever live, the glory of the house of Timour, and an example of renown to the kings of the world." Akber died on the 13th of October, 1605.

Mount Vesuvius.

This famous volcano stands on the Bay of Naples, about eight miles from the city. In ancient times, it was remarkable for the luxuriance of the vegetation with which its sloping sides were covered; and the same may be seen at the present day, except in those spots laid waste by the streams of lava from the fiery eruptions to which the mountain is subject.

On three sides this mountain overlooks a rich plain; while on the fourth it descends more abruptly to the shore of that beautiful bay, which, with its surrounding scenery, is justly regarded as one of the wonders of the world.

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For a third of the way upward, the smooth brown side of the mountain appears dotted over with white houses, which are so numerous, near the base, as to form an uninterrupted line of buildings, for many miles in extent. Of the towns and villages to which these buildings belong, some contain 10,000, and even 15,000 inhabitants.

The cone of Vesuvius, or that part which contains the crater, is a steep mass of cinders, lava, and scoriæ, rising high above the cultivated region of the mountain. Here the traveller must leave the mule or ass on which he has begun his ascent, and trust to his feet. The climbing this steep eminence is a work of great labor, from the sinking and sliding of the volcanic ashes under the feet. On reaching the top, he finds himself among broken crags of lava, from the crevices of which arise hot sulphurous steams, indicating the dangerous character of the ground on which he is treading.

The crater is a deep hollow, on the very summit of the cone. The spectator is struck with its vast magnitude — the ruggedness and appalling abruptness of the sides, which go shelving down to a dark abyss, which vomits smoke and fire from an unfathomable depth.

From this point, the distant prospect appears in surprising contrast with the stern and awful sublimity of the interior of the mountain. The beautiful Bay of Naples; the blue waters of the Mediterranean; the fairy isles of Ischia, Procida, and Capri; the domes and towers of Naples; the lofty turrets of the castle of St. Elmo; the promontory of Posilippo, and the beautiful shore of Sorrento, — all compose a landscape which surpasses the most elaborate and gorgeous description. He who sees for the first time this unequalled panorama expanding before him, may be ready to exclaim in the language of the Italian proverb, — "See Naples, and then die!"

The eruptions of Vesuvius have often been terrific; sometimes burying towns and cities under showers of ashes and floods of lava. It more frequently discharges volleys of dry, impalpable dust, which is so fine as to be sustained for a considerable time in the higher regions of the atmosphere, where the thin tall stream accumulates and spreads out in the shape of an umbrella, or Italian pine-tree. The dusty particles then descend over a vast extent of country in a thick shower.

Fifty eruptions of Vesuvius have been recorded since the Christian era. The most violent was in the year 79, when Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed; on this occasion the ashes were carried through the air as far as Egypt and Syria.

Memory. — Cyrus, king of Persia, was said to have known the names of all the soldiers in his army. Lucius Cornelius Scipio was thought to know the name of every man in Rome.

Somebody tried to excuse a liar to Dr. Johnson, saying, "You must not believe more than half what he says!" "Ay," replied the doctor; "but *which* half."

Aristotle, being asked why every one was fond of beauty, answered, "that it was a blind man's question."

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"Take Care of Number One!"

CHAPTER XIX.

[Continued from p. 35.]

TAKING the road which Mabel had followed, Jacob proceeded at a rapid pace. It was not long before he saw the form of his old acquaintance before him. He soon came up with her, and respectfully bade her good morning. The girl looked up with some surprise, gazed intently at Jacob, and returned his salutation. She was now about sixteen. What a change since our young adventurer had seen her! She was then a child; affectionate, cheerful, and lively. She had a similar expression now, but there was a much deeper meaning in her countenance. Her hair was brown, and hung down in ample ringlets. Her deep-blue eyes were shadowed by long lashes. Her cheek was the color of the rose; the general expression of her face was that of good-humor and vivacity. Her form was light, and rather below the middling size.

It will not be thought strange that Jacob looked with admiration upon the change that time had wrought on the companion of his earlier days. He soon found means to commence a conversation; and then, stepping to the side of Mabel, he said, "By the way, allow me to ask if it is not Mabel Lane with whom I am speaking!" The girl replied in the affirmative. "Well," said he, "I have something for you, from your old acquaintance Jacob Karl."

"Indeed!" said she, with evident surprise and curiosity.

"Here it is," said Jacob, handing her a string of pearl beads. "I suppose you will accept them, as they come from one who seems to remember you with pleasure."

"They are very beautiful, indeed," said Mabel, taking them in her hand, and gazing at them with evident delight. "They are genuine pearls. Really, they are almost too beautiful for me," said she, seeming to hesitate.

"No, indeed," said Jacob. "Nothing can be too beautiful for you. I found them, — that is to say, Jacob Karl found them, himself. He was cast away on the coast of South America, where pearls are taken. He remained on a desolate island for several months. While there, he sometimes used to think of you; for he said, that you were once his only friend, and that you taught him to read. As he was roaming about the rocks on that desolate and lonely island, he occasionally found large oyster-shells washed to the shore. In these he would sometimes find a pearl; one by one he collected a number, and at last he had enough to make a string worthy of being presented to his former friend. So you see they were designed for you from the beginning. You surely will not refuse to accept them?"

Mabel made no reply, but looked inquisitively at Jacob, as if she recognized him; or as if her mind was busy with old remembrances. At last she said, "Where is Jacob Karl now?"

"Who can tell where a sailor is, here to-day and there to-morrow?" was the reply.

"But where did you see him last?" pursued Mabel.

Jacob did not answer, but turned the conversation. "What is the meaning of this?" said he, pointing to the ground. "The earth is blackened with coals, as

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if this had been the scene of some conflagration. Say, what does it mean?"

"This spot," said Mabel, "is connected with a sad story. A barn was burned here, some years ago, and it was said that Jacob Karl set it on fire."

"Did you believe the story?" said the young man. "No — never," said Mabel, quickly; "and I am glad to hear, that what I believed at the time is now said to be true. Jacob was innocent, but he suffered almost as much as if he had been truly guilty!"

"Excuse me," said Jacob, taking Mabel's hand, and his eyes moistening as he spoke, — "excuse me, if I tell you that these words would give infinite pleasure to him of whom you speak, could he hear them. I must now bid you farewell; but we shall meet again!" Saying this, he turned backward, and left the young lady to pursue her walk.

It was the purpose of our adventurer to proceed at once to the town of R., to find his old friend Luther Mumn, and to take counsel of him as to the recovery of the property which was left him by his father's will. He deemed it best to conceal his return; for he did not know how far lawyer Sponge might take advantage of the fact, should it come to his knowledge. At the end of two days, he reached the town, and quietly took lodgings at the only tavern in the place. When it came evening, he went forth, and, following the street, took his way toward the spot described at the commencement of our narrative. He wished once more to see the place where he had dwelt in his childhood, where his father lived and died, and where all his ideas of home and kindred centred. He fondly fancied the place to be the same as in former days. The naked, barren piece of ground enclosed by a rail-fence, and remote from any dwelling, rose to his view. Bleak and repulsive as it might have been to others, as presented by memory, it seemed charming to him. He knew that the cottage was in ruins, but he fancied that old Fire-eyes would be there, and give him a welcome.

Full of these thoughts, Jacob hardly remarked the change that had taken place along the road he was travelling since his departure. New buildings had arisen on either side; what was then a lonely lane seemed now growing into a street. At last, he reached the spot which he had come to visit. It is not easy to describe his astonishment at seeing the barren old homestead occupied with a fine three-story brick house. The sequel must be reserved for another chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Aurora Borealis.

THIS luminous oscillating meteor appears at night, and most usually in frosty weather. It is seldom seen towards the equator, but appears with the greatest lustre towards the polar regions, where its effulgence affords a very beautiful light. This phenomenon is supposed to result from the movement of electricity through the air. Its appearance has sometimes caused great terror to those who were unacquainted with its harmless effect.

THE most becoming dress is that which attracts the least notice.

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Talks and Walks.

CHAPTER VIII.

[Continued from p. 54.]

We soon found it very expensive staying at a hotel, and accordingly we looked out for lodgings. We easily supplied ourselves with rooms that suited us, and were speedily established in our new quarters. We were now at leisure to look about the great city. There was no difficulty in finding objects to amuse and interest us.

Indeed, when we went into the streets, there were so many things to attract attention and excite curiosity, that my companions were almost bewildered. Izzy was constantly crying out at the shop windows, "O, see this!" and "O, see that!" and Ike was hardly behind her in his exclamations of surprise and delight.

We lived pretty near the great street of Paris called the *Boulevards*. This is over four miles in length, and more than one hundred feet in width. A great part of the way, the walks on each side are thirty feet wide. It runs, in an irregular, bending line, nearly through the centre of Paris. It is a favorite promenade of the

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citizens, and from morning to night is thronged with people.

Nowhere in the world is there such another street as this. On each side, the buildings appear like a succession of palaces. The Boston Museum, in Tremont Street, is a lofty and elegant building, but it would appear insignificant by the side of hundreds of the hotels, coffee-houses, theatres, shops, and private houses, of the Boulevards. Many of these are seven stories high, richly ornamented in their architecture, and decorated with balconies, balustrades, and rich cornices.

The shops on each side of this wonderful street are very numerous. Every thing under the sun seems to be offered for sale here. Some present objects of great value, others are filled with articles which are interesting from their curious ingenuity. These shop windows are fitted up with great art, so as to be very attractive to the passers-by.

Well, as I have said, this great street was our favorite resort; almost every day we took a stroll through it; we seemed drawn thither by a kind of magic. Frequently, I would find Izzy's little hand pulling me towards the Boulevards, even although she did not ask me to go there. When we got upon the broad, smooth pavement, we fell into the living current and sauntered along with it. It is one of the great comforts of this place, that nobody is in a hurry; there is no pushing and shoving, even where there are fifty-thousand people in the street, and the pavements are thickly covered as far as the eye can reach. Every body has an air of leisure. Hundreds are constantly stopping at the shop windows, and hundreds more are pausing to purchase bouquets of the flower girls, or trinkets of the pedlers, that offer their wares on every side.

It is impossible not to be amused in such a place as this. The interest also seems to be renewed every day. You have the same streets and the same buildings, but a constant change of objects in other respects. New faces and new forms present themselves every day of the year. The merchandise in the shop windows is constantly undergoing a change. The toys, the bonnets, the shawls, the trinkets, the ornaments of to-day, give place to new styles and new patterns to-morrow. New books, new pictures, new engravings, new devices and inventions, are put before the beholder with endless and untiring succession.

It is discouraging to undertake to describe such a wonderful place as this. I wish all my little readers could be with me in Paris. I should like to march at the head of ten thousand of them through the Boulevards. What a roar of exclamations there would be, on such an occasion as that! But this cannot be, — so I must do the best I can; and, as I have undertaken to give an account of our "Talks and Walks" in Paris, I must proceed with my task.

Well, kind reader, suppose Ike, Izzy, and I, to be sauntering forth upon one of our strolls. Descending from our apartment, which is up five pair of stairs, we get into the street, which is very narrow. Passing along this, we come to a large space, which is called the *Square of the Madeleine*. This square is surrounded by dwellings. In the centre is the famous church, which gives name to the place. It has no steeple or tower, but is

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in fact an imitation of an ancient Greek temple. The roof is supported by a range of lofty columns encircling the building. The edifice covers nearly an acre and a half of ground. It is beautifully proportioned, and its magnitude renders it sublime.

By the side of the church, and upon the open court, is the chief flower-market of Paris. At all seasons of the year, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, this place is crowded with flowers of every hue and every form. Some hundreds of women are often here; and, as you pass along, they invite you, by soft words and winning smiles, to purchase their posies. They have little pots and big pots; they have bouquets of all sizes; they have flowers of every hue and every name. If you do not like red, they can furnish you with blue. The price of flowers here is very low; a very pretty bouquet, in January, will cost you but a franc, that is, twenty cents. It is impossible not to be tempted by smiling women and blooming flowers, especially when both are so reasonable.

But we must not stop so long at one place, or we shall never get through the Boulevards. Let us proceed. We pass by several shops filled with paintings and engravings; vast establishments of old bronzes, vases, and other curiosities. We pass by toy-shops, book-stores, jewelry-stores, dry-goods-stores, &c. At length we come to a strange-looking building called *the Chinese Baths*. This is a very large edifice, constructed in the Chinese fashion. If you go in at the entrance, you might imagine yourself in Canton or Pekin. You find yourself surrounded by curiously-painted jars and pots, with flowers which have evidently come from the other side of the world. If you choose to proceed, you may have a bath, hot or cold, long or short, cheap or dear. If you desire it, your bath may be perfumed with cologne or otto of roses. If you please, you may be rubbed over, from head to foot, with the most luxurious mixtures of soaps, ointments, and perfumes, that the art of man can invent.

A little beyond the Chinese Baths, is a favorite *Bazaar*. Here you enter a narrow passage, and, going along, soon find yourself in a vast hall filled with merchandise of almost every kind under the sun. It is, in fact, a congregation of little establishments, yet altogether embracing an endless variety of articles. There are at least one hundred women here, ready to wait upon you. One has every species of toys that you can imagine. O! how Izzy did exclaim as she looked at the dolls! There was every variety, from the little simple baby-doll, of an inch long, up to the flaunting young lady-doll, covered with ribbons and roses.

Another of the shop-keepers will show you all kinds of shell-ware; another all kinds of bronzes; another will show you watches; another clocks. One invites you to buy kitchen articles, and another tempts you with cabinet-furniture. You will be fortunate, if you get out of this place with as much money in your pocket as you had when you went in.

But what means that group at the shop window, over the other side of the street? Let us go and see. It is very curious, certainly. Here is a little model of a sofa-bedstead, which is constantly opening and shutting, and showing how it is at one time a rich sofa covered with silk, and

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how at another time it becomes a bedstead covered with a mattress. These curious movements are performed by machinery within the little bedstead, yet it seems almost to be alive, and to do its work of its own head. The object of this contrivance is to attract attention, and to let people know that sofa-bedsteads, after this model, are to be had within the shop where the exhibition is made.

We go a little farther, and behold a small knot of people gathered upon the sidewalk. We peep among them, and catch a glimpse of a boy fancifully dressed, and performing curious tricks. He lays a cloth down upon the sidewalk, and then he stands upon his head, walks upon his hands, with his feet in the air, and executes a number of wonderful evolutions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Story of Chicama.

[Concluded from p. 59.]

CHAPTER XV.

PASSING on a few steps, the Interpreter turned an angle of the rock, and, stooping a little, entered a natural arch, which proved to be the opening to an extensive cavern. Chicama followed, and the two were soon standing in the cave. A long conference now took place between them. It was finally agreed that the Interpreter should proceed to the castle, learn the state of affairs, and bring back intelligence as speedily as possible to Chicama. Upon this errand he immediately departed. In about an hour he returned, and informed Chicama of an interview he had witnessed between Valverde and Pizarro. In this, the latter avowed his intention of seeking the fair hand of the Peruvian maiden. He said that Cortes had been greatly aided in his conquest of Mexico by the beautiful Marina; he believed it would be sound policy for him, in a similar manner, to employ the favor and services of Runa. As to Orano, Valverde was to use him as an instrument to bend the will of the princess to the chieftain's wishes.

Chicama could scarcely restrain his indignation on hearing this detail. Nor was his alarm less excited. He knew the fierce character of Pizarro, and the unscrupulous nature of the priest. He felt that any means which might be necessary for their purpose, however cruel they might be, would be employed without scruple. Yet what could he do? his chief hope was now reposed in the Peruvian.

The subject was fully canvassed and several plans were proposed. It was finally determined to wait until further information could be obtained, and means suited to the emergency be devised.

In the mean time it was agreed that Chicama should remain in the cave. Before leaving him, the Interpreter informed him that the cavern was of great dimensions, and communicated by artificial galleries with the castle. As they had no torch, it was impossible now to explore it. He suggested that, perhaps, the best method of effecting the escape of the priest and princess, would be by this communication; but it would require assistance. Upon this, and other matters, he promised to obtain information, and took his leave.

Our adventurer being left alone in the cavern, sat down upon a rock and gave

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himself up to thought. The place was gloomy, and imparted a gloomy tinge to his reveries. For a time, he anxiously revolved the recent events connected with himself, in his mind. He then dwelt upon the perilous condition of Runa, and the white-haired priest, Orano. Turning at last, from these topics, he began to reflect upon his own strange position. Far away from his native country, — separated from those he had been accustomed to love, — he was also separated from his companions in arms, his countrymen, those with whom he had come to this distant land. He was in a state of opposition to them, and was engaged in counteracting the schemes and designs of their leader.

These things pressed heavily upon his heart. To relieve his feelings he arose and walked forth from the cavern into the fresh air. His spirits revived a little, and his mind took a different turn. "Why," said he to himself, "should I pursue these wild and absurd adventures? Why detach myself from my friends and associates, and connect my fortunes with this Peruvian maid, and this fanatic priest? Am I prepared to separate myself from my country forever? Shall I turn my back upon Spain; its arts, refinement, and religion?"

While these things were passing in the mind of the wanderer, a large bird rose heavily before him, and flew to a short distance. He, however, pursued his walk, but he shortly came upon a scene which struck him with indescribable horror. Just without the wall of the city, a fresh excavation had been made in the earth. This was filled with the dead bodies of those who had been slain a few days before, in the attack of the Spaniards upon the Peruvians. The ghastly heap rose high above the surface of the ground; and here were seen the forms of men, women, and children, bloody and mutilated, crushed together in one confused and putrefying mass. On the stones around, the vultures sat brooding by moonlight, gorged with the feast they had made the preceding evening, and ready to renew their revel with the dawn of day.

With indescribable disgust, Chicama turned suddenly back and retraced his steps. "This, this," said he to himself, "is the work of Spaniards! of Spaniards, too, with the cross inscribed upon their banner, and the priest and his prayer-book in their van. What had these poor Indians done, to offend them? What crime had these men, these women, and these children, committed against the king of Spain, or the Holy Church? Nothing, nothing! They have fallen, the innocent victims of that raging thirst for gold which now animates Pizarro and his band. Alas! how cruel, how fearful is their work! Worse than the very vultures, they destroy the living form, while these foul birds wait, and only feast upon the insensible body. O! I am almost ready to curse the very name of Spaniard; to forswear my country, and to renounce its religion. I will, at least, make an effort in behalf of this Peruvian maiden. She has once saved my life. I will peril mine, if need be, to save hers."

At this point of his reverie Chicama returned to the mouth of the cavern. He entered it, and was soon buried within its shadows. He sat himself down and remained for an hour; the minutes seemed to drag on heavily. He became impa-

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tient for the return of the Interpreter. He again waited for some time, but no one came. He arose with a feeling of uneasiness, and walked farther into the cavern. The floor became rough and broken, but he still passed on. He was soon beyond the dim light which entered at the mouth of the cave. The darkness was intense; and a silence like that of the grave rested upon the place. Chicama paused; a kind of awe crept over him, and he was about to return. At this moment his feet slipped and he fell forward. He was instantly plunged to a considerable depth, striking at the bottom upon the naked rock. Stunned and bewildered, he was for some minutes unable to rise.

At last, with a strong effort, he stood up; gathering his thoughts as well as he could, he began to consider his position. It was indeed appalling. There was not a ray of light to direct his course. Feeling around, he perceived that he was encompassed by a mass of jagged rocks. He was afraid to move, lest he should be engulfed by some abyss, that might lie around him. A sense of horror and a feeling of dizziness began to come over him. At the very moment he was about to give himself up to despair, a flash of light passed through the dungeon, and a shrill, piercing scream came upon his ear.

Chicama instantly knew the voice; it was that of Runa. His thoughts rallied in an instant. She was in danger; she was beset; he must fly to her relief. The rays that had glanced through the gloom, had given him a momentary view of the surrounding objects, and the path that led to the place from which the voice had issued. Rough and broken as it was, Chicama hesitated not a moment to proceed in that direction. Guided by a wavering light which shone through a crevice, he at last reached what seemed to be the wall of the castle. He listened, and heard sounds within. There was the heavy tread of men, and the echo of rough voices; sighs and groans followed, mingled with curses and imprecations.

Chicama was able, at first, only to conjecture a part of the truth. But an incident soon occurred which unfolded the whole scene to his view. By a movement of the men within, a loose stone in the wall was removed, and through the crevice which was opened he could survey the scene. Valverde had put in execution his terrific threat. Orano had refused to renounce his religion and accept baptism from the hands of the Catholic priest. He had accordingly been subjected to the rack; he now lay stretched out upon the frame, his joints wrenched from their sockets, and his whole form displaying the most fearful agony. Two soldiers stood by the rack, and appeared to be working the machine, at the bidding of Valverde. Runa was leaning against the wall; she seemed to be fainting, and was partly supported by the priest. At the same time he addressed her, "You can save him still," said he; "he deserves nothing but punishment here and hereafter. He adores the sun, and not the Virgin. He kneels to one of the heavenly bodies, and not to the cross. It is in mercy to his soul that he is here tortured upon the rack. Yet even this shall cease, if you will comply with the wishes of Pizarro. Be his bride, and Orano shall go free."

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Runa shuddered, but she did not speak. Valverde turned to the men at the wheel, and they were about to apply their strength to increase the agony of the victim, when they were suddenly arrested by the voice of Chicama, "Fiends! murderers! stay your unholy work!" At the same time, impelled by frenzy, he seized upon a projecting stone in the wall, and, wrenching it with all his force, it gave way, and fell to the earth with a crash. Several other stones followed, and, in the opening thus made, Chicama stood before the occupants of the room. Dressed in skins, and wild with excitement, he suddenly confronted the Spaniards at the wheel. The strange image seemed to strike them with supernatural horror; they let go their hold, and rushed from the room. Valverde dropped the arm of Runa and also fled. Rushing from the place, under the idea that a trick of sorcery had been wrought upon them, they left Chicama in full possession of the room. While he hesitated an instant what to do, he saw torches flashing from the cavern. In a moment, the Interpreter and two attendants appeared.

A brief explanation followed. The lacerated form of the priest was gently disengaged from the rack, and borne through the opening in the wall to the cavern below. Runa followed, assisted by Chicama. After they had proceeded some distance, the party paused. Some skins were thrown upon the ground, and the form of the priest was laid upon them. He still breathed, but continued for some time in a state of insensibility. At last his eyes opened, and he looked around. Seeing Runa, he beckoned her to him. She knelt down, and he spoke in a low tone. "Priestess of the Sun!" said he, "It is all over! Orano must die!" "O, no, no!" said Runa, "you must not die! You are now safe. The young Spaniard has delivered us. See, here are friends, Peruvians, around us!"

"No, no," said the priest, "my hour is come. The shadows of death are falling around me. My visions have proved vain; my hopes have bewildered me. The doom of the incas is hastening on. Huascar is dead. Atahualpa is the prisoner of Pizarro. Other fearful events stand fulfilled before my vision. The descendants of the incas will be cut off; the temples of the Sun will be crumbled in ruins. Fly, Runa, fly!" "Spaniard," said he, turning his eye upon Chicama, "be thou her guide and protector; her hope must be in thee. He who watched over her youth, and instructed her in the holy ceremonies of the altar; he who has been to her as a father and spiritual monitor, can watch over her no more. Bury me in this cavern; here my bones shall repose in peace. As Heaven frowns upon Peru, and its religion, it is fit that its priest should sleep where the rays of the sun can never enter. Runa, farewell! Fly! fly to the mountains! There, and there alone, is peace."

The spirit of the priest departed. His form was buried in a hollow of the cavern. Chicama and Runa fled. The Interpreter was their guide; they took their way towards those mountain heights, which rise to the clouds in Southern Peru. Here the distinct records of history end. We must close our story with a vague tradition that Chicama and Runa found a peaceful valley in the mountains, where they spent the remainder of their

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days. They were joined by several members of the incarial family, and finally their number was increased to a considerable village. They reared a temple, where Runa, true to her virgin vows, continued to officiate at the altar. Chicama followed externally the same worship, but his mind often turned upon the doctrines of that religion in which he had been educated: and when he died the Peruvians, in compliance with his request, placed a cross at the head of his grave.

Robin Hood.

THIS person is very famous in old English history, and the popular ballads and traditions of the country people of England. He is supposed to have lived in the twelfth century, during the reign of Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion.

When William duke of Normandy conquered England, and made himself king there, he introduced his Norman followers into the country, and gave them the lands of the conquered Saxons. These Norman chieftains were tyrannical and oppressive toward the country people, driving them from their farms and houses, and compelling great numbers of them to seek refuge from their oppressors in the woods and solitary places. Here they lived in bands, enjoying a sort of wild independence, and encouraging each other to keep up the old Saxon national spirit. They subsisted by hunting deer and other game; and sometimes they attacked the Norman chiefs and plundered them. In this manner they lived in a state of outlawry, the government being unable to expel them from their hiding-places.

The most famous of these outlaws was Robin Hood. He was born at the town of Locksley, in Nottinghamshire, and dwelt in the forest of Sherwood. His favorite companions were Little John, and Friar Tuck; the latter was said to be a monk, who officiated as Robin Hood's chaplain. Robin Hood himself is often called by the old chroniclers, *earl of Huntington*, but it is doubtful whether he had any legal claim to this title; his true name seems to have been Robert Fitz Ooth.

His exploits were a common subject of ballads and songs from the time of Edward III., though many of these poems, now extant, appear to have been composed or altered in later times. They celebrate Robin Hood's skill in archery, and the considerate manner in which he carried on his maraudings and robberies. He was famous for robbing the rich for the purpose of giving to the poor, and this made his story a great favorite with the common people.

Stow, the old English chronicler, gives the following account of him. "In this time, about the year 1190, were many robbers and outlaws, among which Robin Hood and Little John, renowned thieves, continued in woods, despoiling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence.

"The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men, and good archers, with such spoils and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, or otherwise molested. Poor men's goods

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Robin Hood and Little John.

he spared, abundantly relieving them with that which, by theft, he got from abbeys, and the houses of rich earls."

Drayton, an old English poet, thus speaks of Robin Hood in his poem entitled "Polyolbion:" —

"From wealthy abbots' chests,
And churches' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took,
He shared among the poor.
No lordly bishop came
In lusty Robin's way;
To him before he went
But for his pass must pay.
The widow in distress
He graciously relieved;
And remedied the wrongs
Of many a virgin grieved."

Major, the Scottish historian, declares that Robin Hood was indeed an arch robber, but "the gentlest thief that ever

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was." He seems to have been as famous in Scotland as in England. There is no doubt that this celebrated outlaw and his wild companions carried on their depredations without any regard to the rights of property. But it must be considered, on the other hand, that the laws and regulations established by the Norman kings of England, for the purpose of maintaining their parks and hunting grounds, were most severe and tyrannical, and directly calculated to drive the people into desperate ways of life.

William the Conqueror had no less than sixty-eight forests, thirty-one *chases*, and seven hundred and eighty-one parks, in England, for his private use. William Rufus, his successor, laid waste thirty miles of territory, by driving the country people from their fields and dwellings, in order to form, what was called *the New Forest*. By the severe "forest laws" any man who killed a deer belonging to the king, was punished by having his eyes plucked out, and other barbarous acts of mutilation.

But as the English in those days, before the discovery of gunpowder, were trained up from boyhood to the use of the long bow, and excelled all other nations of Europe in the art of shooting with this weapon, they often infringed these laws with impunity. Troops of banditti, similar to that of Robin Hood, were commonly lurking about the royal forests, and from their superior skill in archery, and their knowledge of the recesses of the wild solitudes of the country, found it no difficult matter to kill and carry off the king's deer.

How great a favorite Robin Hood was with the country people of England in former times, we may judge from the following account given by Bishop Latimer, in one of his sermons.

"I came once myself to a place, riding on a journey home from London; and I sent word over night into the town that I would preach there in the morning because it was a holiday. And methought it was a holiday's work. The church stood in my way, and I took my horse, and my company, and went thither. I thought I should have found a great company in the church; and when I came there the church door was fast locked. I tarried there half an hour and more; and at last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me and says, 'Sir, this is a busy day with us. We cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood, I pray you let [*hinder*] them not.' I was fain then to give place to Robin Hood." The sermon in which the above anecdote is related was preached before King Edward VI.

The exploits of this renowned outlaw have been the theme of a great multitude of compositions both in prose and verse; the catalogue of the romances and ballads on this subject is very long, and shows the general interest which the English people of old times, felt in the romantic history of Robin Hood. In a future number of this magazine, we may offer to our readers some specimens of these old legends and popular ditties.

The close of Robin Hood's life has been described in the following manner. Having for a long series of years maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published offering a considerable reward to any per-

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son who would capture him, either alive or dead. Nobody, however, dared to attempt his arrest, or he was too much a favorite with all his neighbors to allow them to entertain any desire to see this done. At length, the infirmities of old age came upon him, and during a fit of sickness he found it necessary to be blooded. For this purpose he applied to the prioress of a nunnery, in Yorkshire; as the women of the religious orders were, in that age, famous for their skill in surgery. This woman treacherously bled him to death, November 18, 1247, he being then in his eighty-seventh year. He was buried under a stone by the highway.

The following epitaph was written on him, although the language has been modernized to make it intelligible to common readers.

"Here, underneath this little stone,
Through Death's assaults now lieth one,
Known by the name of Robin Hood,
Who was a thief and archer good.
Full thirty years and something more,
He robbed the rich to feed the poor;
Therefore his grave bedew with tears,
And offer for his soul your prayers."

Coliseum.

THOUGH the Roman empire had extended its conquests over the greater portion of the earth, and though some of its citizens possessed attainments of the highest order, but little attention was paid to the instruction and moral improvement of the population. Hence the great mass were remarkable for their ignorance and brutality. In process of time, when, from a variety of causes, the government became unpopular, the rulers availed themselves of this ignorance and brutality, and sought favor with the populace by the introduction of shows and entertainments suited to their depraved taste. In the later periods of the empire, the character of the people became still more debased by these savage exhibitions, so that it was thought advisable to erect very large amphitheatres, where many thousands could assemble together. Large sums were expended, and an incredible number of beasts, and many human beings, were put to death. But these sports and spectacles gradually destroyed the love of independence and of country, and greatly assisted in the overthrow of the state.

The Coliseum at Rome, the ruins of which still remain, was erected by the emperor Vespasian, who reigned about 50 years after Christ. It was ornamented with statues representing all the provinces in the empire, one in the centre being intended to personify Rome itself. The building was sixteen hundred and twelve feet in circumference, and would hold one hundred thousand spectators. In the inner circle were exhibited cruel combats between men and wild beasts, and during some of the great festivals, between three and four hundred beasts were slain. The men selected to fight on these occasions were of different classes; some were *condemned criminals*, who were allowed the chance of saving their lives by slaying the beast opposed to them. Some were furnished with defensive weapons; but they were more frequently exposed, unarmed, to the fury of the beast, the spectators deriving a horrid kind of amusement from their desperate and frantic efforts to prolong their exist-

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ence. Another class of combatants, called *gladiators*, were regularly trained for the purpose; men in desperate circumstances, who sought a precarious subsistence by displaying their dexterity and courage. But the majority were *captives* taken in war, or *criminals*, acting under compulsion. During the persecutions of the early Christians, one mode of punishing them for preaching "*peace* upon earth, and *good-will* among men," was the casting them, in a defenceless state, to wild beasts in these amphitheatres, or places similarly enclosed. Of these buildings nothing remain but the ruins, fragments of which are from time to time employed in the erection of palaces and other human habitations.

True friendship is like good health. The value of it is seldom known till it is lost.

Youthful Example.

MUSIC BY E. L. WHITE. COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower;
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give,
O Lord, to truth and thee;
Then shall its power by all be felt,
However small it be.

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Talks and Walks.

CHAPTER IX.

[Continued from p. 88.]

I HOPE you are not tired, kind reader, for we have but just begun our walk. We are now in the very middle of what is called the *Italian Boulevard*. Look at the buildings on either side. Do they not seem like palaces? Observe the flood of people passing and repassing. The finest of these buildings are *cafés*, or coffee-houses, where you may not only get coffee, but delicious fruits, ice-creams, and the like. The rooms in these buildings are fitted up with a magnificence equal to the parlors and drawing-rooms of kings and queens. On every hand you see the most splendid mirrors. The ceilings are adorned with candelabras, that remind you of the tales of Fairy-land. The tables are of curious marble. The chairs are of costly wood, and lined with satin. Carpets, soft as the wool of Thibet, are upon the floor.

Every art has been used in these gay places to gratify the palate and please the senses. On a summer evening, if you chance to be passing here, you will find hundreds, nay, thousands, of people sitting in chairs upon the pavement in front of these coffee-houses. Some are sipping cordials, and some are sipping coffee. Some are taking ice-creams, and others water-ices. But this is not enough for the luxurious Parisians. Not only must the palate be tickled with luxuries, and the eye be charmed with an illumination of the whole street, but the ear must be saluted with music. Groups of itinerant musicians are seen playing or singing to the idle and luxurious throng.

We proceed in our walk. Here is a shop window filled with bronzes. Among these you see copies of almost every famous statue in the world — Apollo, Venus, Laocoön, Hercules, Diana, Antoninus, and hundreds of others. But what is this? See! it is a placard, stating that

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all these bronzes are made by means of a new discovery, which enables the workman, in the space of a few hours, to give an exact copy, in bronze, of any piece of statuary.

Passing by shops filled with clocks and others filled with watches, passing by a great variety of stores, we come to the *Passage of the Opera.* This is a kind of covered street, with shops on both sides. It resembles the arcades of London, Philadelphia, and Providence. A little farther along is the *Passage of Jouffroy.* This has been recently finished, and is truly magnificent. On the other side of the street is the *Panorama Passage*, which is considered one of the finest in Paris. The shops there are truly splendid. But, if you have not plenty of money, be careful how you buy there, for the articles are very dear. The price of goods in Paris is generally proportioned to the splendor of the place in which they are sold.

We will go on. Here, at the left, is a vender of stuffed animals. What a curious display in his window! Never have I seen Ike and Izzy more delighted than here. Among other things, there are a couple of small monkeys, dressed like men in the height of fashion. One is sitting in a chair, while the other, who appears to be a dentist, is drawing his tooth. The agony of the patient is displayed in his outstretched legs, his two hands grasping the arms of the chair, and the swelling muscles of his countenance. The professional display of conceit and satisfaction in the operator is admirable. Indifferent to the distress of his victim, he seems to be wrenching the tooth out with as much delight as any child may be imagined to feel when he puts a sugar-plum in.

There were other curious things in this shop window. I saw a pair of mice, fighting a duel with swords; a goggling owl, sitting by a lamp and reading a book which he held in his hand; and a bird of paradise like a young lady in full costume. There were many other conceits of a similar kind.

It is quite in vain to describe one half of the curious things to be seen in a walk along the Boulevards. The same succession of splendid buildings and splendid shops; the same endless throng; the same variety of curious and interesting things, are met with for miles. At length the scene changes in some degree. The street is equally crowded, but the people seem to be of an humbler class. The shops and buildings are less splendid. There is more appearance of business, and less an aspect of leisure. At the same time, there is a curious mixture of places of amusement in the midst of the busy scene. Theatres, public gardens, shooting galleries, and other establishments of the kind, are visible on either side. You see jugglers performing their tricks on the pavement. In a little room erected upon a scaffold, you observe a company of harlequins, delighting an audience with their mummeries. Farther along are various other exhibitions, according to the old advertisements, "too tedious to particularize.".

Continuing our walk, we reach, at length, the *Place of the Bastile.* Here is the site of the celebrated prison which was thrown down by the mob of Paris, at the beginning of what is called the *French*

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revolution. This took place nearly sixty years ago.

Leaving this spot, we come to the River Seine. This we cross, and, passing the famous *Garden of Plants* on the right, we at length reach the *Barrier of Italy*. This is one of the gates of the city by which the people pass in and out. Here the Boulevard terminates; and here is the inner wall, which I have before described as encircling Paris. If you pass outside of this wall, you will find what is called the *exterior Boulevard*, which runs close to the wall round the whole city.

CHAPTER X.

After we had been some time in Paris, I asked Izzy which she preferred, the Gardens of the Tuileries, the Boulevards, or the *Elysian Fields*? She seemed embarrassed by the question, and finally answered by saying that sometimes she preferred one and sometimes the other. It is indeed difficult to choose between them. On a fine day, when one desires pleasing and tranquil amusement, perhaps the Gardens of the Tuileries will be best suited to his humor. If he wishes variety and exercise, he may stroll along the Boulevards. If his spirits are high, and he wishes to see the Parisians in all their gayety, let him go to the Elysian Fields.

The latter, called *Champs Elysees* by the French, have their name from the imaginary paradise of the ancient Greeks. It is indeed a kind of paradise, and such as is found nowhere else. It is difficult to describe it; yet I must undertake the task. Let us suppose, then, that we have been sauntering in the Gardens of the Tuileries, and coming to the western gate, pass out into the space that lies before it. This is called *Place de la Concorde*, or "Concord Square." It is a vast area, crossed at right angles by broad streets. In the centre is a column or obelisk, one hundred feet in height. The shaft is seventy-two feet in length, and consists of a single stone brought from the ruins of Luxor in Egypt. Its sides are covered with hieroglyphics, and, though these were probably executed more than three thousand years ago, the carving appears as perfect as if it had been completed within the present year.

This monument is in itself a wonder; yet the objects around are worthy attendants of such a work. Where in the world is there such another scene? Looking to the east, you have the Gardens of the Tuileries, and, through a long opening in the trees, you see the palace itself. To the north is the sublime edifice of the Madelaine, seen through a street magnificent for its architecture. On the south is the Chamber of Deputies, a splendid edifice, which you approach by crossing a bridge over the Seine. To the west are the Elysian Fields. These consist of a space one fourth of a mile in width, and a mile and a quarter in length, nearly covered with trees, yet sprinkled here and there with beautiful coffee-houses, and places of public amusement. Through the centre is a broad avenue, with a superb promenade on either side. At the extremity is the triumphal arch, a monument which, for beauty and sublimity, is perhaps unequalled.

Such are the more prominent objects which arrest the attention of the beholder,

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standing in the centre of the *Place de la Concorde*, and at the foot of the obelisk of Luxor. Nearer at hand, and within the square, are four superb fountains. These are sending their columns of water high in air, and, if the weather be warm, diffusing a delicious coolness around. If you approach these fountains, you will see that colossal figures, the upper part bearing the forms of men and women, are clasping the images of various animals in their arms, from the mouths of which water is spouted into the air.

Let us suppose that it is now about two o'clock in the afternoon. A flood of people are pouring through the western gate of the Gardens of the Tuileries, and taking their way to the great avenue of the Elysian Fields. A perpetual stream of coaches is pouring through the streets of the city, and, crossing the *Place de la Concorde*, also enter the great avenue. These are of every fancy, from the rich and gorgeous coach, loaded with gold lace and glittering with ornaments, down to the sober one-horse *Berlin* of the humble citizen. These carriages are driven into the avenue. The ladies within descend, and join the throng upon the pavement.

What a scene is here! Thousands and thousands of people poured out of the city and collected in one throng in the bosom of this enchanted garden! Here you will see a variety hardly to be found elsewhere. Upon the pavement, you remark two streams of people, one flowing in one direction and the other flowing in the other. Here are persons of every rank, occupation, and condition in life. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the fair and the ugly, are all mingled together. Lawyers, physicians, statesmen, shopkeepers, high-bred dames and their servants, Turks, Greeks, foreign ambassadors, Germans, Englishmen, Americans, soldiers, and citizens,—all, all are here. And all appear to have come without object, except to breathe the fresh air, and mingle in the gay spectacle.

The crowd is chiefly confined to the promenade on the northern side of the avenue. The avenue itself presents a constant succession of equipages, many of which are remarkable for their richness and beauty. They are of every form and pattern that fancy can devise. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen are also riding on horseback.

On the other side of the promenade are a series of very different objects. Numerous little booths are strung along the side of the walks, filled with honey-cake, and comfits of various kinds. In one place you see a pair of scales, where young people are invited to come and be weighed, each paying a *sou*. The French are very much devoted to classical allusions, and accordingly these scales are dedicated to *Astræa*, the goddess of justice.

A little farther along is a small edifice dedicated to the immortal freaks of Punch and Judy. This place is the especial favorite of the young, and I have seen many a fat old pair of sides almost burst with laughter at witnessing the performances. When Ike and Izzy once became interested here, it was always hard work to get them away. Punch had so many queer ways, such droll attitudes, such ridiculous airs, and Mrs. Judy behaved in such an extraordinary fashion, that there was no resisting the fascination.

But these were not the only performances. There was the green man and

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the soldier, who gave each other many a hard knock; and then there was puss, a real puss; and a frizzle-pated image, called *the Doctor.* Puss was an enormous cat, of the Maltese breed. She performed her part to admiration; now attacked, and now retreated; now stood aloof, and now clapperclawed the doctor's wig like a genuine virago.

The line of cake-shops continues for a mile, broken here and there by various objects designed for amusement. Back from the pavement, and scattered beneath the trees, are various contrivances calculated to please the young. In one spot, four large boats are hung in air, and made to revolve around a tall pole; filled with young people, they perform their circuit, rising and falling as they go. In one place, you see a man with a crossbow in his hand, and around him he has dozens of little plaster images. At the distance of ten yards is a table; upon this the man places one of his images, and, for two sous, you may shoot an arrow at it with the crossbow.

Ike admired this sport exceedingly. The bow was of steel, and the arrow sped with great force. The boy had an accurate eye, and he splintered one of the images in pieces at every other shot.

But what comes here? It is a little coach-and-six; but, instead of horses, the vehicle is drawn by goats.

It is indeed a gay equipage. The harness is glittering with silver plate, and the little carriage itself is beautifully fitted up. Six children are within. How their eyes flash, and their cheeks glisten! One of them is driving. Bravo! how he cuts and slashes with his whip!

But who is this little melancholy-looking boy that stands at your side and gazes wistfully into your face? And what is that strange animal he carries upon his shoulder? The boy is a Swiss, and the animal is a marmot, a creature resembling our woodchuck. He has come all the way from his mountain country, and this little beast is his only friend in the great city. He asks for a single sou, and who can refuse to give it?

But hark! what strange jingle is that? A man without legs has a place fitted up by the pavement, and here he sits striking four little bells, and playing upon a bad fiddle, hoping that he too may now and then win a penny from the passers-by.

There are few beggars now in Paris. But there was one whom I always met, in the gay throng of the Elysian Fields, that touched me with melancholy. He was blind; and, as he was led along by a guide, he was always singing some sad and plaintive tune. Yet his countenance was cheerful; and when he heard a sou chink into his purse, a ray of pleasure flashed over his face. It seemed, however, like light, momentary and evanescent in the midst of darkness. Alas! what can be so hopeless as the extinction of sight!

What means that group beneath yonder trees? Let us approach and see. In the centre is an athletic man, low in stature, but stout and broad-shouldered. He has his cap in his hand, and seems to be addressing the circle of persons that are gathered around him. Lying upon the ground before him is a large stone, and upon it is another, about four inches in diameter. He hands it round, and it is carefully examined by various persons. It is a nodule of granite. The man

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wants thirty sous, and promises to break it in pieces with a blow of his fist. The thirty sous are soon collected, and the smaller stone is laid upon the larger one. After due preparation, the man strikes it with his fist, and it is broken into a dozen pieces. There is no deception, no trick in this. The performance has been witnessed hundreds of times. It is a wonderful example of the force of a blow that may be given by the human hand.

Passing by a great variety of objects, we pursue our walk. The crowd continues with us. At last, we reach the barrier or wall of the city. Going through the gate, the *Arch of Triumph* is before us. What a sublime, what a wonderful structure! It was begun by Napoleon, to celebrate his battles. He was driven from Paris, and it was left to be completed by the present king, Louis Philippe. It is an enormous arch, standing upon four piers. Its height is one hundred and fifty-two feet. You can ascend to the top, and have a view of Paris and the surrounding country.

It is impossible to stand upon the ground and look up at this monument without a feeling approaching to awe. As you continue to gaze upon it, the edifice seems to grow more and more grand, until you are filled with an emotion of sublimity. If you examine the work in detail, you will perceive that it is covered with exquisite carvings, presenting various scenes from Bonaparte's battles, and portraits of a great number of his most celebrated generals.

But it is time to return. The sun is sinking in the west, and the tide of people is flowing back to the city. The avenue of the Elysian Fields, and the *Place de la Concorde*, are roaring with the thunder of the carriages now in motion. The throng upon the pavement is pouring along in one broad stream towards the Square, whence it is broken and dispersed through various avenues. The cake-women gather in their stores. Punch and Judy are gone. The blind man's song is done. The little Swiss boy and his marmot have gone to their hiding-place. It is sunset; the pageant has fled, and the Elysian Fields are left alone, save that here and there an individual is seen pursuing his business or returning to his home

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Galvanism.

A NAME derived from *Galvani*, an Italian, who discovered that certain metals, dissimilar in their nature, developed a power which resembles the electric fluid. His discovery subsequently led to the formation of the Galvanic Battery, in which plates of different metals are arranged in pairs, with a saline or acid solution betwixt each pair, and from which the galvanic fluid may be drawn off by conductors, producing effects similar to those caused by electricity. The electro-galvanic fluid is used by chemists in decomposing compound bodies, and for other purposes. It has been called *animal electricity*, from its effect on the animal muscle.

WEALTH is more esteemed by the vulgar than talent; for, although talent is the most valuable, wealth is the most easily understood.

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The Meteor Monks.

The Meteor or Meteora Monks are a community of Greek anchorites, who dwell in a number of convents on the summit of a cluster of lofty rocks, called, from their height, *Meteora*, and situated in Northern Greece, near the river Peneus.

The little town of Kalabaka is built directly at the foot of these rocky heights, which mount up over it in so bold a manner, that they seem to hang in the air over the heads of the inhabitants. The monasteries were formerly twenty-four in number, but are now reduced to ten. Their situation is too extraordinary to be adequately described in language or even by pictures. Some of them stand on the very summits of the rocky pinnacles, and others in caverns scooped out of the perpendicular sides of the rocks, so as to seem inapproachable by the foot of man.

The only access to these aërial dwellings is by means of ropes and ladders fixed to projecting points and edges of the rock. To enter some of these, the visitor must be put into a bag and hoisted up twice as high as the top of a common church spire.

These monasteries are of great antiquity; but the monks themselves are ignorant of the date of their foundation. They were probably built in times of great political convulsions, and afforded a secure retreat to the inmates at a period when the country around them was exposed to the ravages of invading armies and troops of banditti. A.

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lonely traveller now sometimes pays a visit to these secluded abodes, where the monks continue their old life of solitary devotion, and seem almost entirely separated from the world below them.

"Take Care of Number One!"

CHAPTER XX.

[Continued from p. 84.]

It was long before Jacob could assure himself that the place before him was actually the site of his former home. The ruins of the old cottage, the irregular rail fence which enclosed the home lot, the scattered bits of wood and shapeless heaps of stone, had vanished, and in their place appeared a tall and handsome edifice, white picket fence, a garden artificially laid out in beds, and all the attendants of a handsome country residence.

Having walked backward and forward several times, Jacob came to the conclusion that this was, indeed, the spot upon which he had spent his early days. Nor was he long in forming a conjecture as to the means by which such a transformation had been wrought. "This," said he to himself, "is doubtless the work of lawyer Sponge. Having appropriated my father's money to his own use, it is but natural that he should dispose of his land in the same way. The will is no doubt destroyed, and, probably, the lawyer thinks me as good as dead. So he has ventured to pile up the fruits of his iniquity upon the very place of my birth, the place where my father died, and the only piece of earth for which I have any peculiar regard."

While this train of thought was passing through Jacob's mind, it chanced that a stout gentleman opened the front door. There seemed to be an abundance of light within, and the well-fed proprietor had on his best attire. Jacob immediately recognized the lawyer, though his figure had thriven marvellously within the last half dozen years.

Jacob stood at a little distance during these observations. He soon saw several persons come along the street and enter the house. Two or three carriages, one after the other, advanced to the door, and gayly-dressed ladies, descending, also entered the mansion. "Aha!" said Jacob to himself, "I think I can now understand the meaning of this. The squire's fine mansion is just finished, and to-night he is to have his *house-warming*. I have half a mind to be one of his guests, though I have no invitation."

After a few moments, the youth's mind assumed a more bitter tone, and, thinking over the injustice that had been done him by this same lawyer, he turned on his heel and pursued his walk along the street. After a short space, he struck into a narrow lane, and, buried in gloomy thoughts, went on for half an hour, scarcely noticing the objects near him. It was quite dark, and the scene around was desolate and gloomy. At last, he came to a small, barren hill-side, upon the slope of which he could discover a number of dusky and indistinct forms. Turning into the field, he passed through ranges of grave-stones until he came to a low mound, covered only with broken sods. Here he sat down; and, though he was now a man, we must record that the tears flowed freely, for here slept the remains of his father.

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Having remained here for half an hour, indulging in gloomy reflections, Jacob arose and pursued his way back to the village. As he again passed the house of the lawyer, light and music seemed gushing from every window. There were sounds of cheerful voices within; and the measured swing of the dance was audible. Hastening his steps, as if these things grated upon his feelings, the young man passed on; and, seeking his room at the tavern, he was soon buried in sleep.

It was past midnight, when the deathlike stillness of the town was broken by that cry, so fearful in a country place, "Fire! fire! fire!" The people were soon roused, but Jacob slept soundly, and it was not till the cry was several times repeated, that he was awakened. Perceiving that the inmates of the house were in motion, he hastily dressed himself, descended into the street, and, following the course of the rushing throng, he came at last to the house of the lawyer, which had so recently been the scene of mirth and festivity. It now presented a very different spectacle. The lower part of the building was on fire, and the blaze, amid thick volumes of smoke, was bursting from the windows and door. The lawyer and his family had but just escaped. The people gathered around the conflagration, but, little used to such a scene, they were all in a state of bewilderment and confusion. Some ran for water, and others for ladders; some stood still, incapable of action; others ran hither and thither doing nothing, yet calling upon others to do every thing.

Affairs were in this state when Jacob arrived. We must admit that his first feeling was that of gratification. When the lawyer and his family passed by him, he even enjoyed a flash of pleasure as he beheld their distress. But a new incident was now presented. It was perceived that one of the lawyer's children was missing — the youngest, a girl of six years old. The mother was the first to make the discovery. In her bewilderment of mind, she had till now forgotten this member of her family.

Inquiry was immediately made, and when the fact, that the child was indeed missing, came home to the mother's mind, she was in a state bordering upon distraction. Nor was even the cold, calculating father much less disturbed. They both turned back to make an effort for the deliverance of their child. At that moment she appeared at one of the attic windows: this she had raised, and, looking forth, spread out her arms and screamed for help. Amid the roar of the flames, and the din of voices, her piercing cries were distinctly heard; and the sounds of "Father! father! Mother! mother!" came upon the ear!

The distracted parents ran hither and thither, wringing their hands in speechless agony, while shouts and cries, expressive of horror and despair, seemed to rise from every quarter.

Up to this moment Jacob had stood a cold spectator of the scene. But in an instant his whole manner was changed. Proceeding to the spot, he made a rapid circuit around the building. The flames and smoke completely encircled it on three sides. The fourth presented a blank wall of brick, forming the gable-end of the house, and terminating in a high chimney above. A lightning-rod ran up the centre of the wall, and rose above the top of this chimney. Speaking to no

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one, Jacob buttoned close his jacket, and began to ascend the rod. He was three fourths of the way up before he was noticed by the throng. Every eye was now directed to him. He continued to ascend amid the admiration and applause of the spectators. He had now nearly reached the top, when he began to feel the staples of the rod giving way. The light of the conflagration shone strong upon him, and the crowd beneath, at the same moment, observed the danger. There was a momentary silence, and every one held their breath in expectation of the catastrophe which seemed inevitable.

Jacob, however, did not lose his presence of mind. He reached forth and clasped his hand over the brick that formed the coving of the wall down the slope of the roof. At the same moment he sprang upward, and, while the lightning-rod fell its whole length upon the earth, he stood safe upon the top of the building. Proceeding to the scuttle, he wrenched it open by main force, and, descending, disappeared from the view of the beholders.

Though Jacob's enterprise appeared to offer no good grounds of hope for the escape of the child for whose rescue he thus perilled his life, yet there was something in his very daring which inspired courage. Nor did the fact that he was an entire stranger abate this feeling. "Who is he? what is he?" was heard from a hundred voices. No one could answer. It was a kind of mystery, and this seemed to be a source of confidence. The crowd stood still, in breathless expectation. All other efforts were suspended. The father and mother were wringing their hands and uttering the most passionate wailings.

The minutes that now passed seemed lengthened into hours. The little girl had disappeared from the window from which volumes of smoke were issuing. The flames had advanced, and the whole exterior part of the building, save that where Jacob had ascended, was wrapped in flames. The spectacle was appalling, and almost every heart seemed to sink with despondency. Minute after minute passed, and nothing was seen or heard from the adventurer. Every other effort was stopped; the only hope was in him. The suspense at last amounted to agony. There was now a terrific sound, a crash, within the building: a groan passed over the crowd. "He is lost! he is lost!" was heard on every side.

At that moment, however, something was seen emerging from the opening in the roof. In a few moments, Jacob was discerned with the child wrapped in a blanket, and firmly lashed to his back. In his arms he had a long rope, made of strips of sheets and blankets tied together. Proceeding to that end of the building where he had ascended, he fastened this to the coving, and, swinging himself over, began to descend. But by this time the flames had passed round the corner of the building, and began to leap in broad and fitful flashes across his very path. He looked down and saw the danger. For a moment he hesitated, yet but for a moment. Coming to the point threatened by the flames, he paused, and then sliding rapidly forward, as they recoiled, he escaped, and soon reached the ground.

Both he and the child were safe; but, for a space, they were both in a state of

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insensibility. After a little time, Jacob recovered, and, taking advantage of the confusion, passed amid the crowd, and returned to his lodgings. The relief of the parents we shall not attempt to describe. In this feeling the people around fully sympathized; nor was their admiration of the manner in which the rescue had been performed, of a less lively nature. To all, the deliverance seemed marvellous. To some, it was almost miraculous. "Who is this stranger?" said one; "Where is he?" said another; and then every body began to inquire for him. Nobody could find him, and at last the people dispersed, to tell over the wonderful incidents which occurred at the burning of Squire Sponge's new house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kamtschatkans.

The Kamtschatkans are a people inhabiting the eastern part of Asiatic Russia. According to the accounts of modern travellers, their numbers constantly diminish so fast that in a short time the whole race will become extinct.

They are a people of short stature, having large heads, long, flat faces, thin lips, and little hair. The women have fine skins, very small hands and feet, and a tolerably well-proportioned shape. Both sexes wear an under dress of cotton, and wide trousers of deer-skin, boots of leather, and fur caps.

The chief occupation of the men is fishing. In summer, the women go into

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the woods to gather vegetables. They travel on light carriages, on which they sit sideways, and instead of reindeer they are drawn by dogs. These animals are yoked together in couples by straps of leather. A single dog goes ahead as a leader, and this one is always the most sagacious and best trained to understand the voice and signals of the driver.

The Kamtschatkans have two sorts of houses, called *balagans* and *isbas;* the former being the summer and the latter the winter habitations. The balagan is raised above the ground by a number of posts, placed at equal distances, ten or twelve feet high. This rough sort of colonnade supports in the air a platform made of rafters, laid close together and covered with clay. This platform serves as a floor to the whole building, which is erected above it, in the shape of a cone, and thatched with dry grass.

This forms the only room in the house. An opening at the top serves to let out the smoke when victuals are cooked, which is done in the middle of the room. There are no windows, and only one door admits the inmates by the help of a ladder from the ground. This ladder consists of the trunk of a tree with steps notched on one side. When they wish to give notice that they are "not at home," they turn the steps of the ladder downward, — a sign that every body understands. This is equal to our "pulling in the string of the latch."

Motives of convenience probably suggested to these people the idea of such singular dwellings, which their mode of living renders necessary and commodious. Their principal food being dried fish, which is also the provender of their dogs, it is necessary, in order to dry their fish, that they should have a place sheltered from the heat of the sun, and at the same time well aired. Such a spot they find under the colonnades, or rustic porticoes of these balagans, and here they hang their fish, out of the reach of the dogs.

The isba is partly subterranean. A cellar is dug to the depth of six feet, and the remainder of the dwelling is built above ground, so that it looks externally like the roof of an ice-house, or a round, squat hillock. The inside is furnished with platforms of boards, which are covered with mats and skins, and serve the purpose of seats and beds. These dwellings are kept so warm by means of stoves as to be intolerable to a stranger; and the hotter they are heated, the greater honor is supposed to be done to the guests.

The windows have no glass, but instead of it panes of fish-skin scraped so thin as to become almost transparent. Sometimes they use leaves of talc, or mica, for this purpose. The houses contain great numbers of images of different saints, which the Kamtschatkans exhibit with as much pride and satisfaction, as a rich European displays his gallery of choice paintings.

The Kamtschatkans are mild and hospitable. They live together in the greatest harmony, assisting each other in all their labors. Theft and violence seem to be altogether unknown among them; and their greatest happiness is to eat and drink, and live in tranquil indolence. This is carried so far, that they frequently neglect to provide for their wants in season, and therefore suffer severely from famine.

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Typee.

A VERY amusing book, with the above title, has recently been published in New York, by Wiley & Putnam. We propose to give an outline of the story, recommending our readers to peruse the original, whenever they find an opportunity.

HERMAN MELVILLE shipped as a common sailor on board a vessel, called the *Dolly*, bound for the South Seas, on a whaling voyage. In the summer of 1842, having been six months out of sight of land, and having consumed all their fruit, vegetables, and every thing like fresh provisions, the captain determined to shape his course for the Marquesas Islands.

These are a group of islands in the South Pacific, between eight and ten degrees south latitude, and about one hundred and forty degrees west longitude; that is, nearly in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. They were first discovered by the Spaniards, A. D. 1595, and were named in honor of the Marquis of Mendoza. They are inhabited by a red-skinned race of savages, resembling in some respects our American Indians.

The largest island is called *Nukuheva;* and to this island the prow of the good ship Dolly was now turned. Being in the course of the trade-winds, they ran down under easy sail, and, in eighteen or twenty days, "Land ho!" was shouted from the mast-head.

The next morning, they were coasting along the shore, admiring the wild and beautiful scenery which the turn of every headland disclosed to view. The bay itself of Nukuheva is described as of surpassing beauty.

Here they found good anchorage, and had hardly arrived when the Dolly was boarded by an immense number of the natives; some in canoes, some swimming; some bringing strings of cocoanuts for sale; but the greater part coming for the mere gratification of their curiosity.

Besides the settlement of Nukuheva, which bears the same name as the island, there are two others; viz., Happar, the inhabitants of which are on friendly terms with those of Nukuheva, and Typee, on the farther side of Happar, where the natives are said to be cannibals, and are described as of a ferocious nature. The word *Typee* signifies, in the Marquesan language, a lover of human flesh. All the sailors had heard of this valley of Typee, and as they coasted along in sight of it, they shuddered as they fancied themselves in the power of the savages.

The ship had not been long at Nukuheva, when Melville determined to desert. He felt that, under ordinary circumstances, this would be a dishonorable act, he having engaged for the voyage. But, as the captain had not complied with his agreement, and had treated his men with great severity, — neglecting the sick, keeping all hands short of provisions, and answering their just complaints with a blow from a handspike, — Melville thought he would be justified in not fulfilling *his* part of the contract. There was no one to apply to for redress; and so he determined, in plain language, to run off.

He was afraid to communicate his plan to his shipmates, lest he should be betrayed. There was, however, among

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them, a smart, active young fellow, who went by the name of Toby. This Toby was a character, in his way, and had evidently seen better circumstances.

He was small, tight-built, as bold as a lion, and had an eye of fire, and a temper that, when roused, would make the biggest quail with fear. Melville felt that there was some secret sympathy between him and Toby; and one night, as he saw the latter leaning against the bulwarks, lost in thought, the idea struck him what a pleasant thing it would be to have a companion in his escape. Accordingly he ventured to communicate his plan to Toby.

Toby was ready for any thing. They made all their plans, and agreed to execute them the next day; and, shaking hands, parted, to sleep their last night aboard the Dolly.

The next day, the starboard watch, (half the crew,) to which both Melville and Toby belonged, were allowed to go ashore. Previous to going, these two dressed themselves in plain, stout clothes, and stowed away some bread and tobacco in their bosoms and pockets. Their plan was, to make for the mountain as soon as possible, where there was but little danger of meeting any of the natives; to stay there until the ship should sail away, living on the fruits they expected to find, and then descend again into the valley of Nukuheva.

Soon after landing, the rain began to pour in torrents, and they fled for shelter to a canoe-house. The rest of the sailors, one after another, fell asleep, lulled by the pattering of the rain. Now, Melville and Toby stepped out of the house, and plunged at once into the recesses of a grove.

The top of the mountain was just visible through the thick, tropical rain, and, with this in their eye, they pushed on as quick as the dense forest and their soaked garments would let them, not daring to cast a glance behind. After great labor, they at last reached the lofty summit, a few hours before sunset, and were delighted with the view.

They had been disappointed in not finding any fruit, and they now sat down and examined their provisions. The rain had completely saturated their bread, and there was nothing left but a soft, doughy mass, mixed up with pieces of tobacco. This was certainly not appetizing, but it was all they had to keep life in them; and as it would never do to return to Nukuheva before their ship had sailed, they divided this paste into six equal portions, and agreed to eat only one a day; hoping, at the end of six days, that they might go back with safety. This amounted to about half a table-spoonful for each a day!

They now turned their backs on Nukuheva, and looked out for a place of shelter for the night. Soon they came upon a sort of footpath, which frightened them almost as much as the foot-prints in the sand did Robinson Crusoe; so disagreeable to them was the idea of meeting with any of the savages. It led them, however, to a deep gully in the rock; and here they concluded to spend the night.

But there was no sleep for them; the rain poured in torrents all night long, and beat through their shelter, and they were glad to get up as soon as the day dawned. The rain now ceased for a short time, and they took up their soaked garments, wrung them, and ate their half-spoonful

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of mush with a keen appetite, for it was the first food they had tasted for twenty-four hours.

But this kind of life could not last long. Melville began to feel some pretty bad symptoms. Cold shiverings and fever turns succeeded one another, and one of his legs swelled to an alarming size, and made it very difficult for him to rove about.

The second day, they came suddenly in sight of a beautiful valley, on the other side of the island. It was completely carpeted with verdure, interspersed with shining streams of water, and dotted over with the pretty bamboo huts of the islanders. It was like a glimpse of Paradise; and their first impulse, as they leaned over the steep precipice, was to make for it at once.

But now came the important question; *Was it Happar, or was it Typee?* Should they meet with a friendly welcome, or should they fall into the hands of a set of bloodthirsty cannibals? The thought of this made them shudder; and rather than run the risk, they decided to push on in search of some other valley, where they might find fruit, and means of supporting life, without fear of being made a meal of by the natives.

There was no end to the difficulties of this route. The whole country consisted of steep ridges, separated by deep ravines, running right across the direction of their proposed journey. Now, they were obliged to slide down precipices, at the imminent risk of breaking their necks, and now, to climb a perpendicular wall of rock, that offered no assistance but the roots and boughs of trees. On the tops of these ridges they were melted by the heat, and, at the bottom of the gullies, almost frozen with cold.

Meanwhile, Melville's leg grew worse; and having passed a sleepless night, the next morning they held a council as to what was best to be done. "Go down to the valley we saw yesterday," said Toby. "Depend upon it, your fears of those Typees is all nonsense; we can't stop and starve in these soppy caverns here, and *I* prefer to 'run the risk.'"

Melville felt that there was but little choice left; they could not return to Nukuheva — they could not stay where they were. So it was decided to follow the course of the stream that roared through the ravine, and trust to its guidance to take them to what Toby insisted on calling "the lovely valley of the Happars." Melville followed his gay companion with a boding heart, saying, "I pray Heaven you may not find yourself deceived."

But the difficulties of the journey were by no means ended. Now, they had not to climb mountains, and slide down precipices; but the course of the stream they proposed to follow was any thing but an easy one. Sometimes it would rush foaming through its narrow bed, pent in between steep walls of rocks, that offered no projection for foot or hand. Sometimes it would make a sheer fall of hundreds of feet over a ledge of rocks that shelved backwards from the top.

None but sailors could conquer difficulties like these. Toby, being the lighter and more active, always went ahead. Now, he would swing himself over the abyss with the agility of a monkey, catching at the long roots of the trees that hung from the cliffs. Now, he would jump down

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into the top of a palm-tree, and find himself fifty feet below his companion in as many seconds. Indeed, nothing seemed to daunt this daring fellow.

Melville, being much heavier, and suffering with his lameness, followed at greater disadvantage — but still followed — and followed alive.

After a series of hairbreadth escapes and unheard-of sufferings, at the end of five days, they at length stood at the head of the valley they had seen from the summit of the mountain.

"Typee or Happar?" was still the question, and a fearful one it was. Toby began to show a little more caution now, and suggested concealment. But Melville said that, having come down, the only course was to go manfully forward. Indeed, having come so far, there was no retreating. Accordingly, they advanced with caution, looking into every thicket, as they passed along, and watching for any sign of the vicinity of the savages. These signs soon became unmistakeable; and presently they discovered two figures standing amid the dense foliage.

Melville's mind was made up at once; and, breaking a bough from a tree, he went towards them, waving it in token of peace. They were a boy and girl. After a short conversation by signs, they were asked to lead the way to some shelter from the rain. "*Typee* or *Happar*, Toby?" said Melville. "Of course, *Happar*," answered Toby.

The natives now poured out to meet the strangers, and gazed at them with the greatest curiosity. They led them into a large building of bamboos, and crowded in, shouting, and dancing, and appearing in the greatest state of excitement.

It was now evening, and the room but dimly lighted by small tapers. A group of chiefs took their places near the visitors, and regarded them in stern silence. One of them in particular, a noble warrior, fairly looked Melville out of countenance, and refused his offer of a piece of tobacco. Was this a sign of hostility? "*Typee* or *Happar*?" again said Melville to himself. He started; for, at the same moment, this very question was put to him by the stern warrior. He turned to Toby, and saw his face pale with fear, at this fatal question. Melville paused a second, and then, from some sudden impulse, answered, "*Typee*." The chief nodded approvingly, and added, "*Mortarkee!*" meaning *good*. "*Typee mortarkee*," added Melville; and now, all doubt was at an end!

The dark figures leaped up, and danced round the strangers with transport; shouting all the time, "*Typee mortarkee! Typee mortarkee!*" The chief, whose aspect was before so forbidding, now showed signs of great friendship; said his name was *Mehevi*, and asked the name of his guests. Melville thought his own name would be too much for them to master, and so called himself *Tom*; and by the name of *Tommo* he was known ever after.

They now held a kind of levee — troops of natives coming in, one after the other, giving their names, and asking those of the strangers in return. This ceremony seemed to answer the same purpose as shaking hands does with us, at the reception of distinguished men.

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At the end of an hour, Melville told Mehevi that they were in need of food and sleep. The chief ordered a calabash full of *poee-poee* (a kind of pudding made of the bread-fruit) to be brought, and some young cocoa-nuts. The repast was followed by a pipe of tobacco; and, about midnight, the crowd had dispersed, leaving a few individuals, who were inmates of the house.

These offered fresh mats; and, extinguishing the tapers, threw themselves down by the side of Melville and Toby, and were soon asleep. Melville followed their example, as soon as his pain and the excitement of mind consequent at finding himself, at last, in this dreaded valley, would permit. And so ended the first day of our adventurers at Typee.

On awaking from a disturbed sleep, the next morning, Melville and Toby found the house filled with young females, gayly decorated with flowers. They seated themselves on mats, and showed signs of the greatest curiosity, — sometimes laughing loud and long, and sometimes regarding Melville's sufferings with compassion; offering him food and fanning the insects away. After they had gone, troops of men continued to pour in until noon.

At last came a superb-looking warrior. His aspect was very imposing, and much enhanced by the magnificence of his dress. On his head was a tiara of gorgeous feathers; on his neck, several large necklaces of boars' tusks. His loins were girded with heavy folds of dark-colored *tappa*, (a cloth made from the bark of trees,) and in his hand was a beautifully-carved paddle-spear, fifteen feet long. His body was covered with the most elaborate tattooing.

As this chief advanced towards Melville with a cordial manner, he recognized the noble Mehevi. Feeling that his influence might be great in determining his fate, Melville resolved to secure his good-will. In this there was no difficulty; and they had a long and friendly conversation, so far as signs and a knowledge of a few words of their language would allow.

Perceiving the swelling on Melville's leg, Mehevi sent a boy for a physician. The youth soon returned, bringing with him an aged islander, with a bald head and silvery beard. He was clad in a flowing robe of tappa; and with a long, white wand in his hand, had much the appearance of a magician. The old fellow seized Melville's leg, and at once began to pound it very much as a cook does a tough beefsteak, before putting it on the gridiron. Melville roared with pain; but his doctor was inexorable, and did not cease till they were both fairly exhausted. He then swathed the limb in bandages of wet leaves, muttered a spell over it, and departed.

Before leaving, Mehevi gave Melville to understand that one of the inmates of the house, called Kory-Kory, was to be his body servant; and never was there a more faithful fellow, not excepting even Crusoe's man Friday.

Kory-Kory was a stout, active young man, about twenty-five years old, six feet high, and of a most extraordinary appearance. His head was closely shaven, excepting two spots near the crown, as big as a dollar. Here the hair grew to a great length, and, being twisted up, gave him the appearance of having a pair of horns. His face was adorned by three broad strips of tattooing, and his whole

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body covered with pictures of birds and fishes.

The father and mother of Kory-Kory, who lived in the same house, deserve notice. The former, named Marheyo, was a very queer old gentleman, and gave signs of being a little superannuated. His nominal occupation was building a bamboo hut; but, during the four months Melville lived with him, he saw no progress made in it. He would spend most of the day in putting on and off a pair of ear-ornaments, made of some great monster's teeth; occasionally diversifying this by seizing his spear, and stalking out beneath the trees. His wife, Tinor, was a model of a hard-working housewife, and did more labor than any one else in the valley.

The household consisted, besides, of several dissipated young men, who did nothing but get tipsy on *arva** and tobacco, and some lovely damsels, who employed themselves in making tappa — that is, during the little time they were not gadding and gossipping.

Among the latter shone preëminent the beautiful nymph, Fayaway, Melville's peculiar favorite. Her figure was the perfection of grace, her complexion a rich olive, her face a rounded oval, her teeth of dazzling whiteness, and her deep brown hair fell in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and half concealed her form from view. Her pure skin had been spared by the tattooers; and, with no addition to nature's charms, save a tunic of white tappa, and a chaplet and necklace of flowers, she was the personification of savage loveliness.

* A stimulating liquor made from the root of a tree.

In the afternoon, Mehevi paid Tommo another visit, and, rising to depart, invited them to accompany him. Melville pointed to his leg; but Mehevi pointed to Kory-Kory; and the faithful servant backed himself up against the "pi-pi," or elevated terrace of the veranda, like a cat, and Melville was told to get upon his shoulders.

They soon came to the *Taboo* groves, beneath whose dark shadows the horrid rites of the savages are celebrated. In the midst is a large building called the *Ti*. Here no female is ever allowed to enter, and the Ti answers very much the same purpose to the ruling sex, that our club-rooms do to the gentlemen of civilized life. Melville and Toby were received with hospitality; supper was served, pipes handed round, and then mats were furnished for the night.

Awaking from an uneasy nap about midnight, as he thought, Melville found himself in complete darkness, and alone. Suspicious of evil, he roused Toby. Before long, they saw shoots of flame in the forest, and dark figures before them, dancing about like demons.

"What can this mean, Toby?" said Melville.

"O, nothing," answered he, coolly — "getting the fire ready, I suppose."

"What for?"

"Why, to cook us, to be sure."

This was not a pleasant prospect, certainly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN we profess to ask for advice, we often seek only for approbation.

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The Shark Story.

"Well, ladies," said Captain Barnacle, "as you insist upon it, I will tell you a sea story. You must know that I was once sailing in the ship Orient for China. We doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and, running a little too far to northward, we came near the coast of Madagascar. The sea in this quarter is filled with coral reefs. The coral grows like forests, and the tops frequently reach nearly to the surface. One day, while in this dangerous region, we were be-

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calmed; the ship lay like a log on the water; the sea around was as smooth as a mirror.

"In looking down into the waves, I could see the coral groves, and between them there were various fishes sauntering about, quite at their leisure. Among the rest, I noticed an enormous shark, of the most voracious kind. He was evidently seeking whom he might devour. As I was looking at him, he turned his eye upon me, and showed his white, hooked teeth, as much as to say, 'Come down here, captain, and I will eat you.'

"I did not accept his invitation; but while I was standing by the side of the vessel, my gold watch, chain and all, was accidentally jerked into the sea. Down it went amongst the branches and leaves of the coral. I could see nothing of it, and when I looked for the shark, he was gone.

"There was no help for the accident. The next morning, the breeze sprung up, and we went on our way. We spent two months at Canton, and then set out on our return. When we again arrived in the neighborhood of Madagascar, we were again becalmed. Looking over the side of the ship, I saw a shark, which seemed like the very fellow I had become acquainted with on my outward passage. One of the sailors got a large iron hook, to which a rope was attached; on the hook he fastened a piece of salt pork, and threw it overboard. The shark soon saw the bait, and immediately took it into his jaws, hook and all. The sailor then gave a pull, and the monster was firmly drawn upon deck. He seemed to feel as if he had fallen out of bed, for he made a terrible banging with his tail. Well, the sailors went to work and cut him open; and what do you think they found?"

"The gold watch," said both the ladies at once.

"No," said the captain; "they found nothing but entrails."

A Rogue in Paris.

A FEW days since, "Dr. Thierry, a member of the Municipal Council, saw, in the Boulevard, a crowd form round a young man, poorly dressed, and who appeared to have fallen exhausted from want of food. Pushing his way up to him, the doctor gave him money, inquired his address, and sent him home in a cabriolet, promising to call and see him in the evening, and do something for him. On going to the address indicated, the doctor was surprised to find that no such person as the unfortunate young man was known there; and he was still more surprised to find that several other charitable individuals had been to inquire after him, but with the same ill success. This, and other circumstances of a like kind, having come to the knowledge of the police, they set an investigation on foot, and soon learned that a young fellow, twenty-four years of age, named Goujon, had for some time past been preying on the public, by pretending to fall exhausted from hunger in the public streets, and by telling a pitiable tale of his distress to the bystanders. As he was shabbily dressed, as his face was daubed in such a manner as to make it deadly pale, and as he played his part admirably, his tale was always believed, and always procured him abundant alms, sometimes as much as thirty

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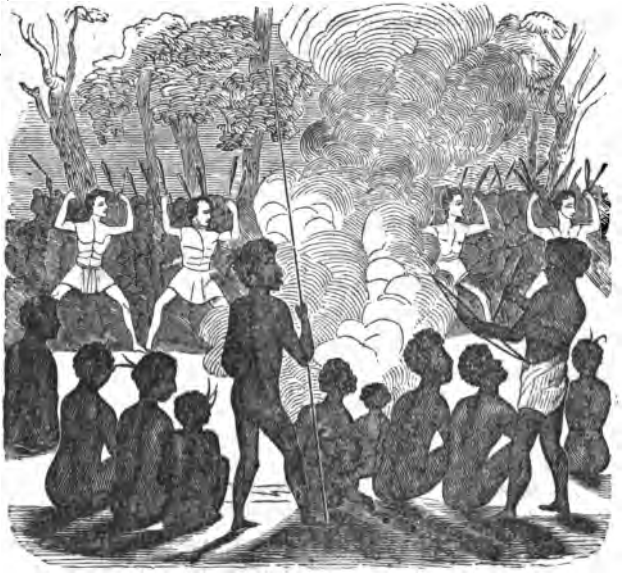
francs or forty francs a day. When not engaged in this singular vocation, M. Goujon figured as a dandy of the first water, lived on the best of the best restaurants, frequented the principal theatres, and solaced himself with the society of a young and handsome actress. The police have, however, put an end to M. Goujon's splendid existence and fictitious misery, by seizing on him, and throwing him into prison, to await his trial on a charge of swindling the public. A sum of nearly three hundred francs was found by the police at his lodgings."



New Holland.

New Holland is the largest island in the world. It is even considered a continent by some. Its extent is nearly equal to all Europe.

The British have made settlements here, which are rapidly increasing. Sidney is the principal town. A great many of the people in this place committed crimes in England, and were sent hither as a punishment. Many of them have led good lives since their arrival, and have become wealthy and highly respectable. There are a good many other British settlements along the coast. The interior has been but little explored.

It is very curious that the plants, trees, and animals, in New Holland, are mostly different from what are found in any other part of the world. Among the queer animals is the kangaroo, which is

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nearly as large as a sheep. It has a pouch for its young ones, like the opossum; with its long, hind legs, and the help of its tail, which operates like a spring, it leaps forty or fifty feet at a bound. The *platypus* is a quadruped as large as a woodchuck; its body is covered with fur, yet it has a bill like a duck.

There are many other curious creatures here, but nothing is more strange than the native inhabitants. These resemble negroes, and live almost like wild animals. Some of their dwellings are nothing more than hollow caves; yet these people have their fashions and their amusements. Sometimes the men paint their bodies with white stripes, so that they look like walking skeletons; sometimes they engage in wild dances with noisy music. Their modes of courtship are curious. If a man sees a woman he wants for a wife, he takes an opportunity to come upon her unawares; he knocks her down with a club and carries her home; when she comes to her senses, she makes him a dutiful wife.

Wonders of Biography.

No. III.

GUY OF WARWICK.

The tale of Guy of Warwick, or Sir Guy, was in former times the admiration of all readers in England; and though it has been eclipsed by the more elaborate fictions of a modern age, it is still very popular with the lower classes of that country.

The old English ballad, which has long been sung and recited about the villages and hamlets in England, and contains the history of this famous hero, is entitled thus: "*A pleasant Song of the valiant Deeds of Chivalry achieved by that noble Knight Sir Guy of Warwick, who, for Love of fair Phillis, became a Hermit, and died in a Cave of a craggy Rock, a Mile distant from Warwick.*" This story used to be sung to the harp, at Christmas dinners and weddings.

Guy of Warwick, according to the old story, lived in the reign of Athelstan, one of the Saxon kings of England, in the tenth century. He fell in love with the daughter of the Earl of Warwick, in consequence of beholding her beauty at Warwick Castle, where he had been entertained by her father.

In those days, a lover was compelled to signalize himself in arms before he could obtain the hand of his mistress. Sir Guy, therefore, crossed the sea, to Germany, in order to be present at a tournament at the emperor's court. Here he bore away the prize from every one, and performed such feats of valor and skill, that the emperor conceived the highest opinion of him, and offered him his daughter in marriage. In the days of chivalry, a champion who was sole conqueror at a tournament, was deemed worthy of the daughter of the greatest monarch.

But Sir Guy modestly rejected the offer on account of his passion for the earl's daughter. After receiving a present of a falcon and a hound, which were regarded as the noblest of gifts in that age, he took his leave of the emperor, and set out to return to England.

One day, in passing by a wood in Germany, he heard a most terrible roaring, and presently discovered a lion and a

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Death of Guy of Warwick.

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dragon engaged in furious combat. Our knight, seeing the lion begin to faint, took his side in the battle. He slew the dragon; on which the lion, to show his gratitude, ran by the side of the knight's horse like a dog, till hunger compelled him to retire again to the woods.

On his return to England, he paid his respects to King Athelstan, who then held his court in the city of York. The king informed him of a prodigiously large and furious dragon, who was then doing great mischief in Northumberland, destroying men, women, and children, and laying waste the fields of the farmers. Guy undertook to rid the country of this monster, and procuring a guide, he went immediately to the dragon's cave. The monster rushed out with eyes sparkling like fire, and, on Guy's attacking him, bit his lance in two. Guy then drew his sword, and laid about him so manfully, that the dragon was soon sprawling at his feet. The knight cut off his head, carried it to York, and presented it to the king.

This story probably took its rise from an exploit of Guy, in killing some furious wild boars in the north of England, where those fierce animals abounded in former days. Every tale in that age was embellished with a variety of fictitious circumstances; and every wild animal, that had done much mischief, was sure to be magnified into a dragon, with eyes of fire and a poisonous breath.

The Earl of Warwick's daughter, being thus convinced of Sir Guy's honor and courage, gave him her hand, and they were married with great ceremony. On the death of the lady's father, the king created Guy Earl of Warwick. Having now adopted a life of quiet and retirement, he began to think he had spent too much time in the pursuit of glory, and too little in the pursuit of grace; he therefore determined to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. On his way, he slew a giant who had fifteen young men, who were brothers, in confinement; these our hero released, and sent them home to their disconsolate parents. On his return to England, he found that the Danes had invaded that country, and were committing great ravages. King Athelstan was compelled to take refuge in the city of Winchester, then one of the strongest places in the kingdom. The Danes besieged him here, and at length it was agreed by their commander and the king, that this dispute should be decided by single combat.

In consequence of this, a prodigious giant, named Colbrand, came from the Danish camp and defied the English, as Goliath did the armies of Israel. Guy obtained leave of the king to fight him. He advanced towards the giant, who sneeringly said, "What! art thou the best champion that England can afford?" But our hero answered only with his good sword, and after a most desperate combat, the giant was slain. The Danes, according to the previous agreement, retired to their ships and sailed away.

After various other exploits, among which was the slaying of the terrible "Dun Cow, of Dunsmore heath," Earl Guy reached his home at Warwick in the disguise of a palmer. Here he begged his bread daily at his own castle gate, while his lady within sat mourning at his absence. Guy, having made a vow to live the life of a hermit, buried himself

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in a cave in a rock, where he took up his abode in solitude. At last, finding his death approaching, he sent his gold ring to the castle, by which his wife recognized her husband. She repaired to the cave and closed his dying eyes.

Such is the famous legend of Guy of Warwick, in which some historical facts are mixed up with a great deal of fiction. However, Guy's cave is still in existence, near the town of Warwick, and is shown to all travellers, in that part of England, as one of the curiosities of the neighborhood.

Italian Peasants.

The climate of a country appears to have great influence upon the people who inhabit it. Where it is very warm all the year round, the people do not need much clothing, or very costly houses; they are likely, therefore, to be indolent, to take the world easy, and let things have their course. In cold countries, on the contrary, people must have thick clothing and warm, tight, durable houses. Under such circumstances, they must be industrious, in order to procure these necessaries.

In no part of the world does there appear to be a more lovely climate than in Italy. It is there never very hot, nor

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very cold, and consequently a great mass of the people live an idle life, laboring only to procure the few articles of necessity. In the city of Naples, which is in the southern part of Italy, there are twenty thousand *lazzaroni*, or street beggars. Throughout all parts of Italy, the traveller remarks that the greater portion of the people appear to be extremely poor and ignorant; yet they seem not to be unhappy. They live much in the open air, are content with slight clothing and little food. They are fond of music, and spend a great deal of their time in various kinds of amusement.

Anecdote of Louis Philippe.

Some months since, the Marquis de Pastoret was summoned to Venice, by Henri V., on business relating to the fallen dynasty he so loyally clings to; and, fearing that his hotel might be searched by the police, during his absence, he intrusted a box, containing his most important papers, to the Countess de Guerin, who passed for one of the most stanch royalists in the *faubourg St. Germain*. Returning at length, he lost no time in reclaiming this precious deposit. "My dear marquis," said the countess, with a downcast air, "you know that I am unfortunate. The revolution of 1830 ruined me; and I cannot resist the first opportunity of reëstablishing my position in society that has offered itself; and I must demand from you sixty thousand francs for your box of papers, so compromising to yourself and friends!" The marquis, though indignant, behaved as a gentleman should do. "Madame," he replied, "your conduct is unjustifiable, but my blind confidence is more so — and I must pay for my faults. I have not, as you may expect, the money in my pocket, but will send my secretary with it to-morrow. Adieu!" No sooner had he left the room, than the countess thought she might have extorted a larger sum, and with that rapidity of action which accompanies crime, started for the *Prefecture de Police*, carrying with her the box of papers, declaring that she had a communication of high importance to make. The prefect received her at once, and after informing him that she had papers so valuable that the Marquis de Pastoret had offered eighty thousand francs for them, she declared her willingness to sell them to government for a hundred thousand. "It is an important affair," said the prefect, "and I dislike acting on my own responsibility. The king is at the Tuileries this morning, and we will go to him at once." This the countess did not exactly like; but there was no alternative, and in half an hour she was stammering out her treacherous offer to Louis Philippe. "One hundred thousand francs is a good deal of money to pay," said the king, "especially as you retain possession of the papers, and I cannot judge of their value." "But here is the box containing them," answered the countess, handing it over at the same time. The king took it, stepped to the door, and gave it, unopened, to an aid-de-camp, saying, "Take this box to the Marquis de Pastoret, and tell him that Louis Philippe is happy to be able to serve him." Then turning to the trembling countess, he continued, "As for you, madame, I advise you to remem-

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ber, that 'honesty is the best policy,'" and left the room; while the conscience-stricken woman slunk out of the palace like a sheep-stealing dog.

The new Pope, Pius IX.

THE pope of Rome is not only the head of the Catholic church throughout the world, but he is the king of a small territory called *the Papal States.* The extent of this territory is 17,000 square miles, or about twice as large as Massachusetts. The population is 2,600,000. Rome is the capital. Here the pope resides. He has two magnificent palaces, called *the Vatican*, and *the Quirinal.*

The pope governs his dominions according to his will. The people take no part in making the laws, or administering them. Most of the popes have governed in a very despotic manner. The people have been watched by police officers, and kept in check by foreign troops, employed for the purpose. Hundreds of persons have been shut up in prison, merely for expressing such opinions or writing such books, as we should consider just and proper in this country.

We are happy to say that things are much improved recently in these respects. The late pope, Gregory XVI., died last year, and the Romish cardinals elected a man now called *Pius IX.*, in his place. He seems to be liberal in his views, and kind in his feelings. He has done many things which show a good disposition. We cannot but hope that he will go forward, and overturn that dreadful tyranny which has been so long exercised by the papal power over the souls, minds, and bodies of its subjects.

Many pleasant anecdotes are told of the new pope. The following is furnished by a person writing from Rome, under the date of June 4, 1847.

The abbey of Sabbiaco (with five thousand five hundred dollars per annum) was recently vacated by the death of Cardinal Polidori; but in this case the pope could dispose of it to whom he pleased. It was not, however, given to any relative or partisan, but a trustworthy canon was installed in charge, with orders to devote the income to the improvement of the district and the relief of its poor. This noble act created one of those bursts of enthusiasm which have, of late, thrilled the Romans' hearts; and when it was announced that the pope would visit Sabbiaco one day, the square before the Quirinal was crowded with citizens, who had come to offer their approbation. The pope's modest travelling equipage was followed by two plain carriages containing his suite, and six mounted guards; but there was a voluntary escort of young Romans, relieved by a party who had gone the day previous to the half-way house.

Cinnamon.

THIS tree is a species of bay, and is a native of Ceylon. Its leaves resemble those of the olive, and the fruit resembles the olive or acorn; but it is the bark alone which is used as spice.

BE very slow to believe yourself wiser than all others.

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Knighthood.

About eight hundred years ago, the institution of *knighthood*, or *chivalry*, originated. In those times, the governments were not well established, and the laws were either bad, or imperfectly executed. A great many acts of cruelty and violence were committed. The strong oppressed the weak.

Under these circumstances, certain warriors, clad in steel, and armed with lances, rode about the country for the purpose of punishing acts of oppression, and for the deliverance of those who were suffering imprisonment or injury; these men were very brave, and the tales of their wonderful adventures formed a large part of the old books of amusement. These warriors were called *Knights Errant*, or *Wandering Knights*.

In later times several orders of knights arose, among which were the Knights of St. John, Knights of Malta, Knights Templars, &c. These several bands were associated together for particular purposes; they were full of courage and daring, and, in some cases, became formidable even to kings and princes.

All these orders of knighthood have passed away; the knights errant have also gone, forever. Yet the history of these remarkable institutions is full of interest. The knights were generally required to serve as squires, and perform some feat of bravery, before they could receive the

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honors of knighthood, which were deemed very great. The knights made solemn vows to be faithful to their cause, for life or death. Many of their exploits were indeed marvellous. At one period, romances were in vogue in which all the heroes were knights. These were represented as passing through scenes which belong only to regions of enchantment. It was to ridicule these absurd romances, that Cervantes wrote his admirable story of Don Quixote.

To a Little Girl, walking in the Wood.

"Whither art going, dear Annette?
Your little feet you'll surely wet;
For don't you see the streamlet flow
Across the path where you must go?
Your shawl is twisted out of place;
Your bonnet's blowing off your face;
You know not how the playful air
Is tangling up your curly hair."

"Lady, my feet I often wet,
But it has never harmed me yet.
I love to have the fresh, warm air
Playing about my face and hair;
It makes me lively, bright, and strong,
And clears the voice for my morning song."

"But do you often go, alone,
So far away from your own dear home?
Not even a dog to frisk and play,
And guide you on your lonely way?"

"My mother cannot spare the maid,
And I am not at all afraid.
The wind plays mischief with my curls,
But does no harm to little girls.
There cannot be a lonely way,
When spring makes every thing so gay.
The birds are warbling forth a tune
To welcome dear, delightful June;
In the running brook, the speckled trout,
At sight of my shadow, glides about;
The little miller in the grass
Flies away for my feet to pass;
And busy bees, through shining hours,
Play hide-and-seek in opening flowers;
The bright blue sky is clear and mild;
How *can* there be a lonesome child?"

"Sweet wanderer in the cool, green wood,
I know your little heart is good,
And that is why the fair earth seems
Just waking up from heavenly dreams.
There's something in your gentle voice,
That makes my inmost heart rejoice.
Pray, if it be not rudely said,
What's in your basket, little maid?"

"Lady, the nurse, who watched my slumber,
And told me stories without number,
Is now too ill to work for pay,
And she grows poorer every day.
Custards, and broth, and jellies good,
My mother sends to her for food.
I bring the water from her well,
And all my pretty stories tell.
Sometimes she loves to hear me read;
Her little garden I can weed;
And half the money in my purse
I gladly save for dear old nurse.
But if I stay to talk so free,
She'll wonder where Annette can be."

"Farewell, sweet wanderer of the wood;
I knew your little heart was good;
And that is why the fair earth seems
Just waking up from heavenly dreams."

Mrs. Child.

A Goose's Reason.

A goose, my grandam one day said,
Entering a barn, pops down its head.
I begged her then the cause to show.
She answered, she declined the task;
For no one but a goose would ask
What none except a goose could know.

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Jedediah Buxton.

THIS extraordinary man was born in 1705, at Elmeton, in Derbyshire. His father was a schoolmaster; and yet, from some strange neglect, Jedediah was never taught either to read or write. So great, however, were his natural talents for calculation, that he became remarkable for his knowledge of the relative proportions of numbers, their powers, and progressive denominations. To these objects he applied all the powers of his mind, and his attention was so constantly rivetted upon them, that he was often totally abstracted from external objects. Even when he did notice them, it was only with respect to their numbers. If any space of time happened to be mentioned before him, he would presently inform the company that it contained so many minutes; and if any distance, he would assign the number of hair-breadths in it, even though no question were asked him.

Being, on one occasion, required to multiply 456 by 378, he gave the product by mental arithmetic, as soon as a person in company had completed it in the common way. Being requested to work it audibly, that his method might be known, he first multiplied 456 by 5, which produced 2,280; this he again multiplied by 20, and found the product 45,600, which was the multiplicand, multiplied by 100. This product he again multiplied by 3, which gave 136,800, the product of the multiplicand by 300. It remained, therefore, to multiply this by 78, which he effected by multiplying 2,280, or the product of the multiplicand multiplied by 5, by 15, as 5 times 15 is 75. This product, being 34,200, he added to 136,800, which gave 171,000, being the amount of 375 times 456. To complete his operation, therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3, which produced 1,368, and this being added to 171,000, yielded 172,368, as the product of 456 multiplied by 378.

From these particulars, it appears that Jedediah's method of calculation was entirely his own, and that he was so little acquainted with the common rules of arithmetic, as to multiply first by 5, and the product by 20, to find the amount when multiplied by 100, which the addition of two ciphers to the multiplicand would have given at once.

A person who had heard of these efforts of memory, once meeting with him accidentally, proposed the following question, in order to try his calculating powers: If a field be 423 yards long, and 383 broad, what is the area? After the figures were read to him distinctly, he gave the true product, 162,009 yards, in the space of two minutes; for the proposer observed by the watch how long it took him. The same person asked how many

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acres the said field measured; and in eleven minutes, he replied, 33 acres, 1 rood, 35 perches, 20 yards and a quarter. He was then asked how many barley-corns would reach eight miles. In a minute and a half, he answered 1,520,640. The next question was, Supposing the distance between London and York to be 204 miles, how many times will a coach-wheel turn round in that space, allowing the circumference of that wheel to be six yards? In thirteen minutes, he answered, 59,840 times.

On another occasion, a person proposed to him this question: In a body, the three sides of which are 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubic eighths of an inch? In about five hours Jedediah had accurately solved this intricate problem, though in the midst of business, and surrounded by more than a hundred laborers.

Next to figures, the only objects of Jedediah's curiosity were the king and royal family. So strong was his desire to see them, that in the beginning of the spring of 1754, he walked up to London for that purpose, but returned disappointed, as his majesty had removed to Kensington, just as he arrived in town. He was, however, introduced to the Royal Society, whom he called the *Folk of the Siety Court.* The gentlemen present asked him several questions in arithmetic, to try his abilities, and dismissed him with a handsome present.

During his residence in the metropolis, he was taken to see the tragedy of King Richard the Third, performed at Drury Lane, Garrick being one of the actors. It was expected that the novelty of every thing in that place, together with the splendor of the surrounding objects, would have filled him with astonishment; or that his passions would have been roused, in some degree, by the action of the performers, even though he might not fully comprehend the dialogue. This, certainly, was a rational idea; but his thoughts were far otherwise employed. During the dances, his attention was engaged in reckoning the number of steps; after a fine piece of music, he declared that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments perplexed him beyond measure; but he counted the words uttered by Mr. Garrick, in the whole course of the entertainment, and declared that, in this part of the business, he had perfectly succeeded.

Heir to no fortune, and educated to no particular profession, Jedediah Buxton supported himself by the labor of his hands. His talents, had they been properly cultivated, might have qualified him for acting a distinguished part on the theatre of life; he nevertheless pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way," content if he could satisfy the wants of nature, and procure a daily subsistence for himself and family. He was married, and had several children. He died in the year 1775, aged seventy years. Though a man of wonderful powers of arithmetical calculation, and generally regarded as a prodigy in his way, it is still obvious that, after the practice of years, he was incapable of solving questions which Zerah Colburn, at the age of six or seven years, answered in the space of a few seconds.

MANY have been thought capable of governing till they were called to govern.

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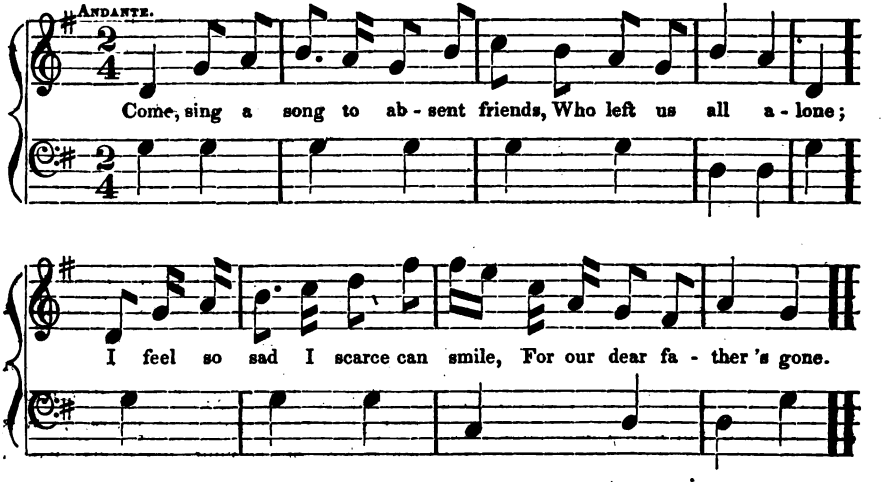
The Absent Friend.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.



I miss him when, from my sweet sleep,
I rise at morning light;
And, O! I wish him back again,
When mother says, "Good night."

I miss him from the social board,
I miss him at my play;
Who is so serious when we're sad,
Or lively when we're gay?

O, haste, good ship, and bring him back,
Across the ocean wave;
I'll pray to Heaven, every night,
Our father dear to save.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM

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The New Planet, Neptune.

One of the most interesting discoveries ever made is that of a new planet, which has been found to exist in the heavens, during the last year. The mode in which this discovery was accomplished was curious and wonderful.

Our readers all know, that the shining points in the heavens which we see at night, and which are called *stars*, are, in reality, worlds; some of them much larger than this earth on which we live. These stars are divided into two kinds—*fixed*

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stars and *planets*. The former are at such an immense distance, as to defy calculation and even conception. They do not generally appear to move, but continue fixed in their places from age to age. The latter are seen to revolve around the sun, like our own earth; they belong, in fact, to the solar system, which consists of the sun and a brotherhood of twelve worlds, which forever are moving in circles around it.

Now, these planets are of different sizes, some being larger and some smaller than our world. They are all at immense distances from us, and from the sun. They are also of different *densities*, some being nearly as heavy as iron, and others as light as cork.

The study of the heavenly bodies, called *astronomy*, is one of the most lofty and sublime to which the mind can be devoted; and this study has brought to light many curious and wonderful things. Though the planets are so far off, philosophers have been able to ascertain their size, their density, how often they turn round on their own axis, and how often they perform their circuit around the sun. This knowledge is gained partly by the telescope, but chiefly by calculations in figures, called *mathematics*. Among the planets, there is one called *Uranus*, which was discovered by Herschel, in the year 1781; it is not visible to the naked eye, and can only be seen by the telescope. The distance of this planet from the sun is about eighteen hundred millions of miles, and its average distance from us about the same. Yet philosophers have found out some strange things in regard to this far-off planet. They perceived that, in moving around the sun, it deviated slightly from its orbit, or regular track.

This led to the supposition, that there must be some planet in that quarter which attracted it, and drew it aside, thus giving it an irregular and bending course. How was this planet to be discovered? The telescopes had swept the heavens over without finding it. Where the spaces are so immense, it seemed a hopeless task to undertake to find this new world, and which, indeed, was only supposed to exist.

It seems, however, that this difficulty did not prevent the attempt being made. Two young men, one by the name of Adams, in England, and another by the name of Le Verrier, in Paris, undertook to trace out the hiding-place of the planet. They proceeded merely on mathematical principles. They got accurate tables of the deviations made by Uranus, and which had been noted down by astronomers; they then calculated how large and how distant the body must be that would thus draw Uranus aside.

The two young men proceeded for several years, making the most profound calculations. Neither of them knew that the other was at work, but they both came to the same conclusion. Le Verrier wrote to an astronomer in Germany, who had a very fine telescope. Point your glass, said he, to such a particular quarter of the heavens, and, if my calculations are right, you will there discover a planet of the eighth magnitude. The astronomer did as he was directed, and there, in the precise place which the young man had pointed out, was the new world.

It was of the size he had foretold, and therefore only visible to telescopes of

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high magnitude. Its distance from us is thirty-five hundred millions of miles.

What an amazing discovery was this! and what power does it show in the human mind, thus to find out a planet hid in the remote depths of space, and that by calculation alone!

Le Verrier, having been the first to make the new star known to the world, was considered as its discoverer. Accordingly he has received the greatest honors from eminent men in Europe; he is now esteemed one of the ablest mathematicians of the age.

"Take Care of Number One!"

CHAPTER XXI.

[Concluded from p. 107.]

THE day that succeeded the conflagration, still found the town of R. agitated by that event. The gossips of the place discovered a great deal that was wonderful in it. The origin of the fire was easily explained, for the chimney was badly built, and the flame had reached the timbers above; but it was strange, very strange, said they, that it should happen to a new house, and that it should take place on the very night of the house-warming; there was something mysterious in that. "I shouldn't wonder," said one, "if it was a judgment on Squire Sponge, for something he has done." "I guess," said another, "that it was sent to humble him, for he has grown mighty proud of late." "Well," said another, with a knowing look, "I always thought there was something wrong about old Karl's property. He had a good deal of money, and what became of it? I guess lawyer Sponge could tell. Why didn't his son have it?" "Yes, yes," said another; "and then, to build a house on the very spot where old Karl died. It was a clear tempting of Providence."

While the gossips were engaged in conversation like this, knots of people stood around the smouldering ruins, the smoke of which still curled upward in a black, spiral column. Here and there the boys were poking among the cinders, and pulling out bits of iron and melted glass. But what had become of Jacob Karl?

Poor fellow! he had suffered pretty severely by his adventure. His arms and legs were blistered by the flames, and so intense was the pain, that his mind was bewildered. His situation was soon discovered by the people of the tavern, and a physician was called in. The sufferer was now known to be the hero of the last night's exploit. The story ran through the town, and Squire Sponge thought it his duty to call upon the stranger, and testify his thankfulness for the deliverance of his child.

By the advice of the physician, the visit was deferred till the morrow. The lawyer then called and expressed his sympathy for the young man's sufferings, and was profuse in his expressions of gratitude. He closed, by asking if there was any thing he could do for the youth who had conferred upon him such an unspeakable benefit.

Jacob rose up in his bed, and, looking the lawyer steadily in the face, replied, "Yes, there is one thing you can do. Render justice to the child of your benefactor." The lawyer started, and replied, hastily, "Who are you? What do

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you mean?" "I am Jacob Karl," said the youth. As if stung by an adder, the lawyer sprung from his seat, and walked backward and forward in the room with great agitation. His bosom was indeed torn with conflicting emotions. He was not wholly bad, and a sense of justice called upon him strongly to comply with the demand made upon him. The sentiment of gratitude also pleaded strongly in the same cause. But avarice, long indulged, is a stern passion, and, for a moment, mastered the better suggestions of his mind. Still trembling with emotion, he went to Jacob, shook his hand earnestly, and saying, "I must think of this! I must think of this!" he hastily departed.

For several hours, the contest in the bosom of the attorney was unabated. Locked up in his office, he revolved the question before him, placing it in every possible attitude. Large drops of sweat stood upon his forehead, and the full purple veins upon his countenance indicated the agony of his mind. It was midnight, and the feeling of solemnity which comes upon us in that lonely hour, crept over him. He could no longer resist. His resolution was taken, and he said, aloud, "I *will* do him justice! His generosity has conquered me. I will not play the fiend. This ill-gotten property has hung about my neck like a millstone."

The light in the office continued to burn on. The morning came, and at an early hour, the lawyer was at the bedside of the youthful patient. Placing a paper in Jacob's hands, he said, "At your leisure, look at this; you will see that your wish is fulfilled." He then left the room. Jacob turned over the document, and found that it put him in possession of his father's estate, principal and interest, amounting to eleven thousand dollars. The youth burst into tears, and for a time gave himself up to the bewildering emotions which such an event was calculated to produce.

We must now draw our hero's narrative to a close. One evening, a few weeks after the scene we have described, there was a merry-making at the house of old farmer Lane. All the town seemed to be there, and every body was in the highest spirits. Among them was a handsome youth neatly dressed in a sailor's attire; one arm was in a sling, but his countenance was all smiles. "Well, Jake," said the farmer, "every dog must have his day. It is your turn now, and nobody rejoices at it more than I do. I shall comply with your request, and give you Mabel, as it seems to be her wish to be thus disposed of. Be kind to her, Jake, for there are few like her. She seems like a strip of sunshine casting light on all around her! God bless you both."

This little side-scene being over, Jacob dashed the dew from his eyes, and, giving his hand to Mabel, led her away, while many eyes followed the handsome young couple. The lovers walked into the moonlight, and poured forth their feelings. "You say I flatter you, Mabel," said Jacob, "yet it is not so. If I have escaped shipwreck in life, it is mainly owing to you. I found myself alone in the world, and I grew cold and selfish. I had adopted a false maxim, that the great art of life lay in *taking care of Number One!* Acting upon this, I ran into folly, and committed many acts which might have even a harsher name. Your kindness taught me a new lesson, and, for the

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first time in my life, made me feel that selfishness is not the true mode to take care of number one.

"The conduct of Luther Munn, with the advice he gave, served also to expose my error. Alas! I learn that he is dead. The world looked upon him with contempt, but I owe him more than words can tell. But for you and him, I had, perhaps, terminated my career upon a scaffold. O, how much of good or of evil may spring from the seed sown in the youthful heart! You may think this is no time for such thoughts as these, Mabel, but my bosom is full, and I must make you share my emotions. For the last seven years, my life has been one of adventures. I have passed through a variety of scenes, and, for one of my age, have had large experience. But this lesson I have learned — that the true way to take care of one's self is to take care of others."

"And so, I suppose," said Mabel, quickly, "you mean to take care of me!" This produced a laugh, and furnishes us with a good opportunity to drop the curtain and leave the young people to themselves.

The Gnat.

The gnat, one species of what we once called *mosquitoe*, is a small insect, by the sharp sting of which persons who reside in the country are often annoyed. Like most insects, it is remarkable for the curious changes it passes through, and for the care it takes in providing for the safety of its eggs. The gnat lays her eggs upon water; but as every egg, if single, would sink, she contrives to glue two or three hundred of them together, so as to form a sort of boat, which will swim safe and unhurt. The way in which she does this is wonderful. The gnat has six legs: the four front legs she rests on a floating leaf, or on the side of a tub. She then crosses her two hind legs in the shape of the letter X, the open part of which, next the tail, serves for the egg to lay upon till the boat is formed. When that is done, she flies away, and leaves the eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun. The grubs first appear as little reddish-colored maggots, and may be seen sporting by thousands in the water. Eight or ten days after, they prepare for flight. They raise the forepart of their bodies quite out of the water, resting upon their hinder parts, and floating along like boats with sails. Their wings are soon fully formed, and then they soar away into the air.

Good manners are the circulating medium of social life, as money is in the commercial public. People can no more be expected to offer their civility to a churl, than their cash to a bankrupt.

An Irishman, being upbraided with cowardice, replied that he had as bold a *heart* as any man in the world; but his cowardly *legs* always ran away with it.

Opinion is the chief thing which does good or harm in the world. It is our false opinion of things which leads us to ruin.

If you buy a pig upon credit, he will squeal in your ears till he is paid for.

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The Biter Bit.

In a far-off country, a poor man was once travelling upon a dusty road. He came at last to an old tree, at the foot of which an old woman was standing. She looked like a witch; but the man spoke to her, and asked her what she wanted. "I have been trying," said she, "to get my tinder-box, which is in the hollow of this old tree. If you will go up to that hole, and descend into the trunk, and bring me my box, I will give you a purse of silver."

"Indeed," said the man, "that is a large promise, and too big to be true. I shall not risk my neck upon such a fool's errand."

"Well, well," said the old hag, "get me the tinder-box, and I will give you a purse of gold."

After thinking the matter over, the man said to himself, "There may be something in what the old woman says; I want the money, sadly; so I will climb the tree, and get the box." The man was not long in performing his task; he went into the hollow of the tree, and there was the tinder-box, sure enough. He gave it to the old woman, who told him to take it and go into the forest, close by, and strike fire with the flint and steel into the tinder. The man did as he was directed; a light smoke arose from the tinder, which instantly became a palace; the man saw himself, at once, in the midst of this splendid building; near him was a lion, reposing upon an immense heap of gold coin. The man wanted to fill his pockets, but the lion looked so terrible, that he dared not touch the heap. In a few moments, a person gayly dressed like a king's officer came along, scraped up a quantity of the gold, put it into a purse, and handed it to him. The officer pointed to the door, and the man departed. The palace now vanished, and, picking up the tinder-box, and chinking the purse of gold, he returned to the woman.

"There," said she, "I have been as good as my word; now give me my tinder-box." "Not so fast," said the man; "this box is too valuable for an old hag like you." Upon this, a scuffle ensued, and the old woman was killed. The man was now

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frightened; but he put the old woman's body in the trunk of the tree, and, thinking all was safe, went his way.

He had not gone far, however, before he said to himself, "I've got a nice bag of gold; but this is not enough; so I will strike the flint, and have another chance at the lion's heap." He struck the steel, the tinder was lighted, the palace arose, and once more he stood beside the lion and his glittering treasure; but the officer did not come, and the man became impatient; so he stooped down, and began to scrape the gold into his pocket. In an instant, the lion sprung upon him with a terrible roar; the man screamed, but it was all in vain; the lion tore him in pieces, and devoured him, leaving no trace behind, except here and there a few stains of blood upon the floor.

Typee.

[Continued from p. 114.]

Some four of the islanders approached us, and, mounting the pi-pi, advanced without making the least noise. What a moment of horror! But the kind voice of Mehevi reassured them, saying, "Tommo, Toby, ki-ki!" (eat.)

Melville tasted a morsel from the trencher, and told Toby it was excellent, and tasted much like veal. "Veal, indeed!" cried Toby. "I know better; it's a baked baby!" A light was brought, and they were convinced that it was a tender young pig, or "*puarkee*," as Kory-Kory called it.

A week passed in these novel scenes. Melville was treated with unvarying kindness and attention, and he began to think that these savages had been very much traduced.

Still he was not easy in his mind, and felt that, every day, he might meet the dreadful death he had apprehended. His leg grew worse, and he proposed to Toby to try to get round to Nukuheva, and come there in a boat to his assistance; or at least procure some medicines from the surgeons of the French fleet in the harbor.

The natives made great objections to this plan, and were with much difficulty reconciled to it. However, it was decided, at last, that Toby should start at early dawn, and that two of the household should accompany him as far as the Happar borders, and show him the way. He bade Melville farewell, accordingly, the next morning, and went off with old Marheyo.

About noon of the same day, there was a great outcry, and soon a crowd approached Melville's dwelling, bearing the apparently lifeless body of poor Toby. After being washed in cold water, he revived somewhat, and, by the assiduous nursing of Kory-Kory and old Tinor, he was enabled, in a few hours, to tell his story.

Soon after parting from Marheyo, he met three Happar warriors with spears. They attacked him, and wounded him badly, and, in trying to make his escape, he fell and fainted, and in this state was found by the Typees. Melville fell into deep dejection at this disappointment. One morning, as he lay on his mat in a melancholy reverie, Toby came with the good news that boats were approaching the bay. In an instant the whole valley was in commotion. "Botee! botee!" was shouted by every body, and all pre-

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pared to go down to the water, and see the new arrival. Melville started up, sick and lame as he was. But Kory-Kory refused to carry him, and made great opposition to his going. Toby advised him to stay, and said he would hurry down and do what he could to procure assistance for his escape. They shook hands warmly, and Toby went, after solemnly promising to return as soon as the boats should leave.

Towards evening, the islanders returned; but with them no Toby! Melville could get no information from them concerning him, and he would have abandoned himself to despair, had he not felt that perhaps Toby had gone with the boats round to Nukuheva, and would in a few days come back with assistance. The gentle Fayaway sympathized in his grief, and took her place by his side, murmuring plaintively, "Awha! awha! Tommo."

Days rolled by — weeks rolled by — and hope gave way to despair. Toby never returned.

After Toby's departure, the natives redoubled their attentions and kindness to Melville; but this did not bring quiet to his mind. Their behavior was inexplicable. Why their unwillingness for him to leave them? he thought. Why this silence about Toby? True, they did every thing for his comfort and gratification; but after all, they were a set of cannibals; and when was this to end? His leg grew worse. He suffered sometimes the most agonizing pains in it, and at times he began to think he was destined to sink under it.

About three weeks after Toby's departure, an incident occurred which destroyed all doubt as to the views of the natives.

Being at the Ti one morning, in company with Mehevi and other chiefs, Melville perceived a bustle in the settlement, and, from the crowds that hurried past to the sea, judged that boats were approaching. A thrill of joy passed through him, as he thought Toby might be returning, and his impulse was to hurry down to the beach, regardless of the distance and his own lameness.

Mehevi, perceiving this, laid his hand on his shoulder, saying, gravely, "Abo, abo!" (wait, wait.) Melville was brushing past him, however, when Mehevi's countenance assumed the stern expression it had worn on the evening of their arrival, and he told him, with a tone of authority, to sit down. The natives rose to their feet, and fifty savage countenances glanced threateningly upon him. The conviction now rushed on him with staggering force, that he was indeed a prisoner. His worst fears were confirmed; and he fell back upon the mats, a victim to despair.

Time wore on, however, bringing healing upon its wings. His limb got better, and the pain subsided. As soon as he was able to ramble about the valley, he began to recover his spirits, and to think that, if he *must* make a sojourn among cannibals, it was impossible to make a more agreeable one. He thought of the "Happy Valley," described by Dr. Johnson, in his tale of "Rasselas;" and made many comparisons between savage and civilized life, very much to the advantage of the former.

If the Polynesian savage lived a less intellectual life than the cultivated European, did he not lead a happier one? A kind nature supplies all his wants.

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Clothing is not necessary; houses may be considered a luxury; for food, he has but to put out his hand and pluck it from the trees; and the ravages of disease are kept off by the salubrity of the climate.

Indeed, if we may believe our author, perpetual hilarity reigned through the vale.

"There seemed to be no cares, griefs, troubles, or vexations, in all Typee. The hours tripped along as gayly as the laughing couples down a country dance.

"There were none of those thousand sources of irritation, that the ingenuity of civilized man has created to mar his own felicity. There were no foreclosures of mortgages, no protested notes, no bills payable, no debts of honor, in Typee; no unreasonable tailors and shoemakers, perversely bent on being paid; no duns of any description; no assault and battery attorneys, to foment discord, backing their clients up to a quarrel, and then knocking their heads together; no poor relations, everlastingly occupying the spare bedchamber, and diminishing the elbow room at the family table; no destitute widows with their children starving on the cold charities of the world; no beggars; no debtors' prisons; no proud and hard-hearted nabobs in Typee; or, to sum up all in a word, no money! That 'root of all evil,' was not to be found in the valley.

"In this secluded abode of happiness, there were no cross old women, no cruel step-dames, no withered spinsters, no love-sick maidens, no sour old bachelors, no inattentive husbands, no melancholy young men, no blubbering youngsters, and no squalling brats. All was mirth, fun, and high good-humor. Blue devils, hypochondriacs, and doleful dumps, went and hid themselves among the nooks and crannies of the rocks."

Nothing could be more uniform than the life of the Typees. One day of ease and happiness follows another, and the history of a day is the history of a life.

This, then, is a brief description of one of Melville's days. Rising not long after the sun, he threw on his tappar robe, put on his long tunic, and, accompanied by Fayaway, Kory-Kory, and the rest of the household, bent his steps to the stream. Here were assembled all those dwelling in that section of the valley; and a half hour was employed in bathing in the pure, cool waters.

The bath finished, they sauntered back to the house, Marheyo and Tinor gathering firewood as they went, and the young men loading themselves with cocoa-nuts. The breakfast was soon ready, consisting, generally, of poll-poll, mixed with the cocoa-nut; roasted bread-fruit, bananas, or some other agreeable fruit, serving to make a variety. During the meal, the inmates reclined on the mats, keeping up a cheerful conversation.

Next, the pipes were lighted and passed about, and the company broke up. Marheyo repaired to his hut that he was always building; Tinor went about her household cares; the girls attended to their toilet; the young men busied themselves with carving figures on their spears, paddles, &c. Some gathered fruit and bark in the groves; others would repair to the stream and polish cocoa-nut shells and calabashes in the water with a smooth stone. Indeed, there was no want of employment to occupy the time of these innocent people.

Melville spent his mornings in ram-

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bling from house to house, and was always sure of a hospitable reception. At midday all took a *siesta* of an hour or two, and then preparation was made for dinner, the most important meal of the day. Melville usually took his dinner with the bachelor chiefs at the Ti, who were always delighted to receive him.

In the cool of the evening, he took a sail on the beautiful lake, with Fayaway and Kory-Kory, or bathed again with the savages. Night brought Marheyo's household once more together. Tapers were lighted, long chants were sung, and long stories told. The girls often danced before the dwelling by moonlight. A third meal of poll-poll only, followed by pipes, ended the day; and then the tapers were extinguished, and all made arrangements for the night.

About two months after his arrival in the valley, Melville heard, one morning, shouts of "Marnoo! Marnoo!" in every direction, and he soon became aware that a distinguished individual of that name was coming on a visit. The stranger approached, followed by a concourse of the natives, who evidently held him in great consideration. He was a superb specimen of manly beauty. His manner, too, was very striking; and, to judge from the effect produced on his hearers, he had the gift of eloquence to a rare degree. To Melville's surprise, he took no notice whatever of him, but threw himself on a mat at the further extremity of Marheyo's dwelling, and continued his discourse, now on grave subjects, now on light; the natives, all the time, listening with the deepest attention, and receiving his jokes with bursts of laughter.

At last, he approached Melville and said, in broken English, "How you do?" "How long you been in this bay?" He informed Melville that he was last from Nukuheva; that he was *taboo*,* and could go any where, among hostile clans, without harm.

Melville felt that a chance now offered for his escape; and he besought Marnoo to use his influence with the Typees. But Marnoo discountenanced any thing of the kind; he said they would never consent to it, and he should only endanger himself by proposing it. He denied all knowledge of Toby, but in such a manner as to raise Melville's suspicions that he knew more than he would confess. Melville insisted, with all the vehemence of despair, that he should make some effort for him, and, accordingly, Marnoo addressed the assembly on the subject.

Melville watched the effect with the most intense interest. But he was doomed to disappointment. Mehevi angrily interrupted Marnoo, and forbade him speaking again with Melville; and the natives showed in their faces the same savage expression Melville had observed before at the Ti. Marnoo tried to do away with the unpleasant impression; but in vain. And, seizing his spear and roll of tappar, he waved his hand to the silent throng, and, casting on Melville a glance of mingled pity and reproach, was soon lost in the grove.

Melville now gave himself up to the most desponding reflections. The strongest proof had been given of the firm de-

* When any man or thing is declared *taboo* by the priests, it becomes sacred. A man who is taboo cannot be harmed; and a horn, boat, or any other object, cannot be injured or touched.

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termination of the Typees to keep him among them. The mere suggestion from Marnoo (a man held in the highest estimation) of his release, had sufficed to turn their cordial welcome into ill-will and resentment. Melville was puzzled to find a motive for this determination on the part of his captors. Had they made him useful, by learning from him any of the arts of civilized life, this might account for it. But they seldom applied to him for any thing of the kind.

One species of manufacture, however, raised him to the highest pitch in their esteem; and the account of this may be given in the author's own words, by way of showing the liveliness of his style.

"One day, I was frolicking with a little spirited urchin, some six years old, who chased me with a piece of bamboo, occasionally belaboring me with it. Seizing the stick from him, the idea happened to suggest itself that I might make for the youngster, out of the slender tube, one of those nursery muskets, with which I had sometimes seen children playing. Accordingly, with my knife, I made two parallel slits in the cane, several inches in length, and cutting loose, at one end, the elastic strip between them, bent it back and slipped the point into a little notch made for the purpose. Any small substance, placed against this, would be projected with considerable force from the tube, by merely springing the bent strip out of the notch.

"Had I possessed the remotest idea of the sensation this piece of ordnance was destined to produce, I should certainly have taken out a patent for the invention. The boy scampered away with it, half delirious with ecstasy, and, in twenty minutes afterwards, I might have been seen surrounded by a noisy crowd;—venerable old graybeards; responsible fathers of families; valiant warriors; matrons; young men; girls, and children; all holding in their hands bits of bamboo, and each clamoring to be served first.

"For three or four hours I was engaged in manufacturing pop-guns; but, at last, made over my good-will and interest in the concern to a lad of remarkably quick parts, whom I soon initiated into the art and mystery.

"Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! now resounded all over the valley. Duels and skirmishes, pitched battles and general engagements, were to be seen on every side. Here, as you walked along a path which led through a thicket, you fell into a cunningly-laid ambush, and became a target for a body of musketeers, whose tattooed limbs you could just see peeping into view through the foliage. There, you were assailed by the intrepid garrison of a house, who levelled their bamboo rifles at you from between the upright canes which composed its sides. Farther on, you were fired upon by a party of sharp-shooters, mounted upon the top of a pi-pi.

"Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! green guavas, seeds, and berries, were flying about in every direction; and, during this dangerous state of affairs, I was half afraid that, like the man and his brazen bull, I should fall a victim to my own ingenuity. Like every thing else, however, the excitement gradually wore away, though, ever after, occasionally, pop-guns might be heard at all hours of the day."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Boy that told large Stories.

There was once a boy who had the habit of telling very large stories. When he saw a squirrel in the woods, he would come home and say that he had seen something as big as a bear. If he killed two birds at a shot, he would boast that he had killed a couple of dozen.

One day, this boy came home to his father, and he declared he had seen a most enormous rat — as big as an ox. "O, no," said his father, "not so big as an ox." "I say it was as big as an ox, certain true."

The father said no more, but the next day he and his son set out upon a journey. They travelled on foot, and soon came to a broad river. "What stream is this?" said the boy. "It is a very dangerous one," said the father, "to those who tell large stories. Come, my son, we must swim across it." The boy immediately turned pale, and began to shiver, as if he had the ague. "What's the matter with you?" said the man. "Why, I was thinking of that rat," said the boy. "Well, what of the rat?" was the reply. "Why, I don't think it was bigger than a sheep," said the youth. "Well! well!" said the father, "let us proceed."

The two now entered the water, and soon got beyond their depth. The boy was taken down the stream, and became very much frightened. "Father, father," said he, "help, help; I am drowning. O, that rat, that rat! I do not think it was bigger than a woodchuck."

The boy now had nearly lost his breath. He began to sink, and the water gurgled in his throat. "O father, father," said he, "after all, that rat was only a mouse." Upon this, the father came to the boy, took him upon his shoulders, and bore him safe across the stream.

A lie is a desperate act of cowardice. It is to fear man and defy the Almighty.

The best opium-pill is a clear conscience.

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The King and the Cobbler.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH of England, was a very arbitrary prince, and apt to behave in a tyrannical manner. However, he was distinguished by many social qualities, and was very popular in his day. He was called by the common people *Bluff Harry*. The following story is related of him, although we are not able to say how much truth there is in it.

It was the custom of this monarch, as it was with the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, to walk about in disguise among his subjects, for the purpose of seeing how the laws were observed, and how the constables and watchmen performed their

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duty. One night, King Henry had been down in the eastern part of London, which is a portion of that city resembling the north-end of Boston. He was on his return through the street called *the Strand*, toward his palace of *Whitehall*. The day was just breaking, and the street was very still, when he heard a cobbler whistling, inside his shop. The king was desirous of seeing a cobbler who rose so early to work, so he kicked against one of the stones of the pavement, and knocked off the heel of his shoe.

He then rapped at the shop door. "Who's there?" said the cobbler. "A customer," answered the king. "Come in," said the cobbler. So the king went in. "What do you want?" asked the cobbler. "Can you mend my shoe?" said the king. "Yes," answered the cobbler. "Sit down, and I'll do your job." So the king borrowed an old shoe of the cobbler, and put it on, while his own was mending.

After they had held a little talk together, the king felt pleased with the good-humor of his companion, and resolved to carry out the adventure a little further. So said he, "Cobbler, is there any ale-house in this neighborhood, where I could get a cup of drink?" "Yes," said the cobbler, "right over the way." "Very well," said the king, "I'll step over there, and when my shoe is done, you may bring it to me."

So the king went over to the ale-house, and ordered a pot of beer. By-and-by came in the cobbler, with the shoe. "What's to pay?" demanded the king. "Two pence," said the cobbler. The king looked at the work, and saw it was well done. "Thou art a very honest fellow," said he; "here's three pence for thy pains. Come, sit down, and let us drink a health to the king."

"With all my heart," said the cobbler. So they sat down together, and drank, and sang songs. The cobbler being in a merry mood, "What's your name, good man?" asked he of the king. "Harry Tudor," was the reply. "Where do you live?" says the cobbler. "I live at court," said the king. "I suppose you keep shop there," says the cobbler. "No," says the king, "I keep house, and I should like to see you there." The cobbler had no notion who it was with whom he was talking; but he was delighted with the thought of seeing the court. So he thanked the king, and told him he was one of the most civil fellows he had ever seen, and that he would be sure to pay him a visit. So they parted.

Sometime afterward, the cobbler, having a leisure day, thought of performing the promise he had made to his companion. So he made his wife bring him a clean shirt, comb his head, and brush up his Sunday clothes, telling her he was going to court. The cobbler's wife supposed that one of the king's servants had bespoken a new pair of shoes, and she was in great joy at the thought of her husband's having got such a rare piece of custom. So she dressed him up as fine as she was able.

The cobbler went up the street till he got to Whitehall, where he entered the door of the king's palace, staring at every thing with his eyes wide open. At length, he spied a man who appeared to be an officer of the palace. "Mr. Officer," says he, "does Harry Tudor live here?" Now, the king had given orders

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that, if any one made such an inquiry, he should be brought immediately into the royal presence. When the officer was first accosted by the cobbler, he was going to kick him out the door; but, suddenly recollecting the king's order, he made a low bow to the cobbler, and replied, "Yes, sir; please to walk this way." The cobbler was amazed at the politeness of this personage, and said to himself, "Well, I guess Harry Tudor is pretty well known here."

So the officer went along, and the cobbler followed him through rooms, and galleries, and halls, full of servants, and officers, and courtiers, all dressed in the richest court fashions. The cobbler almost stared the eyes out of his head, for he had never seen such magnificence before, in all his life. "Honest fellow," said he to the officer, "where are we going?" "To Harry Tudor," answered the officer. So saying, he conducted him into the guard-chamber, which was full of people, even more magnificently dressed than those whom he had first seen.

The cobbler could hardly believe his eyes. "Good Mr. Gentleman Officer," said he, "where are we?" "This is Harry Tudor's house," replied he, "and these are Harry Tudor's men." "You have certainly made a mistake," said the cobbler: "the Harry I mean is a plain, merry, honest fellow, and none of your butterfly folks: we drank a pot of beer together, and I mended his shoe." While the poor cobbler was saying this, the officer ushered him into the royal presence.

The king was sitting in state, in his grand presence-room, with his great lords and dignitaries around him. "May it please your majesty," said the officer, "here is one inquiring for Harry Tudor." The poor cobbler, hearing this, was frightened almost out of his wits, for he believed he had committed something like high treason. He turned, and ran for his life; but, not minding which way he was going, ran against every body in his way, knocking down a dozen great lords. At length, he tumbled heels over head down a flight of stairs, and was caught and carried back to the king.

"Well, honest fellow," said the king, "what dost thou here?" "May it please your majesty's grace and excellency," replied he, "I am a poor cobbler, and came here to see one Harry Tudor, an honest fellow. I mended his shoe, and he invited me to come and see him." "Well," said the king, "be not afraid; look well about you; perhaps he is here." So the cobbler got up off his knees, and began staring about him. But he saw nobody that looked like Harry Tudor; and as for the king, his dress so disguised him that he escaped all suspicion. Seeing the cobbler's perplexity, the king was highly diverted; but keeping his countenance, he said to his yeoman of the guard, "Here, take this honest cobbler down into the cellar, and let him drink my health. I will send Harry Tudor to him presently."

So the cobbler went down into the cellar, where they set a mug of beer before him. He had not been there long before the king came to him, dressed the same as when he mended his shoe. The cobbler knew him at once, and was overjoyed to see his old friend. "Aha! honest Harry," said he, "I am right glad to see thee

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again. Do you know what a scrape I have just got into? When I inquired for you, they carried me to the king, and frightened me out of my five senses."

"Never mind," said the king; "now I have found you, we will be merry again." "So we will, honest Harry," replied the cobbler; and thereupon they fell to chatting and singing songs, and were as merry as grigs.

In the midst of their merriment, the door of the cellar flew open, and in came the nobles, wearing their rich apparel. They all took off their hats, and stood in profound reverence before the cobbler and his companion, who sat upon three-legged stools, drinking beer. The cobbler was now in greater amazement than ever, till, looking more earnestly in the face of Harry Tudor, he discovered him to be the king whom he had seen in the presence-chamber! He immediately fell upon his knees, and exclaimed, "Please your majesty, I am an honest cobbler, and meant no harm in the world."

"No," said the king, "and you shall receive no harm. Stand up, honest cobbler." So the king introduced the cobbler to the acquaintance of his courtiers, and they all made merry together. When the night was pretty well advanced, the cobbler begged leave to go home, as his wife was waiting for him. So the king dismissed him with a handsome present, and promised him, moreover, that he should cobble shoes for him as long as he lived.

JUDGE a tree by its fruit, not by its blossoms. In like manner, judge a man by his acts, not by his words.

Talks and Walks.

[Continued from p. 102.]

CHAPTER XI.

FROM what we have said, it will be readily supposed that the people of Paris spend a large part of their time in amusement. They are not deficient in industry, and perhaps there is no place in the world where those whose duty it is to labor, are more devoted to their proper tasks. Yet there are many thousands who have small incomes, and, being content therewith, spend their whole time in seeking diversion. Even the laboring classes, when their work is done, give themselves up to a usement. The city presents every van y of entertainment suited to the varie ircumstances of the people. There are churches for the pious, operas for the rich, balls of all kinds, from those of the palace, where the queen's invitation alone can give admittance, down to the balls where apprentices may show off their steps for five sous. There are theatres of every degree, sports and pastimes of every name under the sun.

Besides these amusements, which occur every evening over the whole city, there are certain periodical festivities, which seem to excite a universal sensation.

One of these occurred not long after our arrival. This was the procession of the *fat ox*. This takes place in the spring of the year, on what is called *Shrove Tuesday*. It is an ancient ceremony, and is said to have been introduced by the Romans. The meaning of it appears to be lost, and it is now but an idle frolic.

Yet this trifling ceremony appeared to shake all Paris with the liveliest sensation.

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On the morning of the eventful day, I sallied forth with the two children to see the sight. The fat ox was to enter from one of the slaughter-houses near the exterior boulevard, and, making a wide circuit, was to pass through the principal streets and avenues, stopping at the public offices and places of note. All along the projected route of the procession, the streets were thronged with men, women, and children. Almost all business seemed suspended for the time; every body had gone to see the fat ox.

We walked about for several hours, and were amazed to observe the patience with which the people waited for the spectacle. Never have I seen such a quiet, orderly throng as those of Paris; and well they may be, for there are plenty of soldiers on all sides to keep them in order.

At last, we saw a very gay vehicle moving along one of the principal streets. We chose a good position, and had a fine opportunity to see the sight. The ox was a beautiful animal, finely formed, fat, smooth, and mouse-colored. He was gayly dressed with ribbons and embroidery, and his horns were gilded. Several butchers, fantastically dressed, went before, on horseback. Behind was an immense chariot, filled with men and women, dressed like gods and goddesses. There was Neptune with his trident, Mercury with his wand, and I know not how many others of the celestial throng. They were stout, fat divinities, for all were butchers and butchers' wives. Such was the mighty procession of the fat ox, which seemed for a whole day to occupy the thoughts of nearly a million of people.

Another still more extraordinary occasion took place during our stay in Paris. This was the celebration of the *three glorious days*, the 27th, 28th, and 29th, of July. It was on these days, in the year 1830, that a revolution took place in Paris. This drove the king, Charles X., from the throne, and made Louis Philippe, the present sovereign, his successor. This epoch, so memorable in the history of France, is the great holiday of the capital.

Upon the occasion in which we witnessed the ceremonies, the first day was chiefly occupied in distributing alms to the poor throughout the several wards of the city. The second was devoted to the saying of masses for the souls of those who were killed in the revolution. Immense columns of soldiers poured through the streets, wearing black badges, and marching to mournful music. These ceremonies over, the third day was devoted to frolic and festivity. The Champs Elysées was the great scene of mirth and amusement. How shall I describe it? The immense space was covered over with every variety of spectacle, entertainment, and show, that can be imagined. Several hundred thousand people were here, bent on sport.

Keeping fast hold of Ike and Izzy, I threaded my way among the throng, and we had our full share of diversion. We saw a tall giantess and a little pygmy. We saw theatres and circuses, of various sorts. It would be a long story were I to describe all we saw. But I must not omit to mention a curious animal of the seal kind, which was exhibited to the admiring spectators. It was confined in a large tin box, beneath a tent. It had a black, intelligent eye, with a most human expression; and its actions showed a most docile and

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tractable disposition. The creature lifted up its fin, and held it out to me like a hand. It rolled over and over to the music of a waltz, and, when bid by its master, lifted its head and kissed him, uttering the word *papa* almost exactly like a human being. This singular animal was caught on the coast of Africa, and is the most extraordinary thing of the kind I ever beheld.

So passed the day at the Elysian Fields. At night, the city blazed with fireworks, and many of the public buildings were illuminated. The whole scene made one feel as if he were in a land of enchantment. The spectacle continued till ten o'clock, when the scene changed, and Paris was left to repose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Buccaneer building a Hut.

Wonders of Biography.

No. IV.

HENRY MORGAN, THE BUCCANEER.

THE Buccaneers were a band of daring and desperate adventurers, who became very famous in the West Indies and South America, during the 16th and 17th centuries. They were most of them sailors belonging to England, France, Portugal, and other maritime nations of Europe.

The origin of this association may be traced to the domineering policy of the

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Spaniards, who claimed the exclusive dominion of all the islands in the West Indies. On this pretext, they seized the trading vessels of all nations which they found navigating the seas adjacent to these islands. This injustice excited the resentment of those who suffered by it; and they associated together for self-defence, and retaliation against their enemies. They first established themselves in the Island of Hispaniola, where they subsisted for a time by hunting wild cattle, and selling their hides to Dutch trading vessels. But being expelled from this quarter, they took shelter in the little Island of Tortuga, not far distant.

Here they fitted out armed vessels, and carried on a naval war against the Spaniards. They proved themselves skilful, persevering mariners, and performed such daring deeds of courage as made them the terror of the western seas. They plundered the rich ships of the Spaniards, and obtained immense wealth, which they speedily squandered at Jamaica and other places, to which they resorted for the disposal of their prizes. They called this business *privateering*, but the Spaniards, who suffered by it, named it *piracy*.

One of the most famous of the Buccaneer captains was Henry Morgan. He was the son of a poor farmer in Wales. In his youth he became a sailor, and went to the Island of Barbadoes, where he sold himself to servitude for four years. After this, he went to Jamaica, which was then the common resort of the Buccaneers.

In his first voyage with these freebooters, his courage became conspicuous, and gained him the respect of his companions. So superior did his talents appear, that Mansveldt, an old Buccaneer, who had fifteen ships under his command, appointed him his vice-admiral. Morgan, who possessed more enlarged views than his associates, did not copy their example in squandering his prize-money in riot and debauchery, but laid up his acquisitions prudently; and in a short time he was able to purchase ships for himself, and fit them out for cruising.

Although booty was his chief object, as well as that of all the Buccaneers, Morgan did not confine himself to a partial system of petty warfare, but engaged in enterprises which struck a terror into the Spanish government, and seemed to threaten the extinction of their dominion in the western world. Finding himself in command of twelve stout ships and seven hundred men, he made an attack on Havana, then the richest city in all the Spanish colonies. The attack was successful. Havana and the neighboring parts of Cuba were plundered. The Buccaneers acquired an immense booty, which they carried to Jamaica. Here they dissipated it, as usual, in festivity and riot.

Morgan next conducted his men to the attack of Porto Bello, on the Spanish Main, a rich city, then the emporium of the Peruvian trade. This place was taken, although defended by three strong castles. An immense quantity of gold, silver, jewels, and valuable merchandise, fell into the hands of the captors. They next captured the city of Maracaybo, where they made a similar acquisition of costly plunder.

The name of Morgan was now mentioned with respect, not only in the West

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Indies, but even in England; and he was regarded by the Spaniards as a formidable enemy. He now proposed a new enterprise, surpassing all his former achievements. He resolved to attack Panama, a rich city, on the South Sea, to which all the gold, silver, and rich merchandise of Peru and Chili were conveyed, to be embarked in the galleons for Europe.

No sooner had he made known this design, than great numbers of new adventurers flocked to his standard, eager for plunder, and what was then called *glory*. Morgan landed on the Isthmus of Darien, in August, 1662, with a force of twelve hundred men. The Spaniards, expecting his approach, had laid waste the country through which he was obliged to march. The Buccaneers were, in consequence, exposed to all the sufferings of famine and fatigue, and for many days had no other subsistence than roots and the leaves of trees. They wandered up and down in the pathless woods, in danger of perishing for want of food. At length, they reached a high mountain, from the top of which they discovered the Pacific Ocean.

They directed their march toward the shore, and soon came to a fertile valley, well watered and abounding in cattle. Here the famishing adventurers satisfied their hunger, and then marched forward. They soon descried at a distance the spires of Panama, the sight of which inspired them with a mad, tumultuous joy. They shouted, leaped, hallooed, tossed their hats up into the air, sounded their trumpets, beat their drums, and gave every manifestation of extravagant triumph; for no man among them doubted of success.

The Spaniards, who were waiting to receive them, immediately marched out of the city, with the governor at their head. Their force comprised two squadrons of cavalry and four regiments of foot, with an auxiliary body consisting of vast multitudes of wild bulls, driven by Indians and Negroes. A fierce battle ensued, and, in the heat of the engagement, the Spaniards endeavored to throw the Buccaneers into confusion by driving the wild bulls upon their rear; but these animals, frightened by the roar of the musketry, ran in a contrary direction, and the Spaniards were entirely defeated.

The Buccaneers then entered Panama, sword in hand; the city was plundered, and immense quantities of gold and silver were found secreted in caves, cellars, and the bottoms of wells. The conquerors, unchecked by feelings of humanity, put to the torture the Spaniards, Indians, and Negroes, whom they seized, in order to extort a knowledge of other treasures which they supposed to be concealed.

A beggar, accidentally going into a house which had been abandoned by its inhabitants, found a fine suit of clothes; these he put on, but had scarcely dressed himself, when a party of Buccaneers came upon him, and demanded where his gold was. The unlucky beggar declared he knew nothing of gold; but they refused to believe him, and put him instantly to the torture. Thus the unfortunate beggar was compelled to suffer for assuming the dress of a gentleman.

The Buccaneers staid nearly three months at Panama, feasting, rioting, and indulging in every sort of luxury. The city was set on fire, and a great part of it burnt to the ground. So richly adorned

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were the churches and other buildings of Panama, that, after the fire, it is said the pavements of the streets were found incrusted with melted gold and silver. Finally, the Buccaneers abandoned the place, after exacting a heavy ransom, for sparing what remained of the buildings. At their departure, they carried off an immense booty, having one hundred and seventy-five mules laden with gold and silver, besides a vast quantity of other valuable commodities.

With this plunder they arrived safely at their fleet. Here every man was searched, and all the valuables were thrown into a common stock. Morgan took for himself four hundred thousand dollars, and divided the remainder among his men. Great murmurs arose among them at this proceeding, for no other man's share was large in comparison with that of the commander. The Buccaneers accused him of defrauding them of the most valuable part of the booty, which they had acquired by encountering so much danger and fatigue. Morgan was deaf to their complaints and reproaches; but, being afraid that their ill-humor might end in a mutiny, he went stealthily on board his own ship at night, set sail for Jamaica, and abandoned forever his old companions.

Morgan now, in the words of a familiar saying, "turned over a new leaf." He gave up all thought of buccaneering, retired into private life, purchased a plantation, settled upon it, and devoted himself entirely to agricultural pursuits. So effectually did he recommend himself to favor with the English, that he was made a naval commander in the royal service, and was knighted, with the title of *Sir Henry Morgan*, by Charles II. He was also appointed lieutenant-governor of Jamaica. The close of his life is involved in obscurity. According to some accounts, the Spaniards persuaded the British government to send him to England as a prisoner, where he died in disgrace. Others assert, on the contrary, that he ended his days at Port Royal, in comfortable retirement. It is pretty certain that of all the Buccaneer chieftains, Morgan is the only one who did not terminate his career in poverty and disaster.

It may be well to add a few words respecting the subsequent history of the Buccaneers. After peace had been concluded between England and Spain, they were discountenanced by the English government, which had previously furnished many of their commanders with commissions, although their privateering system was more like piracy than legal warfare. Having lost this support, the Buccaneers were compelled to disperse, and never afterwards became formidable. The wealth which they acquired by their maraudings, was always dissipated with reckless extravagance. Their courage, enterprise, and brilliant exploits, made them the wonder of the age in which they lived. But their want of all moral principle made their downfall as rapid as their growth had been, and soon put an end to the most remarkable association of men that perhaps ever existed.

Straws swim on the surface, but pearls lie at the bottom. Showy parts strike every eye, but solid qualities are only to be discovered by the most accurate observation.

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The Hand-Post.

The night was dark, the sun was hid
Beneath the mountain gray;
And not a single star appeared,
To shoot a silver ray.

Across the heath the owlet flew,
And screamed along the blast;
And onward, with a quickened step,
Benighted Henry passed.

At intervals, amid the gloom
A flash of lightning played,
And showed the ruts with water filled,
And the black hedge's shade.

Again in thickest darkness plunged,
He groped his way to find;
And now he thought he spied beyond
A form of horrid kind.

In deadly white it upward rose,
Of cloak or mantle bare;
And held its naked arms across,
To catch him by the hair.

Poor Henry felt his blood run cold
At what before him stood;
But well thought he, "No harm, I'm sure,
Can happen to the good."

So calling all his courage up,
He to the goblin went;
And eager through the dismal gloom
His piercing eyes he bent.

And when he came well nigh the ghost
That gave him such affright,
He clapped his hands upon his side,
And loudly laughed outright.

For 'twas a friendly hand-post stood,
His wandering steps to guide;
And thus he found that to the good
No evil should betide.

And well thought he, "One thing I've learned,
Nor soon shall I forget—
Whatever frightens me again,
To march straight up to it;—
And when I hear an idle tale
Of goblins and a ghost,
I'll tell of this my lonely ride,
And the tall, white Hand-Post.

Jane Taylor.

The Frog.

The frog is a harmless animal, found in most damp places. It abounds in the rivers of Egypt, and is one of the animals to which the people of that country offered divine worship. This worship was offered, no doubt, from motives of fear; the frog being, in reality, a great nuisance to them. In this consisted the greatness of the plague with which God visited them, when they refused to "let his people go." He multiplied the frogs in such numbers, that "they came into the houses, and into the chambers, and upon the beds, and into the ovens, and into the kneading-troughs, and upon all the land." Afterwards, when the frogs died, "the people gathered them together upon heaps, so that the land stank." As frogs cannot climb, it may be wondered how they could get into such places; but the lodging-places in Egypt were on the ground floor, and the places called *ovens* were holes dug in the ground, with an earthen pot placed in them. To find such places full of frogs, when they came to heat them in order to bake their bread, and to see frogs in the beds where they sought repose, must indeed have been "a great plague." But it was a plague which they brought upon themselves, by their wilful disobedience to the commands of the Great Ruler of heaven and earth.

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Tom Hickathrift.

Tom Hickathrift is a famous personage in the old English popular stories. He is believed to have been as strong as Samson or Hercules, and to have performed the most marvellous deeds, in slaying giants and wild beasts. It would not be safe for us to vouch for the truth of any of these tales; but it is not uninteresting to know how much was believed, in old times, of this redoubtable hero. People were credulous then.

Tom, as the story goes, was born in the reign of William the Conqueror, some eight hundred years ago, in the Isle of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, England. His father was a poor man, who died soon after the birth of his son, and Tom was brought up by his mother. The first evidence

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which he gave of his extraordinary abilities was in his prodigious growth; for, at ten years of age, he was six feet high; his fist was as big as a shoulder of mutton, and all the rest of his body stout in proportion. As to his appetite, he ate as much as six men, so that his mother had hard work to maintain him.

His amazing strength remained entirely unknown to every body, till one day his mother went to a rich farmer's house to beg a bundle of straw. The farmer bade her take as much as she wanted. She went home and told her son Tom to go and fetch the straw. Tom took a long rope, and went to the farmer's, where he found the men threshing. Tom began to pile up the straw for his bundle. The men, seeing it heaped up as high as a haycock, fell a-laughing, and said, "Why, Tom, you goose, how will you carry that bundle of straw home? It is above a thousand pounds' weight!"

"Never mind," said Tom; and with these words he whipped the bundle upon his back and trotted off with it, to the utter astonishment of the men, who could scarcely believe their eyes.

The fame of this exploit being noised abroad through the neighborhood, every body that had any hard work to be done went for Tom Hickathrift, so that he soon had business enough on his hands. At length a brewer of Lynn, who wanted a stout fellow to carry his beer to Wisbeach, offered to hire Tom as a journeyman, agreeing to give him a new suit of clothes and plenty of good victuals and drink. Tom and the brewer struck a bargain, and Tom carried the beer every day to Wisbeach, a distance of twenty miles.

After going this journey a good many times, Tom discovered that there was another road to Wisbeach, much shorter; but this was kept by a monstrous giant, who would let none of his neighbors travel on it. Tom resolved to go this way, and, if the giant was uncivil, to pull his nose for him. So he set out with his horse and cart, loaded with beer-barrels. The giant, spying Tom coming along the road, rushed out of his den, and set up a tremendous halloo, so that the sky rung again. Tom did not mind his roaring a pinch of snuff, but jogged on till he met the giant face to face.

"Halloo!" says the giant; "what are you about on my road? Have you a mind I should pull your hide over your ears? Don't you see five-and-forty men's heads hanging on yonder tree? All of them have been killed for trespassing on my road. Now I will serve you the same sauce!"

"You ill-mannered lubber," replied Tom, "give me none of your prating! I'll trim your jacket for you; I will, sirrah!" The giant, hearing Tom talk in this style, waxed very furious, and ran for his club as fast as his long legs could carry him. As for Tom, he upset his cart with a single jerk, seized one of the wheels for a buckler, and the axletree for a club, and, thus armed, stood on his defence.

The giant soon came back, puffing and blowing in a tremendous heat, and flourishing a great mill-post, which he used as his club. "Aha!" roared he, as he came up to Tom, "here's a twig will crack your bones for you!" "Crack away," says Tom. The giant aimed a blow, and Tom jumped aside, receiving it on a spoke of the wheel, at the same time giving the giant a side thump in the head, that made him stagger. "What!" said Tom, "have

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you got fuddled by drinking my beer?" The giant grew more furious than ever at this taunt, and laid his blows about him right and left; but Tom was so dexterous, hopping hither and thither, and hitting his antagonist such severe bangs, that the giant was soon out of breath, and tumbled flat on the ground.

Tom cut off the giant's head, and then entering his cave, found great heaps of gold and silver, which the giant had stolen from poor travellers. Tom, by the general consent of all the county, took possession of these riches, and built himself a handsome house on the spot. Now his fame was spread wider than ever, and he was no longer called plain Tom, but Mister Hickathrift.

We pass over the story of his fight with the Tinker, in which Mr. Hickathrift fairly got his match; but the Tinker and Tom, finding each other brave fellows, became friends for life. Tom, having married a rich young widow, was sent for with his bride to court, that the king might have a sight of so renowned a couple. While the feasting was going on at court, news came that a terrible giant had landed in the country; he rode mounted on a fiery dragon, and was followed by a troop of ravenous lions and bears. The king and all his officers were very much frightened, and held a council to deliberate what to do. At length they decided to give Tom Hickathrift a commission as governor, and send him to fight the dragon. Tom agreed to it, and set out for home, to get his great two-handed sword. He had scarcely entered his house, when he heard a terrible noise, and, looking out of the window, espied the giant approaching. He was mounted on a terrific dragon, and bore on his shoulder a great iron club. He had but one eye, which was in the middle of his forehead; it was as big as a barber's basin, and glowed like a fiery furnace. The hair of his head resembled a bunch of writhing snakes, and his beard was like rusty wire.

It would be a long story, were we to relate the particulars of the terrible battle between Tom and the giant. However, in the end, Tom killed both him and the dragon, and carried their bodies to court in a horse-cart. He was now the most renowned hero in England. His old friend the Tinker came to visit him, and they amused themselves in roaming up and down the county, and slaying lions, bears, and other wild beasts. But one day, the Tinker, thinking to outdo Tom, ran ahead of him, and attacked a young lion, before Tom could come near enough to assist him. The beast suddenly turned upon him, seized him by the throat, and put an end to his life. Tom was overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of his companion. He returned home, and endeavored to cheer himself by giving a feast to his friends. On this occasion, it is said, he established his fame as a poet by pronouncing the following notable rhymes:—

"My friends, while I have strength to stand,
Most manfully I will pursue
All dangers, till I clear the land
Of lions, bears, and tigers too!"

Finally, in consideration of his great prowess and eminent services, the king created him a knight, with the title of Sir Thomas Hickathrift, which he bore honorably to the day of his death. Such is the old story of this famous personage;

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and although some people have believed every word it contains, *we* shall only give our opinion that it is as true now as it ever was.

Gassendi.

Pierre Gassendi, one of the most famous naturalists and philosophers of France, was born at Chantersier, January 22, 1592, of poor parents. They were, however, wise and virtuous people, and, perceiving the extraordinary gifts of their son, did every thing in their power to promote his education. At the age of four years, young Pierre used to declaim little sermons of his own composition, which were quite interesting. At the age of seven, he would steal away from his parents, and spend a great part of the night in observing the stars. This made his friends say he was born an astronomer. At this age, he had a dispute with some boys, whether it was the moon or the clouds that moved so rapidly; to convince them that it was the latter, he took them behind a tree, and made them take notice that the moon kept its situation between the same leaves, while the clouds passed on.

This early disposition to observation led his parents to place him under the care of the clergyman of the village, who gave him the first elements of learning. His ardor for study then became extreme; the day was not long enough for him; and he often read a great part of the night by the light of the lamp that was burning in the church of the village, his family being too poor to allow him candles for his nocturnal studies. He often took only four hours' sleep in the night. At the age of ten, he harangued his bishop in Latin, who was passing through the village on his visitation; and he did this with such ease and spirit, that the prelate exclaimed, "That lad will, one day or other, be the wonder of his age." The modest and unassuming conduct of Gassendi gave an additional charm to his talents.

In his manners, this remarkable youth was in general silent, never ostentatiously obtruding upon others either the acuteness of his understanding or the eloquence of his conversation. He was never in a hurry to give his opinion, before he knew that of the persons who were conversing with him. When men of learning introduced themselves to him, he was contented with behaving to them with great civility, and was not anxious to surprise them into admiration. The entire tendency of his studies was to make himself wiser and better; and, to have his intention more

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constantly before his eyes, he had all his books inscribed with these words — *Sapere aude ;* "Dare to be wise."

Such was Gassendi's reputation, that at sixteen he was called to teach rhetoric at the seminary of Digne. In 1614, he was made professor of theology in the same institution; and, two years after, he was invited to fill the chair of divinity and philosophy at Aix. After passing through various promotions, and publishing several works of great merit on philosophical subjects, Gassendi went at last to Paris, where he gained the friendship of Cardinal Richelieu, and shared the admiration of the learned world with the famous philosopher Descartes.

Being appointed a professor of mathematics in the College Royal of Paris, he gave his attention to astronomical subjects, and greatly increased his reputation. After a life devoted to science, in which his achievements were wonderful, he died at Paris, October 14, 1655, aged sixty-three years. Distinguished by his vast learning, his admirable clearness of mind, the diversity of his acquirements, the calmness and dignity of his character, and the amiableness of his manners, Gassendi was alike one of the brightest ornaments of his age and of human nature.

Air.

Air is a material substance. This may be easily proved; for, when a youth forces air into a bladder, and closes the aperture, it becomes a ball, which, though scarcely of any weight, feels hard by pressure, and will resist a force equal to the strength of the material by which it is contained. The power and elasticity of air are also exemplified in the air-gun; for, when pressed into such an instrument, and allowed suddenly to escape, it will force a bullet through a deal board an inch thick. Air, however, is not a simple substance; its elements are oxygen, nitrogen, and a very small portion of carbonic acid. The proportion of weight in nine grains of air, is two of oxygen and seven of nitrogen. On the lower surface of the earth, air is more dense than on the tops of mountains; and the higher we ascend, the thinner and colder it becomes; so that, if a pistol be fired at a great height, the sound it produces is scarcely heard. Could we dig to a depth of thirty miles below the surface of the earth, the air would there have the same density as water; at the depth of forty-two miles, it would have that of quicksilver; while at the centre it would be a solid substance. Like every other substance, air has a tendency to gravitate towards the earth; and the lower strata, being pressed upon by the upper, become more compressed. This may be rendered more plain by supposing the atmosphere, which extends to about forty-five miles from the earth, to be a column whose weight is one hundred pounds; in that case the base would be pressed upon by ninety-nine pounds, the next portion by ninety-eight pounds, and so on, until we arrive at the top, which would sustain no weight at all.

He who runs a race against time, has an antagonist not subject to accidents.

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Matthew Hopkins.

About 250 years ago, the reality of witchcraft was very generally admitted throughout Europe. The belief in the active agency of the Spirit of Evil in human affairs, had existed among Christians from the earliest period, and the legends of saints, their trials and temptations, in which the devil plays so important a part, served to extend and confirm these popular notions. At last, the direct agency of diabolical powers, and its open manifestation, was assumed, and, at the period of which we speak, was held to be a point of Christian faith. The pious Baxter considered the disbelief of witchcraft as equivalent to infidelity; the just and sagacious Sir Matthew Hale admitted its reality, and pronounced sentence against those who were convicted of it; and, alas! the pedantic king, James I., of England, wrote a book entitled "Dæmonologia, or a Discourse on Witchcraft."

The purpose of this work was to prove the reality of witchcraft, its prevalence among mankind, its great enormity, and the means of its detection and punishment. Its effect was to extend the belief in witchcraft, and, of course, to multiply the apparent instances of its existence. The insane fancies of diseased minds, unusual phenomena of nature, and the artful machinery of designing malignity, ambition, or hypocrisy, were all laid at Satan's door. Of the horrors that followed, history furnishes a melancholy account. It is supposed that thirty thousand persons were executed for witchcraft in England, from the year 1500 to 1722. The same dreadful delusion prevailed in other parts of Europe, and extended in due time to this country, and about the year 1692, twenty persons were executed in Salem, Massachusetts, for the crime of witchcraft.

During the period in which this fearful mania was prevalent in England, Matthew Hopkins, denominated *Witch-Finder General*, acted a conspicuous part. He pretended to be a great critic in special marks or signs of witchcraft. Moles, warts, scorbutic spots, were, in his eyes, teats to suckle imps, and were sufficient evidences to bring a victim to the halter. He was assisted by one John Stern, a kindred genius, and in the years 1644, 1645, and 1646, they brought a great number of poor wretches to the fatal tree. Matthew himself hung, in one year, no less than sixty reputed witches of his own county of Essex. He received twenty shillings a head, from the public authorities, for

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every witch he discovered. The old, the ignorant, and the indigent, — such as could neither plead their own cause nor hire an advocate, — were the miserable victims of his credulity, avarice, and spleen.

When other evidences of guilt were wanting, Hopkins adopted the trial by water, which had been suggested by King James, who remarks that, "as some persons have renounced their baptism by water, so water refuses to receive them." Those accused of diabolical practices, therefore, were thrown into a pond. If they floated or swam, according to King James's notion, the water refused to receive them, and they were therefore guilty. These were consequently taken out, and burnt or hanged. If they were innocent, they sunk, and were only drowned.

Suspicion was at last turned against Hopkins himself, and the ordeal of swimming was applied in his own case. In consequence of this experiment, he was convicted and executed as a wizard. An allusion to this extraordinary character is made in the third canto of Hudibras, who says, —

"Has not the present parliament
A lodger to the devil sent,
Fully empowered to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has he not, within a year,
Hanged threescore of them in one shire?"

The Great Crater in the Moon.

MODERN improvements of the telescope seem to have given a new impulse and interest every where to astronomical research. We have a remarkable description of one of those vast caverns or *craters* in the moon, from fifty to sixty miles in diameter, to which the telescope of Lord Rosse has introduced the inhabitants of our earth. To this crater the name of *Tycho* has been given, and the following highly graphic, though somewhat indistinct, account of it is taken from Dr. Nichol's "Contemplation of the Solar System."

"Wandering through a district, perhaps the most chaotic in the moon, where ranges, peaks, round mountains with flat tops, are intermingled in apparently inextricable confusion; where there is no plain larger than a common field, and that rent by fissures and strewn with blocks that have fallen from the overhanging precipices; we descry in the horizon what seems an immense ridge, stretching farther than the eye can carry us, and reflecting the sun's rays with dazzling lustre. On approaching this wall, through a country still as toilsome, it appears not so steep, but to have an outward sloping, which, however rough, is yet practicable to the strong of head and firm in knee. Ascend, then, O traveller! Averting your eyes from the burning sun, and having gained the summit, examine the landscape beyond. Landscape? It is a type for the most horrible dream — a thing to be thought of only with a shudder.

"We are on the top of a circular precipice, which seems to have enclosed a space fifty-five miles in diameter from all the living world forever and ever. Below, where the wall casts its shadow, it is black as Orcus; no eye can penetrate its utter gloom; but where daylight has touched the bare chasm, its character is disclosed. Giddy it must be to stand on the summit of Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau, or Tene-

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riffe; but suppose Jacques Balmat, when he set the first foot on that loftiest Alpine peak, had found on the other side, not the natural mountain he had ascended, but one unbroken precipice thirteen thousand feet deep, below which a few terraces disturbed the uniformity, and at some ten miles distant from its base, a chasm deeper, from where he looked, by two thousand feet, than Mont Blanc is elevated above the level of the sea — would even the stout Swiss have brought home his senses? or rather would he have returned at all, and not lain there to this hour fascinated as by ten thousand rattlesnakes!

"But onwards and to the bottom of this mysterious place! No foot of man can take us there, so that we must borrow a wing from the condor. Off, then — down, down, and arrive! It is indeed a terrible place! There are mountains in it, especially a central one, four thousand feet high, and five or six concentric ridges of nearly the same height encircling the chasm; but the eye can rest on nothing except that impassable wall, without breach, only with a few pinnacles on its top, towering seventeen thousand feet aloft on every side, at the short distance of twenty-seven miles, and baffling our escape into the larger world. Nothing here but the scorching sun and burning sky; no rain ever refreshes it, no cloud ever shelters it; only benign night with its stars, and the mild face of the earth. But we tarry no longer; so off again, and rest for a moment on the top of the highest pinnacle. Look around now, and away from Tycho. What a scene! Those round hills with flat tops are craters, and the whole visible surface is studded with them; all of less diameter than Tycho, but probably as deep.

"Look yet farther. What are those dazzling beams, like liquid silver, passing in countless multitudes away from us, along the whole surface of the moon? Favorites they are of the sun; for he illumines them more than all else besides, and assimilates them to his burning glory. And see! they go on every side from Tycho. In his very centre, overspreading the very chasm we have left, there is, now that the sun has farther ascended, a plain of brilliant light; and, outside the wall, at this place, at least, a large space of similar splendor from which these rays depart. What they are, we know not, but they spread over, at least, one third of the moon's whole surface. And so this chasm, which, in first rashness, we termed a hideous dream, is bound indissolubly to that orb, on which, when the heart is pained, one longs to look and be consoled, and through her to the beneficent universe."

Daguerreotype.

By this process, portraits, views, and other objects, are taken with the strictest accuracy, it being, in fact, a reflection from the objects themselves, when illuminated by a strong solar light. To effect this, a sheet of copper, plated with silver, is made bright, and placed in a well-closed box, where it is exposed to the vapor of iodine, till it becomes of a slightly yellow color; the plate is then withdrawn, and placed in another box,

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and carefully preserved from the action of light, till the proposed object is to be represented. When that time has arrived, the plate is placed in a sort of camera, with the lens exactly opposite the object. Upon the light being admitted, the object is, in a few seconds, faintly delineated on the plate; to bring the subject out strongly, the plate is acted upon in another box by the vapor of mercury. After this process, the plate is first washed with the hyposulphate of soda, then with warm water; this being done, the picture is clear, and unalterable by the further action of light.

Paper.

THE manufacture of paper, which was formerly very simple, has latterly become an operation employing a great amount of capital, and affording occupation and the means of living to many thousands of men, women, and children. When the rags arrive at the paper-mill, they are first sorted, to remove buttons and all extraneous substances, and to beat out as much of the dust and dirt as possible; they are then boiled in a strong alkaline solution, to remove the grease; after which they are taken to the rag-engine, where they are exposed to the action of a roller driven by considerable power, a stream of water passing through them until it runs clear. This operation reduces them to something like tow; in this state they are bleached, which process is effected in various ways, chlorine being the bleaching agent in all of them. The stuff is next beaten to a fine pulp, and then it is ready for the "machine," on which it is made into paper. It passes, first, over an endless wire gauze, and then along a felt, through a series of rollers which press out the moisture; and, on machines of the most improved construction, it is sized, dried over cylinders filled with steam, and even cut into sheets; it is afterwards sorted by women, who throw out the defective sheets. The whole paper is then pressed, counted into quires, tied up in reams, and thus it becomes ready for the market.

Sago

IS obtained from a tree of the palm kind, growing in the East. The tree being felled, it is split lengthwise, and the pith, with which it abounds, is dried, and reduced to a powder, resembling meal. This powder is placed in a large sieve, and the finer particles passed through with water; it is afterwards made into a paste, dried, and rendered fit for use.

Potash.

THIS substance is inherent in vegetables, from which it is obtained by burning them, lixiviating their ashes, and afterwards concentrating the lixivium which contains the alkali, by boiling it, and leaving it to crystallize. In North America, where the forests are of great extent, the timber is burnt into a crude potash, called *black salts*, which is afterwards purified into pot or pearl ashes. The beech, the maple, the locust-tree, and every species of hard wood, will serve to form a pile of logs, from the ashes of which the black salts may be extracted.

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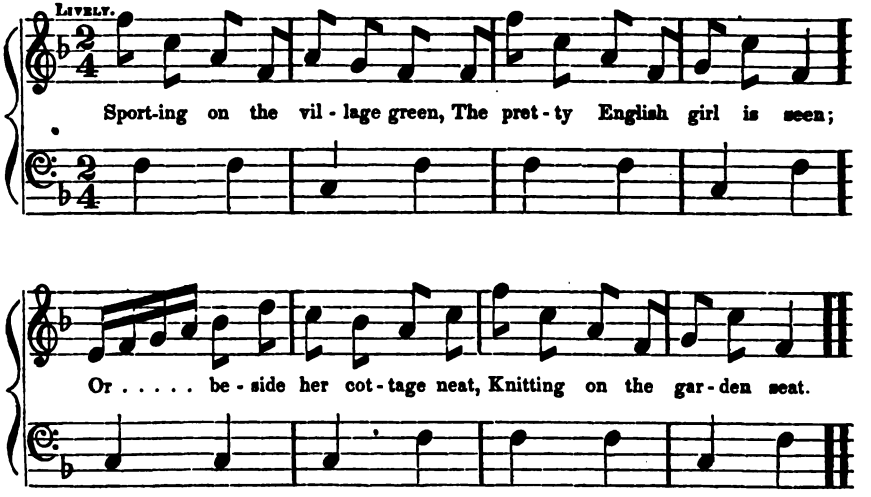
English Mary.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.


Lively.
Sport-ing on the vil - lage green, The pret - ty English girl is seen;
Or . . . . . be - side her cot - tage neat, Knitting on the gar - den seat.

Now within her humble door,
Sweeping clean the kitchen floor,
Where, upon the walls so white,
Hang her coppers polished bright.

Mary never idly sits;
She either sews, or spins, or knits;
Hard she labors all the week,
With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday Mary goes
Neatly dressed in decent clothes,
Says her prayers, — a constant rule, —
And hastens to the Sunday school.

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Talks and Walks.

[Continued from p. 146.]

CHAPTER XII.

From what we have said about Paris, it might be imagined that the people there are wholly devoted to pleasure and amusement. It is a common idea that the French are a gay, thoughtless, and frivolous people. But there are many things in Paris which teach us that this is not wholly true.

The learned men of this city are among the most celebrated in the world. There is an establishment called the *Institute*, which includes several hundred persons devoted to science. Some spend their time in studying into the nature of bugs and butterflies, some study plants, some animals, some geography, some geology, and some astronomy. Some of these men are devoted to the study of history, some to philosophy, some to mechanics, some to one thing, and some to another.

If you go to the Institute, and see these men together, you will find them a grave, serious, and deep-thinking set of persons, whose works are instructing the whole world. No city can boast of so great a number of truly scientific men as Paris. They pursue their studies with great ardor; and, if they make any great discovery, the French people are sure to reward them with applause. Even if the French are a gay people, they have a great admiration of genius and talent. With them, a man of science or learning is a much greater man than one who is merely rich.

A pleasing evidence of this has recently been furnished. A young man, by the name of Le Verrier, devoted himself to the study of the stars. One of the planets, called *Uranus*, has been observed by astronomers to have an irregular movement in performing its circuit around the sun. This deviation was discovered by means of telescopes; for the planet is eighteen

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hundred millions of miles from us, and it is hardly to be seen by the naked eye.

The irregularities of this planet were attributed to the attraction of another planet, which had not yet been discovered.

Astronomers had found out the size of Uranus, and the density, or weight, of the matter of which it is composed. They had also discovered its distance from the sun and the other planets of our system. Taking all these facts into view, Le Verrier sat himself down to see if he could discover, by calculation, where the planet must be to cause Uranus thus to deviate from its track. For years he devoted himself to this curious and difficult task. Night and day found him at his calculations. He did not go forth to look into the heavens to find the planet by gazing at the stars. It was in his room, by figures, by the power of the mind alone, that he sought to solve the mighty question.

It will be observed that he had to calculate the force with which the sun attracted Uranus, and Uranus attracted the sun in return. He must also take into consideration the attractive influence of all the other planets. In order to do this, he must know the precise amount of matter in each of these bodies, and he must know their distance from each other. All his calculations must be exact. Any error would be fatal to his process. He must know one thing more, and that is, the precise extent of these deviations of Uranus from its proper orbit.

Combining all these elements in his computations, he must then proceed to determine the precise point in the heavens where the disturbing planet should be. The result produced a thrill of admiration throughout the world. Le Verrier came to the conclusion, that, at a particular point in the heavens, thirty-five hundred millions of miles from us, the new world would be found. He had calculated its size, and determined that it would appear like a star of the eighth magnitude, and was therefore invisible to the naked eye. He directed an astronomer to point his telescope to a particular place; and there, indeed, hitherto hidden from human observation and human knowledge, was the mysterious planet. The young discoverer is now one of the curiosities of Paris; and when he walks the streets, the people look at him with admiration, and say, "That is Le Verrier." The rich man passes by unheeded, but the man of genius is an object of respect and admiration in this gay metropolis.

Beside the institutions of a scientific nature, there are many which are devoted to the fine arts. The palace of the Louvre, which is an immense edifice, is filled with pictures and statues. One of the galleries is a quarter of a mile in length, and both sides are hung with paintings, some of which are of immense value.

The *Palais Royal*, or royal palace, which is also very extensive, and celebrated for its beautiful court, its arched promenade, its gay shops, its theatre, and its coffee-houses, has also a gallery of superb paintings.

The palace of the Luxembourg, which is famous for its delightful gardens, has a gallery of modern paintings, many of which are exceedingly beautiful and interesting. Ike and Izzy were never tired of gazing at these admirable paintings.

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If I were to speak of public buildings merely in respect to their architecture, I should hardly know where to stop. The *Madeleine* I have already described, and to my eye it is the finest edifice in Paris. The *Bourse*, or exchange, is in a similar style, the vast roof being supported by a range of pillars extending quite around the building. The old church of *Notre Dame*, standing on the little island in the Seine, is in the Gothic style. It is a vast structure, and when you enter it, the pillars and arches seem to rise before you, as if you were in a forest, the trees of which were made of stone.

But it is vain to undertake to describe the buildings of Paris. One must see them to understand them.

I have spoken of the men of science and the works of art in this great city. It may well be believed that where there are so many fine specimens of painting, sculpture, and architecture, there must be many artists. This is quite true. There are many hundreds, and some have great fame. The most celebrated painter is Horace Vernet, who now only paints pictures for the king. O, it is wonderful to see what splendid horses, and what animated groups of men, he puts upon the canvas. His finest paintings are at the palace of Versailles, about ten miles from Paris. This palace is worth a trip across the Atlantic to see; but Horace Vernet's paintings are worth ten times as much.

Though Horace Vernet is the most celebrated painter of France, and perhaps the first in the world, there is another in whom my young companions were even more interested. This is poor Ducorny. He is a painter, and a very clever one; yet he has neither hands, arms, nor legs. How, then, can he wield the pencil? He has two little feet, and with one of these he handles his brush as skilfully as if he had fingers. It is amazing to see him. He executes large historical subjects, six and even eight feet square. He has a large machine, upon which he is raised and lowered and trundled about. He has a fine head, but a little bit of a body. He is a man of sense, and is always cheerful. He converses freely, shrugs his shoulders, and flourishes his foot, as another would wave his hand.

His father carries him about, and has always done so. He also feeds him and takes care of him as if he were a child. He is very old now, and poor Ducorny sometimes weeps to think of his situation when his father is dead.

Besides the painters, sculptors, and architects of Paris, there are many famous musicians. The French seem, indeed, to have a lively feeling of the beautiful, and a quick sensibility to appreciate every excellence in art.

It is this sensibility, this appreciation on the part of the people, which stimulates the artists, and cheers them on to excellence. Such an excitement is better than money; for when a man finds that the world is delighted with his productions, he will put forth his best efforts to attain higher and still higher excellence.

CHAPTER XIII.

I HAVE spoken of some of the gayer scenes of Paris. Let us turn aside a few moments, and contemplate one of a more serious character. In the eastern part of the city, just without the wall, is the cem-

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etery, or burial-ground, of Pere La Chaise. The street by which you enter this consists almost wholly of the shops of stone-cutters, whose doors and windows are filled with grave-stones. Women are sitting at the doors, with bundles of wreaths to sell, for the purpose of decorating the tombs in the cemetery. These are chiefly made of the yellow flower which we call "everlasting;" they give it the name of *immortel*. The wreaths are generally circular, but they are often wrought in the form of a cross, and the flowers are sometimes colored black.

As you pass along the street, an idea that has hardly occurred to you before is forced upon the mind. In the gardens, streets, and promenades of Paris, there are such constant gayety and life, that one forgets that there is such a thing as death. Can these gay Parisians die? I had never put to myself such a question. It would seem that every thing is done to keep the idea of our mortality out of view. But still death is as busy here as elsewhere. Every day, and many times a day, the black hearse passes along this street of tombs into Pere La Chaise, the city of the dead. The gayest butterflies in the Elysian Fields, and the Gardens of the Tuileries, must be arrested in their course, and moulder in the tomb. There is no respite; death knows no favor. Soon or late, every one must be his victim.

The cemetery is evidence of this. Its extent is one hundred acres, and this vast surface is covered with graves. These are of every form, some humble and some costly. It is said that the stones of which these tombs are composed would build a city sufficient for forty thousand people.

The cemetery occupies a steep declivity. It is laid out with various avenues, and the greater part of it seems so covered over with graves, as not to admit another.

Some of the monuments are very costly, and many are inscribed with names familiar to every ear. Here sleep generals who were famous in Bonaparte's wars; men distinguished in the French revolution. Here is the resting-place of orators and statesmen, poets and philosophers. Artists, citizens, soldiers, all are represented in this region of death.

The peculiar characteristics of the French people are strongly displayed even in this mournful place. Their love of show is evinced by the sumptuousness of these monuments. Their sentimental turn is often displayed by the tender and touching inscriptions on the tomb-stones. Their disposition to throw a cheerful light upon every thing, even the grave, is shown by groups of living flowers planted by the tombs, or bouquets frequently renewed which are hung upon them. The affection of friends, continued even to the dead, is manifested by offerings of flowers or funeral wreaths, placed at the door of the tomb. It would seem that the living hardly believed in death; and, by emblems and mementos, seek to keep up a communion with those who are deposited in the tomb.

There are other cemeteries in Paris, but this is the most beautiful and the most celebrated. At least ten thousand persons die, every year, in Paris; and, though there are a million living, it is easy to see that there are many millions more around them who are dead. There is beneath the city a vast cavern, called the *Catacombs*.

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It was formed by taking out stone from quarries to erect houses above. These Catacombs have long streets corresponding to those above them. Here the bones of the dead, being taken out of the graveyards, were set up in regular order. The place is closed, and it is rare that a person is permitted to descend into these grisly regions. But while we were in Paris, a young man, whom we knew, descended into the Catacombs, and gave us an account of them. He said that the skeletons were taken apart, and assorted like goods upon a shopkeeper's shelves. In one place there would be a row of skulls, then the bones of the leg, and then those of the arm. These amounted to millions. What a feeling does the idea of such a place excite in the mind! There is something ridiculous in it, even in the midst of its horror. It is a thing altogether French, and nothing of the kind could be found in any other place than Paris.

There are many institutions in Paris which bespeak a kind and parental care on the part of the government. There are hospitals for the sick and wounded, and the poor may have the best attentions without money and without price. A little out of the city is an asylum for the insane called the *Bicêtre*, a word made out of *Winchester*, a bishop of that name having built a chateau here, several hundred years ago. In this hospital there are eight hundred lunatics and idiots, who receive every kindness and attention that humanity can devise.

When we visited this place, our little party were much interested in one of the inmates, who came to us, and, finding we were Americans, spoke to us in English. He declared he was not insane, and, to prove this, he took several books from his pocket, which were in various languages. One was in Greek, one in Hebrew, and another in Arabic. He seemed to read them with accuracy and facility. He spoke of America, and seemed to be well acquainted with the country. "And now," said he, "can I be insane? Can a crazy man have such knowledge? Can a deranged intellect interpret strange languages, and combine exact trains of thought? No! no! it is sheer oppression that keeps me here. It is a conspiracy on the part of the government. They know who I am, and they fear me. I am a brother of the murdered Louis XVI. My veins are filled with royal blood. The crown of France is my lawful inheritance, and these conspirators know it. Providence has interposed in my behalf. Miracles have been sent to attest my claims and character. My image has been multiplied around the whole circle of the horizon; but, alas! my hard-hearted oppressors cannot be softened, even by the admonitions of Heaven."

One of the most celebrated charitable institutions of Paris is the Hospital of the Invalids, a magnificent edifice, where worn-out old soldiers are taken care of by the government. They are very comfortable, though many of them are shattered by wounds received in battle. Some get about with canes; some hobble on crutches; some have but one arm or one leg, and some have none. A good many of these gray, weather-beaten men are the brave fellows who fought under Bonaparte. Their leader is in the midst of them, for his body is buried in the chapel which belongs to the Hospital.

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"He sleeps his last sleep;
He has fought his last battle;
No sound can awake him
To glory again."

The same will soon be said of his followers, who linger around him in the Hospital of the Invalids.

Paris has also hospitals for the blind, and for the deaf and dumb. It has one for old men, and one for old women. The latter are interesting, yet the impression they make upon the mind is not pleasing. In the sick-room of one of these establishments I saw a considerable number of persons, and among them several who seemed to be passing out of existence like a waning lamp. They had no disease, and were dying only because the vital principle was exhausted.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE is one establishment in Paris, which may properly come into the closing chapter of these Talks and Walks, for it is peculiarly characteristic of this city. This is the Garden of Plants, an institution which combines science and pleasure; which may instruct the humblest mind, as well as that of the most learned philosopher, and which, though it is fitted up with great beauty, labor, and expense, is still open to every body. Where is there another city in which there are public establishments like this?

The Garden of Plants, or King's Garden, lies in the eastern part of Paris, near the Seine. It is devoted to two grand objects—a botanical department, in which an immense variety of curious plants, gathered from the four quarters of the world, are cultivated, and a zoölogical department, consisting of a variety of curious animals from different countries.

When you hear of a botanical garden, or a collection of birds and beasts, you hardly expect to see great beauty of scenery and nicety of arrangement. But when you enter these gardens, you are surprised at the elegance of the grounds. In the first place, you ascend a hill by a winding pathway, and, on arriving at the top, have a superb view of Paris. On the side of the hill is a magnificent cedar of Lebanon, the sight of which carries the mind to Palestine, and fills it with pleasing associations. Some years ago, a rumor got abroad in Paris, that this tree was to be cut down. The whole city seemed moved with a sentiment of veneration for the tree. It was not only beautiful, but its story was interesting. Many years ago, a traveller in the East plucked up a little shrub on the mountain of Lebanon, and brought it to Paris. He had a weary journey. He was once shipwrecked, but still clung to the little tree. On board ship, he was put upon a short allowance of water; but, thirsty as he was, he saved one half for the little cedar. He brought it to Paris; it was set out in the Garden of Plants, and there it flourishes, an object of interest to every beholder.

Those who are curious in plants may spend days, weeks, and even years, in this wonderful garden, constantly finding something new. But I suppose my readers will prefer to hear about the animals. O, what a collection! and where shall I begin to describe them?

Shall I tell about the bears, gray, brown, and black, that are kept in deep pits with high walls around? What fun the chil-

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dren have in seeing these great lubberly fellows roll and tumble about, stand upon their hind legs, and lie flat on their backs, just for the sake of getting a piece of cake! These creatures look innocent enough; but, some years ago, a sailor, who ventured in among them, got an awful hugging. On another occasion, a soldier, by chance, dropped a five franc piece into the pit, and descended to pick it up; when one of the bears seized him and killed him.

I could tell you of the elephants, that have a little pond, where they bathe themselves and roll about, looking like huge hogsheads nearly covered with water. I could tell you of the giraffe, which is a strange mixture of beauty and deformity, of the graceful and grotesque. It seems to swing round its long neck, as if it was a pole used just for the purpose of poking its little head about, hither and thither. Its skin is beautiful — a fawn color, marked with light spots. Its countenance has a gentle but melancholy expression. When it walks, it has such a swinging, dipping, wagging movement, that you cannot fail to laugh outright. It really looks like an animal made up suddenly, partly of an ox, partly of a horse, and partly of an antelope. It is a docile creature, and will take a biscuit from your hand, winding around it a long, black tongue, that looks like an eel.

I cannot stay to tell you of the lions and hyenas, the bisons and buffaloes, the jaguars, and cougars, and I know not what else, collected in this wonderful menagerie. I cannot even stop to tell you of the monkeys, who have a magnificent edifice all to themselves, and who are great favorites with the boys and girls.

Nor can I tell you of the owls and eagles, the pigeons and partridges, the cranes, herons, cormorants, gulls, fulmars, petrels, &c., all of which have places assigned to them suited to their several tastes, habits, and vocations. I can only mention these things, and leave the reader to guess what the King's Garden must be.

I must now bring my Talks and Walks to a close. I could tell a great deal more about Paris, and I may give some further sketches by-and-by. But as our young readers do not like very long stories, and this is the last number of our magazine for the year, Ike, Izzy, and I, must take our leave for the present.

Recreations.

Let your recreations be manly, moderate, seasonable, and lawful. The use of recreation is to strengthen your labor and sweeten your rest. But there are some so rigid or timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not indulge lawful delights for fear of offending. These are hard tutors, if not tyrants, to themselves. Whilst they pretend to a mortified strictness, they are injurious to their own liberty, and the liberality of their Maker. — *Sterne.*

Every child may learn geography by making an allegory of the temperature of his own mind, thus: —

Melancholy is the *North Pole;*
Envy, the *South;*
Anger, the *Torrid Zone;*
Ambition, the *Zenith;*
Justice, the *Equinoctial Line;*
Prudence and Patience, the two *Temperate Zones.*

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Patient Grissel.

THE story of Patient Grissel, or Griselda, has long been famous in almost every country of Europe, and is said to be founded on an actual occurrence, which took place seven or eight hundred years ago. It is to the following purport: —

At the foot of the Alps, in the western part of Piedmont, is a territory called Saluzzo, abounding in pleasant towns and castles. Walter, the marquis of this country, was a young man without a family, and, being earnestly entreated by his people to take to himself a wife, at length announced his determination to do so. Every princess and great lady now entertained hopes of becoming the Marchioness of Saluzzo.

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But the marquis gave his attention to none of these, and, to the astonishment of every body, made choice of a poor peasant's daughter, named Grissel. She was a modest, unassuming maiden, who spent her time in laboring for the support of her father, now grown old and unable to work. One day, the marquis took his men out on pretence of hunting, and, after traversing the woods for some time, he rode up to the cottage where Grissel and her father lived, and informed the old man that he had come to demand his daughter for a wife.

The old man was overwhelmed with astonishment, and Grissel was no less amazed at this strange and unexpected announcement. But the commands of the marquis were, of course, instantly obeyed. Grissel was adorned with robes of state, and conducted to the city, where, in the cathedral, the marriage ceremony was performed the same day. The affair became what is called a "nine days' wonder" to all the country, and every body was astonished that the marquis should overlook all the great ladies in the land, to set his affections on a poor country girl.

Grissel lived very happily with her husband, for she was not proud of her sudden elevation, and strove to please every one about her. When a daughter was born to her, she thought the marquis would love her still more. But so it happened, that a strange whim now possessed this man. He determined to prove his wife, and make trial of her virtues, though she had never given him any cause for distrust. So, one day, he entered her chamber, pretending to be very angry, and told her that he must take her child away from her, as the people had resolved that none of her posterity should reign over them.

Grissel was overcome with grief at the news. However, like a dutiful and obedient wife, she submitted, and allowed her infant to be separated from her with many tears. The marquis sent it away to a distant place, where it was taken care of; but his wife passed her days in secret sorrow, imagining that her child was put to death. When a second infant was born to her, she hoped she should be allowed to bring it up in her own family; but the marquis was desirous to put her to a further trial; so he demanded that one also. Poor Grissel, whose heart was bound up in her children, fell a-weeping bitterly at this new misfortune. However, she complied with meekness and humility, declaring that she submitted in every thing to her lord's commands.

This infant was also sent away secretly, while the hapless mother believed it was cruelly put to death. Nevertheless, she made no complaint, but conducted herself as a faithful and affectionate wife. The unkindness of the marquis to her became known throughout the country, and all people were filled with admiration at her constancy, patience, and dutiful affection.

The marquis, notwithstanding, was resolved to put her to another trial. So he commanded her, one day, to take off her splendid robes, put on her old clothes, and go home to her father's; for she was to be his wife no longer. The patient Grissel immediately complied without a murmur. She disrobed herself, resumed her coarse country dress, and took the way to her

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father's cottage. All the nobles exclaimed against the cruelty of her lord, and wondered at her patience and virtue. But she answered that these qualities were befitting a modest woman.

Not long after this, the Duchess of Bologna paid a visit to Saluzzo, and the marquis sent a troop to welcome her, and prepare an entertainment. In the train of the duchess were a gallant young man and a beautiful virgin, the latter of whom, it was reported, the marquis designed to marry. But these were the children of Patient Grissel, which had been privately brought up without knowing their parentage.

The next morning after their arrival, the marquis sent for Grissel, and thus addressed her: "Grissel, the lady whom I am to marry is here, and a feast must be prepared for her. Now, because there is no one so well acquainted with the palace as yourself, I would have you undertake the arrangement of it, and wait upon the company."

"My honored lord," replied Grissel, with meek submission, "every thing shall be done as you command." So, like a poor servant, she immediately set about the business of the house, performing all things with despatch and skilfulness, so that every one was amazed at her amiable and complying disposition, and murmured to see her put to such a trial.

The time for the entertainment being come, the fair virgin was introduced; and she looked so beautiful, that some of the spectators felt inclined not to blame the marquis for changing his wife. He addressed Grissel in the following manner: "You see the lady here whom I intend to marry. Are you content that I should thus dispose of myself?" "My lord," replied she, "when I became your wife, I devoted myself to obedience. If this match be designed for your good, I am satisfied. Only take care of one thing. Try not your new bride as you did your old wife, for she is young, and, perhaps, has not that patience which your poor Grissel possessed."

The marquis, who till now had worn a stern countenance, could contain himself no longer, but burst immediately into tears. "Thou wonder of women!" exclaimed he; "thou champion of true virtue! I have tried thee beyond all moderation, but I will never disquiet thee more. I will never have any wife but thee, thou most faithful spouse! Behold thine own son and daughter, whom I cruelly took from thine arms, to put thy constancy and patience to the trial!"

We need not attempt to describe the overwhelming joy of the mother at thus meeting with her lost children, nor the wonder and admiration of all the court at this unexpected turn of events. After the astonishment and joy on all hands were somewhat quieted, they all sat down to dinner, and the excellent Lady Grissel was now rendered completely happy, as she well deserved to be, for her great modesty and virtue.

The Gypsies.

THIS strange race of people are found scattered, to the number, it is believed, of about 700,000 souls in all, over the whole of Europe, and are distinguished by different names in different countries. In Great Britain they are

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called *Gypsies*, from the idea of their Egyptian origin; for the same reason, the Spaniards call them *Gitanos;* in France they were long termed *Bohemians*, because the first European country in which they appeared was Bohemia; in Russia they are styled *Zigani;* in Turkey, *Zingarri;* and in Germany, *Zigeuner* — words conceived to be derived from the term *Zincali*, by which the gypsies sometimes designate themselves, and which is understood to signify, "the black men of Zend or Ind." The characteristic name, however, applied by the gypsies to their own race and language, is said by Mr. Barrow to be *Rommani* — a word of Sanscrit origin, which means "the Husbands."

Counting a Billion.

WHAT is a billion? The reply is very simple: a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute; but let us even suppose that you go as far as 200, — then an hour will produce 12,000; a day, 288,000; and a year, or 365 days, (for every four years you may rest from counting, one day during leap year,) 105,120,000. Let us suppose, now, that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and was counting still; he would now, according to the usual supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion, he would require 9512 years 34 days 5 hours and 20 minutes, according to the above rule. Now, supposing we were to allow the poor counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating, and sleeping, he would need 19,024 years 69 days and 40 minutes!

Long Ago.

WHEN at eve I sit alone,
Thinking on the past and gone, —
While the clock, with drowsy finger,
Marks how slow the minutes linger,
And the embers, dimly burning,
Tell of life to dust returning, —
Then my lonely chair around,
With a solemn, mournful sound,
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

One by one, I count them o'er
Voices that are heard no more,
Tears that loving cheeks have wet,
Words whose music lingers yet,
Holy faces pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair,
Gentle sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year,
Lips of dewy fragrance, eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies,
Odors breathed in paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long and gloomy day,
All forgotten, fades away.

Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the past and gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

H. H. Brownell.

Manners make the Man.

"THIS splendid dress was made for me!"
Cries Sugar-plum, the pert young cit.
Observer answers, "That may be;
But *you* were never made for *it!*"

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The King of Rome.

THIS is a great title, but yet the fortunes of the one who bore it were rather melancholy than otherwise. In the midst of his power, the mighty Napoleon felt that he, like other men, must die. "What, then, will become of this vast empire I have built up?" said he to himself. "Shall it be broken in pieces, and my labor pass for nought? Who shall wear my crown? Shall it be placed upon the head of some one who hates the name of Napoleon, and would trample his name and fame in the dust?"

These thoughts made the emperor sad, even in the midst of the splendors that surrounded him. Kings and queens visited the palace of the Tuileries, and paid him their homage. Ambassadors came, and brought testimonials of respect from many nations. Orators, statesmen, poets, gen-

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orals, mighty men, and fair dames, blazing with decorations and jewels, glittered in the court of the emperor, and sought in every way to flatter and gratify him; but, alas! he was still unhappy. "What," said he, "will become of my empire? Who will wear my crown? Would that I had a son!"

Well, after some years, the emperor *had* a son. There was great rejoicing, and the infant was crowned king of Rome, But while he was yet a child, Napoleon's empire was dismembered, the crown was torn from his brow, and he himself was a prisoner in the lonely island of St. Helena. The little king of Rome was king no longer. He went to live with his grandfather, the emperor of Austria, and died at the early age of twenty-one. What lessons are to be learned from the stories of kings and princes!

Typee.

[Concluded from p. 139.]

Few persons have had the opportunity, enjoyed by the author of Typee, of studying the habits and customs of the Marquesan Islanders; certainly none who had the power of conveying their impressions so vividly. He labored under the disadvantage of not understanding the language, and, consequently, lost the explanation of much that was unintelligible to him. But of all he *saw* he has drawn most striking pictures.

Religion, he thinks, is at a low ebb in Typee. They have priests and idols, it is true, but the latter seem to be treated with any thing but reverence. The principal god is called *Moa Artua*, (a little doll of about a foot in length;) and when this god is to be consulted, the chief priest, Kolory, brings him out in his arms, asks him some questions, and then holds him up to his ear for the answer. If the god does not give one at once, Kolory beats him and cuffs him, and treats him with all manner of indignity. Finally, the priest pretends that he has extorted an answer, and gives it in his own words to the assembled crowd, who receive it with enthusiasm.

Religion was a favorite topic of conversation with Kory-Kory, and he was always ready to discourse upon it to Melville. But the latter could understand very little of what he said, and confesses to being much puzzled with the subject.

The government of the chiefs is exceedingly mild. Indeed, the writer thinks that there is but little need of the restraint of laws. There seems to be no fear of robbery or assassination; locks are nowhere to be found, and each person's property is respected by all the others. The land is held in common, all having an equal right to pluck fruit from the trees.

The marriage tie exists in Typee, though it is not so strictly enforced as with us. There is polygamy too; but what is strange, a plurality, not of wives, but of husbands! At the feast of calabashes, Melville saw some widows, who took a singular mode of exhibiting their grief for their lost husbands. "I was amused," he says, "at the appearance of four or five old women, who, in a state of utter nudity, with their arms extended flatly down their sides, and holding themselves perfectly erect, were leaping stiffly into the air, like so many sticks bobbing to the sur-

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face, after being perpendicularly pressed into the water. They preserved the utmost gravity of countenance, and continued their extraordinary movements without a single moment's cessation. * * * Kory-Kory proceeded to explain the whole matter thoroughly; but all I could comprehend was, that these leaping figures were bereaved widows, whose partners had been slain in battle many moons previously, and who, at every festival, gave evidence, in this public manner, of their calamities."

In spite of the unceasing kindness of the natives, Melville began to be heartily weary of his captivity. He had been now, as nearly as he could guess, three months at Typee; had grown familiar with his narrow limits; and, since Toby's departure, there was no one with whom he could freely converse, or who could sympathize with his sufferings. It was about this time, too, that his leg began again to give him pain, and he was soon not able to move about without assistance.

In this wretched situation, an incident occurred which excited still more Melville's apprehensions as to his future fate. It was the custom of the islanders to hang various articles in their houses, overhead, upon the ridge-pole. The greater number of these had been often let down and examined in his presence. But there were three, hanging just over the place where he lay, which, by their remarkable appearance, had often excited his curiosity; but Kory-Kory had always refused to gratify it.

One day, returning unexpectedly from the Ti, his sudden arrival excited confusion among the inmates of the house. Pressing in, in spite of Marheyo and Kory-Kory, he found that the mysterious packages were undergoing an inspection; and, as they threw the coverings on in a hurried manner, he caught a glimpse of three human heads; one, that of a white man! His horror at this ghastly spectacle may be better imagined than described. They assured him that the three heads were those of Happar warriors, slain in battle; but this evident falsehood only added to his alarm.

About a week after this horrid discovery, the war-alarm was sounded one morning through the valley. The warriors rushed to arms, and, in the course of an hour or two, returned, bearing among them what Melville supposed to be the bodies of their slain enemies, the Happars. The next day was ushered in with great noise of drums; all the savages flocked to the Ti, and Melville could not doubt but that the cannibals were celebrating their hideous rites. Kory-Kory would not listen to his going there, but always exclaimed, "Taboo! taboo!" when it was proposed. The drums continued beating through the day.

The next morning, all was quiet again. Melville went to the Ti, as usual, and was received by Mehevi and the chiefs as if nothing had happened. He perceived, on the pi-pi, a large, wooden vessel, with a cover, which he had never noticed before. He raised it, in spite of the shouts, from the chiefs, of "taboo!" and he discovered the members of a human skeleton! Kory-Kory, observing his horror, said, "Puarkee!" (pig;) and Melville had sufficient presence of mind to pretend to acquiesce.

That night Melville did not close his

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eyes. His fate seemed now to be sealed, and he could see no way by which it could be avoided.

"Marnoo! Marnoo!"—such were the shouts that met Melville's ear, one morning, about ten days subsequent to what we have just related. He heard, with inexpressible delight, that the chief had arrived again, and he hastened to greet him. Marnoo told him he was last from his native valley, called Puecarka. He refused to listen to any proposals of escape at first, but, at last, told Melville that, if he would run off some night to Pueearka, he would take him thence to Nukuheva in his canoe. He then turned quickly from him, and entered into conversation with the chiefs. As he was about leaving, he shook Melville by the hand, saying, "You do what I tell you—ah! then you do good; you no do so—ah! then you die." He then made for a defile in the mountain lying opposite to the Happar side.

Melville followed him with his eyes, and rejoiced that he had now a way of escape offered to him. But how to take advantage of it? That very night, he determined to make the attempt.

His plan was to get up in the course of the night; boldly undo the fastening on the wicker door, which could not be loosened without noise; go out on the pretence of getting some water; returning, to leave it unfastened; and, after all were asleep, rise again, and slip out.

The plan was a good one. About midnight, he got up and drew the slide. The natives started up. "Where are you going, Tommo?" they asked. "Wai," (water,) answered Melville, grasping the calabash. This seemed to satisfy them, and he returned to his mat.

All was still again; and he was just going to rise, when some one went to the door, and drew the slide back again; so there was no chance that night. He was equally unsuccessful on other occasions, and, at last, was obliged to abandon his cherished scheme.

His situation was now most deplorable. His leg was so much swollen, that he could not walk, and he became a prey to the darkest melancholy. He thought of his home and his friends, thousands of miles distant. He thought of his own desperate fate, and he could not restrain a shudder of anguish. He ordered his mats to be placed in front of the door; and the image of every thing he saw, during those long days of suffering and sorrow, impressed itself indelibly upon his mind. Fayaway and Kory-Kory were almost constantly at his side; and when they left him to his repose, he took a quiet pleasure in watching the movement of old Marheyo, as he worked upon his little hut of boughs. Sometimes the old chief would look up from his work, and, seeing his melancholy eye fixed upon him, would raise his hand with a gesture of deep commiseration, and, entering the house, take the fan from his hand, and sit down by his side, swaying it gently to and fro, gazing, the while, earnestly into his face.

But the time was not far distant when Melville was destined to find an end to his long captivity. It was nearly three weeks after Marnoo's second visit, and about four months from the time of entering the valley, when, one day, at noon, whilst every thing was in profound silence,

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Mou-Mou, a one-eyed chief, suddenly appeared at the door of Melville's lodging, and said to him in a low tone, "*Toby pemi ena*," (Toby has arrived here.)

Gracious Heaven! what a tumult of emotions rushed through Melville's breast at this news! Insensible to pain, he leaped to his feet, and called wildly to Kory-Kory. The startled islanders sprang up, and all made for the Ti, Melville on the shoulders of Kory-Kory.

All he could understand from Mou-Mou, as they hurried along, was, that his long-lost companion had come in a boat; and he was anxious to proceed at once to the sea, lest something should happen to prevent their meeting. This they would not consent to, and took him into the Ti, where Mehevi and other chiefs were assembled.

Almost frenzied with suspense, Melville passionately besought Mehevi to let him proceed. He felt that, whether Toby had come or no, his own fate was about to be decided. Again and again he urged Mehevi; and, at last, the latter, regarding him with a serious eye, reluctantly granted his request.

Accompanied by some fifty natives, he now pursued his journey at a rapid trot, sometimes on the back of one, sometimes of another. After proceeding four or five miles, they were met by a party of twenty, and an earnest conversation ensued. These brought the information that the report was false, and that Toby had *not* arrived. This was a death-blow to Melville. The savages refused to go on, and took him into a house, and laid him on the mats.

He felt convinced that some strangers had entered the bay, and, reckless of pain, he started to his feet, and tried to make his way out of the house; but the fierce savages blocked up the passage. He then appealed to Mou-Mou, who was the head of the party. Probably, in consideration of his lameness, the chief gave him permission; but no one would carry him. Kory-Kory was nowhere to be seen, and, perfectly desperate, Melville seized a spear, and made an attempt to hobble to the beach by himself. The natives soon surrounded him again; and now it seemed that there was a difference of opinion among them, and the two parties engaged in a violent altercation. In the midst of the tumult, old Marheyo came to his side, and, with a benevolent expression of countenance, placed his arm upon Melville's shoulder, and pronounced the only two English words he had been taught — "Home" and "Mother." Fayaway and Kory-Kory were both at his side, weeping violently; and the latter, at the command of his father, once more shouldered our hero, in spite of the opposition of Mou-Mou.

The bright billows were now flashing through the trees, and soon they entered the open space between the groves and the sea. An English whale-boat was just outside the surf, manned by five islanders; and just at the edge of the water was a tall figure, whom Melville recognized with joy as Karakoee, whom he had often seen aboard the Dolly, and whose person he knew was tabooed throughout the island. He had various articles in his hands, and was evidently endeavoring to barter for Melville's freedom with the chiefs. His offers were indignantly refused, and this self-denial gave a new proof of their fixed determination not to part with Melville.

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In the mean time, a new contest arose between the two parties of those who had accompanied Melville to the shore. Blows were struck, and all flocked to take a part in it, excepting Marheyo and his two children. Melville looked imploringly at Marheyo, and moved toward the beach. Tears were in the old man's eyes, and he did not attempt to hinder him. Karakoee ordered the boat to pull in as near as the surf would permit. Melville gave a parting embrâce to the weeping Fayaway, and, the next instant, was in the boat. The merchandise was tumbled out as parting presents, and Karakoee told the rowers to give way.

Mou-Mou and six or seven warriors rushed into the sea, hurled their javelins at the fugitives, and then, running to a headland, plunged in, to cut off their course. The wind was right in their teeth, the tide was coming in, and it was a pull for dear life. The ferocious wretches were now breasting the rough sea, Mou-Mou leading the way with his tomahawk griped between his teeth. Melville seized the boat-hook, and the oarsmen held their knives in their mouths, ready to cut the hands of any who should touch the boat. As Mou-Mou approached, Melville dashed the boat-hook at his throat, and forced him under the water. Only one other reached the boat, but the knives compelled him to quit his hold. The next moment, they were safe, and Melville fell back fainting into the arms of Karakoee. * * *

The circumstances which led to Melville's escape were, briefly, these: A whale ship had arrived at Nukuheva, short of hands. Karakoee learned from Marnoo that an American sailor was detained a prisoner at Typee; and he offered the captain to get him off, if he would give him some suitable articles of traffic. To this the captain consented. The ship lay off-and-on, outside the bay; and, not long after entering the boat, Melville was hoisted over her side.

Here every attention was bestowed on him; but three months elapsed before he recovered his health. Of Toby he could get no information, and he left the island without getting any clew to his mysterious disappearance.

Not long after the publication of "Typee," it was announced in the newspapers, that Toby was living in the city of Buffalo, in the capacity of a barber, and that the first intimation he had received of Melville's escape from the island and safe return, was from the perusal of his book.

The two comrades in affliction soon had an interview, and Toby related to *Tommo* the following account of his adventures after their parting in the valley of Typee:—

Toby set off in company with a party of the natives, and, after various delays, at length reached the sea. Here he saw a large concourse of men and women, and amongst them an old sailor named Jemmy, whom Toby had often seen at Nukuheva.

Jemmy informed Toby that he was *taboo* throughout the island, and had been speaking to the natives on the subject of his release. He said there was a ship in the other harbor, short of hands, and that, if he would go with him, he might make his escape.

Toby refused to go without Melville, and proposed to return for him. To this

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the old sailor objected; saying that they could not get Melville over the mountains, and that if Toby would go with him over land, he would return in a boat for his comrade, the islanders having promised to bring him down to the beach.

Toby was still resolute, and tried to return alone, but they would not permit him. Indeed Jemmy knew that both would not be permitted to go, and it was best for him to get Toby off alone.

He assured him, therefore, that the only chance of effecting Melville's escape was to go with him aboard the vessel. Toby was forced to trust to him, and started off with a heavy heart.

They passed through the valley of the Happars, and, arriving toward night at Nukuheva, paddled off to the whale-ship in a canoe.

The captain agreed to ship him with his comrade, as soon as he should arrive. The next morning, Jemmy started with two of the ship's boats, manned by tabooed natives. He begged hard to accompany them, but was refused permission.

At night, they returned, but no Tommo was with them. Toby upbraided Jemmy for deceiving him. The old fellow made various excuses, and promised to go again in a French boat, the next morning. Toby was not allowed to accompany him, and hardly was the boat out of sight, when the captain prepared to weigh anchor and set sail.

Toby had no redress. His complaints were disregarded, and he was powerless. At the end of two years he reached America, never expecting again to see his unfortunate companion. His joy then may be imagined at learning, through Melville's narrative, of his escape and safe return to the United States.

The Dahlia.

EVERY person acquainted with flowers is familiar with the beautiful dahlia, which has, within a few years, become a universal favorite, not only in this country, but in Europe. The exquisite symmetry and noble size of this flower, when perfect, render it one of the most showy of all garden plants.

The dahlia is of American origin. It was discovered in Mexico by the scientific traveller Baron Humboldt, in 1789. He sent the flower to Professor Cavanilles, of the Botanic Garden at Madrid, and the latter named it in honor of the Swedish naturalist Professor Dahl. A plant of it was presented by Cavanilles to the Marchioness of Bute, in England; and from this have proceeded nearly all the dahlias now cultivated in that country. These comprise ten or twelve distinct species, the varieties of which are almost innumerable.

The common dahlia, in its wild state, is a bushy, herbaceous plant, seven or eight feet high, bearing single purple or lilac flowers, by no means remarkable for beauty. In cultivation, however, it is so readily improved in size and form, and sports into such endless varieties in stature, leaves, and flowers, that it has become the most extensively cultivated florist's plant of the present day. Each season produces its favorite varieties, and these are, in their turn, eclipsed by others of a newer and choicer form.

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Robin Goodfellow dancing with the Fairies.

Robin Goodfellow.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, sometimes called *Puck*, was a little fairy being, who was supposed to haunt the country parts of Old England. He is described as a very roguish and meddlesome sprite, not altogether malicious, but fond of playing troublesome tricks, and doing petty mischief.

The country people believed that Robin might be kept in good humor by bribes; and hence they were accustomed to set bowls of curds and cream standing for him on the tables and dressers, when they went to bed at night. The next morning, if the bowls were found empty, they felt certain that Robin Goodfellow

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had eaten the contents. They never thought of the cats and rats.

An old writer, describing this superstition, says, "And if that the bowls of curds and cream were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the friar, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why, then the pottage was burnt next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the vat never would have good head." Reginald Scot, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," also says, "Your grandam's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight. This white bread and milk was his standing fee."

Shakspeare, in his wild and romantic play of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," thus describes this frolicsome creature: —

"Either I mistake your shape and meaning quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he
That fright the maidens of the villagery,
Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn?
And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck."

Drayton, in his poem entitled "Nymphidia," also introduces this familiar personage.

"He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall.
This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And, leading us, makes us to stray,
Long winter's nights, out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us."

One of his pranks is thus described by an old writer: "*How Robin went in the shape of a fiddler to a wedding, and of the sport that he had there:* First, he put out the candles, and then, being dark, he struck the men good boxes on the ears. They, thinking it had been those that did sit next them, fell a-fighting one with the other, so that there was not one of them but had either a broken head or a bloody nose. At this Robin laughed heartily. The women did not scape him; for the handsomest he kissed; the others he pinched, and made them scratch one another as if they had been cats. Candles being lighted again, they all were friends, and fell again to dancing, and after to supper. Supper being ended, a great posset was brought; at this Robin Goodfellow's teeth did water, for it looked so lovely that he could not keep from it. To attain his wish, he did turn himself to a bear. Both men and women, seeing a bear amongst them, ran away, and left the whole posset to Robin Goodfellow, who quickly made an end of it!"

Puck, or *puke*, is an old Gothic word, signifying a spirit. In New York, a ghost is called a *spook*, from its Dutch name. Robin Goodfellow's other appellation of *Hobgoblin* was originally *Hopgoblin*, because he was always hopping and frisking about.

TITLES of honor are like the impressions on coin, which add no value to gold or silver, but only render brass current.

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Fable of the Hermit;

OR, PROVIDENCE VINDICATED.

A DEVOUT hermit lived in a cave, near which a shepherd folded his flock. Many of the sheep being stolen, the shepherd was unjustly killed by his master as being concerned in the theft. The hermit, seeing an innocent man put to death, began to suspect the existence of a divine Providence, and resolved no longer to perplex himself with the useless severities of religion, but to mix in the world. In travelling from his retirement, he was met by an angel in the figure of a man; who said, "I am an angel, and am sent by God to be your companion on the road." They entered a city, and begged for lodging at the house of a knight, who entertained them at a splendid supper. In the night, the angel rose from his bed, and strangled the knight's only child, who was asleep in the cradle. The hermit was astonished at this barbarous return for so much hospitality, but was afraid to make any remonstrance to his companion.

Next morning, they went to another city. Here they were liberally received in the house of an opulent citizen; but in the night the angel rose, and stole a golden cup of inestimable value. The hermit now concluded that his companion was a bad angel. In travelling forward, the next morning, they passed over a bridge; about the middle of which they met a poor man, of whom the angel asked the way to the next city. Having received the desired information, the angel pushed the poor man into the water, where he was immediately drowned. In the evening, they arrived at the house of a rich man, and, begging for a lodging, were ordered to sleep in a shed with the cattle. In the morning, the angel gave the rich man the cup which he had stolen. The hermit, amazed that the cup, which was stolen from their friend and benefactor, should be given to one who refused them a lodging, began to be now convinced that his companion was the devil, and begged to go on alone.

But the angel said, "Hear me, and depart. When you lived in your hermitage, a shepherd was killed by his master. He was innocent of the supposed offence; but had he not been then killed, he would have committed crimes in which he would have died impenitent. His master endeavors to atone for the murder by dedicating the remainder of his days to alms and deeds of charity. I strangled the child of the knight. But know, that the father was so intent on heaping up riches for this child, as to neglect those acts of public munificence for which he was before so distinguished, and to which he has now returned. I stole the golden cup of the hospitable citizen. But know, that from a life of the strictest temperance, he became, in consequence of possessing this cup, a perpetual drunkard; and is now the most abstemious of men. I threw the poor man into the water. He was then honest and religious. But know, had he walked one half of a mile farther, he would have murdered a man in a state of mortal sin. I gave the golden cup to the rich man who refused to take us within his roof. He has therefore received his reward in this world, and in the next will suffer the pains of hell for his inhospitality."

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The hermit fell prostrate at the angel's feet, and, requesting forgiveness, returned to his hermitage, fully convinced of the wisdom and justice of God's government.

This is the fable of Parnell's HERMIT, which that elegant yet original writer has heightened with many masterly touches of poetical coloring, and a happier arrangement of circumstances. Among other proofs which might be mentioned of Parnell's genius and address in treating this subject, by reserving the discovery of the angel to a critical period at the close of the fable, he has found means to introduce a beautiful description and an interesting surprise. In this poem, the last instance of the angel's seeming injustice is that of pushing the guide from the bridge into the river. At this, the hermit is unable to suppress his indignation.

"Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bonds of fear, and madly cries,
'Detested wretch!'—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man;
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors fill the purple air;
And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display;
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light."

THE purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
Shakspeare.

Oracle.

A KNOWLEDGE of future events is an attribute of God alone, and all information concerning the future must be derived from his authority. Such, however, is the tendency of mankind to explore futurity, that artful persons have, in all ages and countries, put forth pretensions to this knowledge, and have derived wealth and influence from their unfounded presumptions. Among the ancients, the most celebrated oracles were those of Apollo, at Delphi, and of Jupiter Ammon, at Thebes. In these cities splendid buildings were erected, to command for their deities the respect and fear of the multitude. So extended was the belief in their foreknowledge, that kings and states consulted them before undertaking important enterprises, and rich gifts were presented as a reward for the information imparted. The responses of the oracles were delivered in a variety of ways. At Delphi, they were at first given in verse; but, in process of time, the imperfect style of the versification, emanating from such an authority, excited the ridicule of the more intelligent people, and the oracle, to preserve its influence, wisely changed the manner of its answers into simple prose. At the oracle of Ammon, the priest pronounced the response from the hollow of an oak-tree. At Memphis, in Egypt, they drew either a good or bad omen, according as the ox-god, Apis, received or rejected what was presented to him. In some places, where the answers were given by lot, a kind of dice was adopted, on which certain characters or words were placed, whose explanation the applicants were to seek on tables made

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for the purpose. Indeed, there has been no folly too gross for the feeble-minded and superstitious to practise, in order to obtain a knowledge of the future; and the history of the world unquestionably proves that all pretensions to such knowledge are based on weakness or ignorance.

Winter.

[*See the engraved title-page of this volume.*]

This is the season for in-door comforts and fireside amusements. A tight room and a good fire must make up for the want of green fields and summer breezes. Nevertheless, there is some pleasure out of doors, in a winter's day, especially on a bright morning, when the ground is covered with snow. We see, in our picture, the diversion which the children are taking with the old cat and her kittens. They offer her a dish of milk, which she is willing enough to lap up. The kittens are a little shy, being probably afraid of the dog. The cows are chewing their cuds in the yard, and the whole sketch forms a quiet and pleasing picture of domestic life in the country.

Success.

The most important element of success is economy — economy of money and time. By economy we do not mean penuriousness, but only such wholesome thrift as will disincline us to spend our time, or our money, without an adequate return either in gain or enjoyment. An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business, instead of causing our business to drive us. There is nothing attended with results so disastrous as such a miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of expedients has no end but penury. Worldly success, however, though universally coveted, can be only desirable in so far as it contributes to happiness; very little, unless there be cultivated a lively benevolence to every animated being. "Happiness," it has been finely observed, "is the proportion of the number of things that love us." To this sentiment we subscribe, and we should wish to see it written on the tablet of every heart, and producing its fruits of charity. The man, whatever be his fame, or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another's woe, — who is not bound to his fellow-men by the magic tie of sympathy, — deserves the contempt of human kind. Upon him all the gifts of fortune are thrown away. Happiness he has none. His life is as a dream; a mere lethargy, without a throb of human emotion; and he will descend to the grave unwept.

Tobacco.

So sensible is every brute creature of the poisonous and deleterious quality of this plant, that no one of all the various tribes of beasts, birds, or reptiles, has ever been known to taste of it. It has been reserved to man alone to make of this poisonous plant an article of daily necessity for the gratification of his depraved appetite.

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Story of a Jaguar.

THE jaguar is a fierce animal, of the leopard kind, inhabiting the forests of South America. Such are his strength and ferocity, that he has been known to seize a horse on the bank of a river, swim across the stream, and escape into the woods with his prey. A traveller in South America gives the following relation of an adventure with one of these animals, which took place in that part of Peru bordering on Brazil.

At the house of a Spanish priest, this traveller met with a Peruvian Indian of uncommon stature. He was six feet high, and stout in proportion. Among other adventures in the woods, this man was distinguished for an extraordinary battle with a jaguar, and the marks of the animal's claws and teeth were still visible upon his body, although many years had passed since the occurrence. It took place in the following manner: —

This Indian and his brother lived on a *chacra*, or farm in the woods, that was much infested by wild beasts. The Spaniards would seldom allow the natives to use firearms, and the latter were accustomed to pursue their game with an instrument called a *pucuna*, which is a long tube through which they blow poisoned arrows. The Indians also wear a long, pointed knife, in a leather sheath, suspended to a strap buckled round the waist. These, with a spear, are their only weapons in hunting.

One day, the Peruvian above mentioned, in passing through a field in his *chacra*, saw a jaguar lying under a tree. According to the manner of his countrymen, or, perhaps, in his own peculiar way, he began talking to the animal: "Ho, my friend! You are there, are you? I have been looking for you a long while. We have a long account to settle. Wait till I get my weapons, and I will be at your service in a moment." Saying this, he ran off to the house for his pucuna and arrows.

When the jaguar saw him coming back with his weapons, he thought it time to be

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off; so, jumping up from the tree, he began to run. The man ran after him, and a regular chase ensued. "What," says the Indian, "you are off now, are you? You shall not get out of my company so easily. I must have some further dealing with you before we part." The jaguar, not liking the sound of the man's voice, or the appearance of his weapons, did not choose to wait for him, but made a spring and got up into a tree; for these animals are most expert climbers.

The Indian, coming to the foot of the tree, looked up and saw the jaguar perched upon one of the highest branches. "Oho," cried he, "you are there, are you? Let me see whether I cannot bring you down faster than you went up." He then began to shoot arrows at him with the pucuna; but either the poison was old, and had lost the power which it commonly has of producing immediate stupefaction, or the jaguar's hide was too tough and glossy, for none of the arrows took effect. But the animal was annoyed by the repeated hits, and, after several arrows had struck him, he sprang from the tree, and started again to run.

The chase was renewed, the man overtook him, and the jaguar turned on his haunches to defend himself. The pucuna was now of no use, and was thrown aside; the man raised his left arm to keep the animal off, while, with the right hand, he felt for his knife. But, to his surprise and consternation, no knife was to be found! He had broken the strap in the exertion of running, and the weapon was lost. What could he do without arms against a ferocious beast? Desperation sometimes gives courage, and this individual was not deficient in bravery, besides being uncommonly strong. He remained firmly on his guard; the jaguar attempted to spring at him; the man struck him with his fist upon the nose, still keeping his left side forward, and his arm extended. In this attitude he continued to talk with the beast thus: "I am without arms, but I am not beaten." The jaguar made another spring, and was again struck upon the nose. "I am without arms, but I will beat you yet," cried the man. In this manner the combat went on for some time. The jaguar seized the man's arm and bit it through; but another hard hit on the nose made him quit his hold. The beast then got one of his claws on the man's head, and tore the scalp through to the skull-bone, but was once more beaten off. The man's strength began to fail him, and he would probably have fallen under the attacks of his redoubtable antagonist, when his brother, who happened to be taking a walk that way, hearing him talk in an uncommon manner, came up and discovered his perilous condition. Being fortunately armed with a spear, he instantly ran the jaguar through the body, and concluded this remarkable encounter.

Life's Pendulum.

At every swing of the pendulum a spirit goes into eternity. The measure of our life is a hair-breadth; it is a tale that is told; its rapidity is like the swift shuttle, or the transitory rainbow, or the dazzling meteor; it is a bubble; it is a breath. At every swing of the pendulum a spirit goes into eternity. Between

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the rising and the setting sun 42,000 souls are summoned before their Creator. Death is very busy — night and day, at all seasons, in all climes. True, as well as beautiful, are those lines of Mrs. Hemans, —

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all —
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

He is supplied with a boundless variety of darts and arrows, with which he accomplishes his work. Could all the forms in which death comes to man be written together, what a long and fearful catalogue would it make! Think of the innumerable number of diseases, all at the command of death. And, as though these were not sufficient, see how man is exposed to fatal accidents on every hand, and at every moment. It was a saying of Flavel, that "the smallest pore in the body is a door large enough to let in death." "The least gnat in the air," says the same writer, "may choke one, as it did Adrian, or the pope of Rome. A little hair in milk may strangle one, as it did a counsellor in Rome. A little skin of a raisin may stop one's breath, as it did the lyric poet, Anacreon." A little agnail on a finger recently proved the avenue of death to a physician of London, who was in the vigor of life and health. Even the food we eat to nourish us, and the air we breathe, may introduce death into our systems. And, though every thing else should fail to harm us, we might fall beneath our own hands, should God permit a cloud to pass over our reason. O, how insecure is life! how near is death! What has been said of the mariner, in respect to his ship, that "he always sails within four inches of death," may be said of the soul, in relation to the body. If the ship split, then the sailor sinks; if our earthen vessel breaks, the soul is plunged forever into the shoreless ocean of eternity. Were our senses not benumbed and deadened, we should read a warning in every sear leaf, and hear an admonition in every wind that sighs. Even sleep, nature's sweet restorer, would be a nightly monitor of death — an ever-present emblem of mortality.

A Name in the Sand.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand.
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look I fondly cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod — the sandy shore
Of time; and be to me no more;
Of me — my day — the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part hath wrought,
Of all this thinking soul hath thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

Hannah F. Gould.

EITHER keep silence, or speak something better than silence. — *Euripides.*

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Too Late.

Some men are always too late, and, therefore, accomplish, through life, nothing worth naming. If such a man promises to meet you at such an hour, he is never present till thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business, either to yourself or him, he will be just as tardy. If he takes passage in the steamboat, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the cars have started a few moments before he arrives. His dinner has been waiting for him so long that the cook is out of patience, and half the time is obliged to set the table over again. This course the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season at church, at his place of business, at his meals, or in bed. Persons of such habits we can but despise. Much rather would we have a man too early to see us, and always ready, even if he should carry out his principles to the extent of the good deacon, who, in following to the tomb the remains of a husband, hinted to the bereaved widow, that, at a proper time, he should be happy to marry her. The deacon was in season; for scarcely had the relatives and friends retired to the house before the parson made the same proposition to the widow. "You are too late," said she; "the deacon spoke to me at the grave."

There are some persons so full of nothing, that, like the strait Sea of Pontus, they perpetually empty themselves by their mouth, making every company or single person they fasten on to their Propontus. — *Jeremy Taylor.*

The Child's Dream.

"O! I have had a dream, mother,
So beautiful and strange;
Would I could sleep on, mother,
And the dream never change!"
"What hast thou dreamed, my dear one?
Thy look is bright and wild;
Thy mother's ear is ready
To listen to her child."

"I dreamed I lay asleep, mother,
Beneath an orange-tree,
When a white bird came and sang, mother,
So sweetly unto me;
Though it woke me with its warbling,
Its notes were soft and low,
And it bade me rise and follow
Wherever it might go.

"It led me on and on, mother,
Through groves and realms of light,
Until it came to *one*, mother,
Which dazzled, 'twas so bright.
As tremblingly I entered,
An angel form drew near,
And bade me welcome thither,
Nor pain nor sorrow fear.

"I knew not aught there, mother:
I only *felt* 'twas bliss,
And joined that white bird's song, mother:
O, canst thou read me this?"
"Yes, dearest, to thy mother
Such happiness is given —
The *Holy Spirit* was *that bird*,
That *grove of light* was *heaven!*"

The cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the workhouse where is the forge of deceits and slanders; and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the lips the door of it. Such ware as is made within, such, and no other, can come out. — *Leighton.*

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The Lark.

COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Slow.
From his hum-ble, grass-y bed See the war-bling Lark a-rise,
By his grate-ful wish-es led Through those re-gions of the skies.

Songs of thanks and praise he pours,
Harmonizing airy space;
Sings, and mounts, and higher soars
Towards the throne of heavenly grace.

Small his gifts compared to mine;
Poor my thanks with his compared;
I've a soul almost divine,
Angels' blessings with me shared.

Awake, my soul! to praise aspire;
Reason, every sense accord;
Join in pure, seraphic fire;
Live, and thank and praise the Lord.

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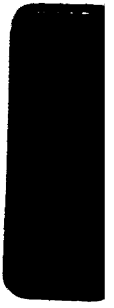

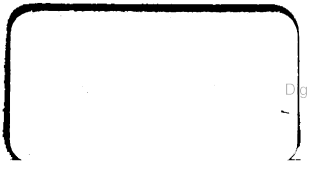

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